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C'est kwăń-trō eau-K-splāshe!

C'est kwăń-trō,

say ahhh!

Staye kül

avec icee splāshe,

colde chillin inna tôl glass.

Tèst le wah-ter

(de temps en temps)

et plünj-in,

le sum'r of luv will bĭ-gĭn!

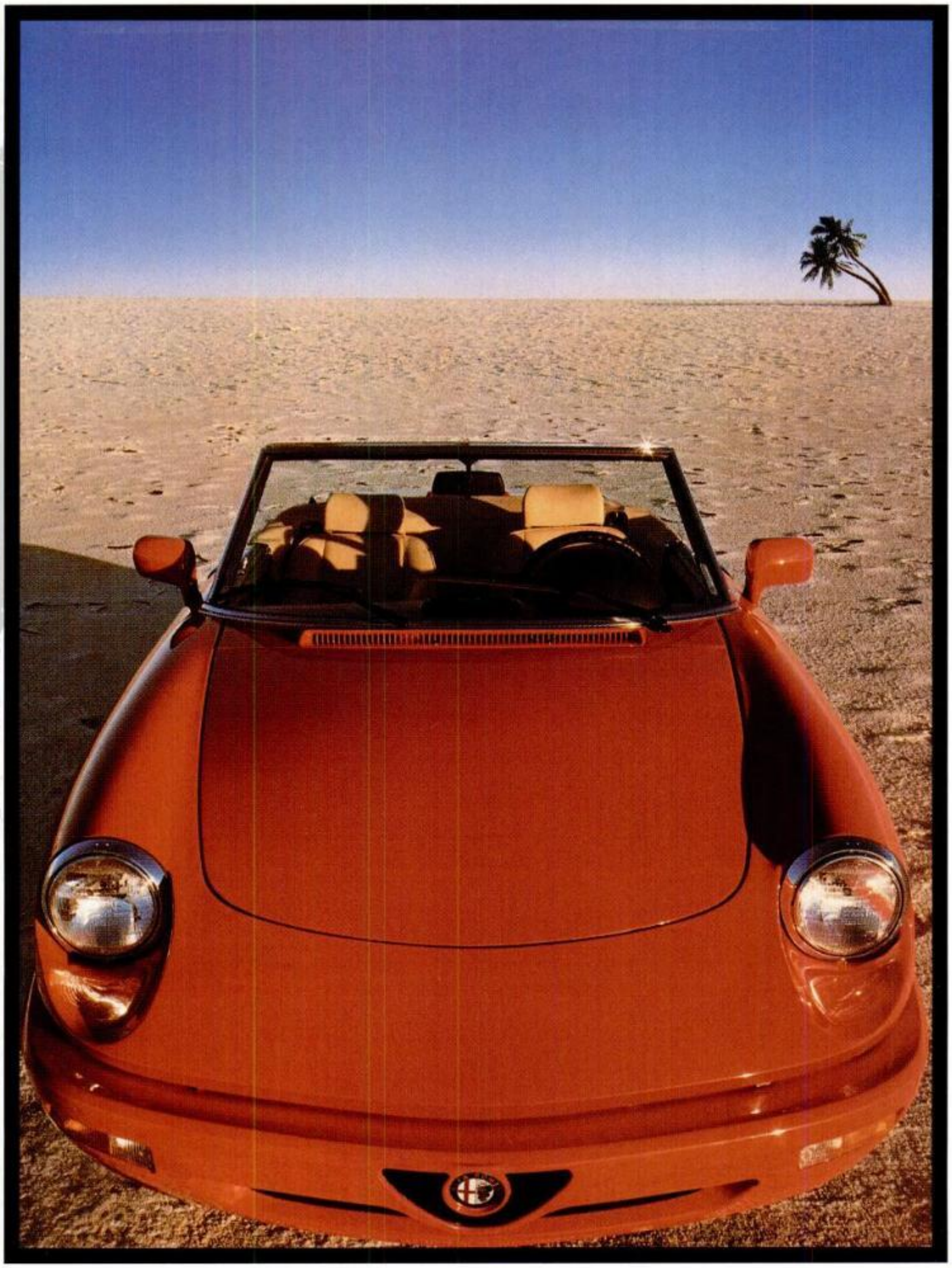
Kwăń-trō c'est haute fun

inde sum'r-tyme.

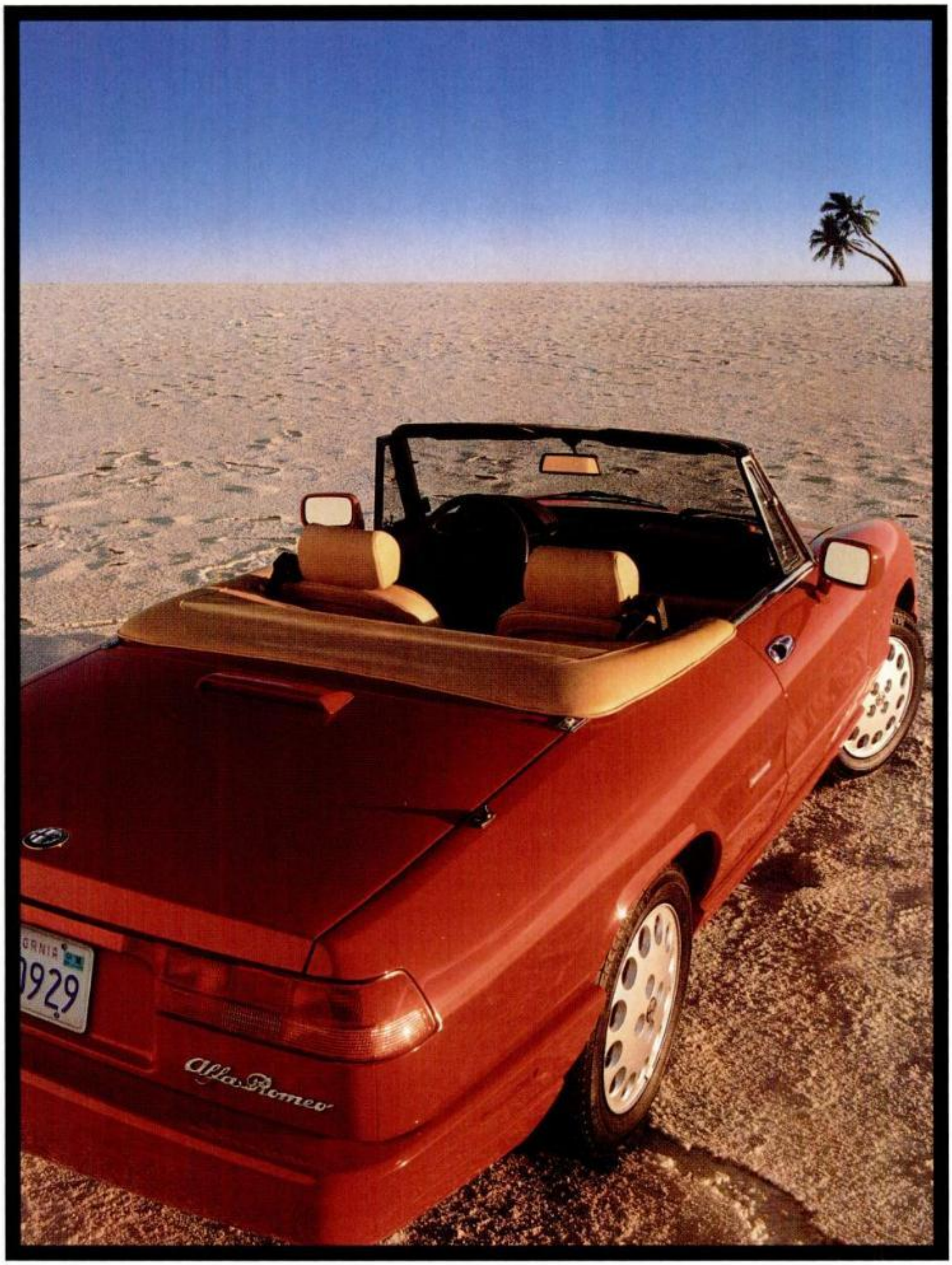
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C'est kwăń-trō onde rox.

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SPY JULY



DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 9

NAKED CITY

▶ *Greed lives on inside the corpse of Drexel! Diane Sawyer gets desperate! Public urination underwritten by the Mellon Foundation! Cat-care hints for psychos! The real reason Cardinal O'Connor loves Sundays! The real reason* Vanity Fair *prefers blonds! Plus:* **The Times**, *Carl Bernstein's German problem at the* **Ministry of Information**, *Woody Allen's cash crunch in* **The Industry** *and, of course, Bob Goulet's summer plans* 28

PARTY POOP 94

FEATURES



DID *YOU* KILL JFK?

▶ *Well,* did *you? Don't laugh. Conspiracy nuts—er,* political researchers—*have even stranger theories. About everything.* GEORGE KALOGERAKIS, *who insists he's never even been to Dealey Plaza, visits a paranoid subculture of men and women who've never met a coincidence they really liked. Plus: our handy Kennedy-o-Matic* 50

DRESS FOR DURESS

▶ *If you want to work for IBM, then save those green ties for the weekend, mister.* CATE PLYS *blows the lid off the nine-to-five totalitarian world of corporate dress codes and reveals the sartorial secrets they (you know,* they*) impose on their obedient troops* 62

BEADY EYES ON THE PRIZE



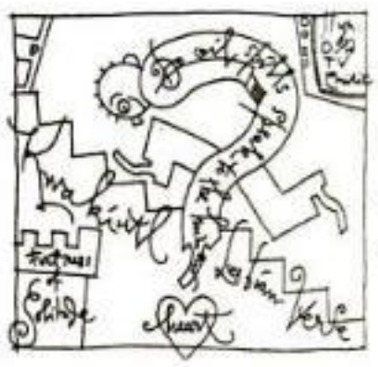
▶ *The man has been likened to Einstein, Freud and God Itself. But AIDS researcher Robert Gallo wants something more. Something superprestigious. Something that is accompanied by a $350,000 check. Something, say, that you receive at a black-tie ceremony in Stockholm. And in his ruthless quest for that special something, Dr. Gallo has tried to hinder scientific careers and actually may have impeded the progress of AIDS research worldwide.* SETH ROBERTS *reports* 70

THE ZILLIONAIRE'S DILEMMA



▶ *How tantalizing is $1.11 when you've got your own Learjet and a Victorian 12-roomer in Sneden's Landing?* JULIUS LOWENTHAL *wanted to find out, so he sent extremely rich, well-known people checks for teensy amounts. Adnan Khashoggi and Candice Bergen, among others, really needed the cash. Or so the results of our year-in-the-making VIP Chintziness Derby seem to suggest* 80

COLUMNS



▶ HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND *reads the tabloids and sees double in* **Review of Reviewers**; ANNE WILLIAMSON *reveals the Carter-cum-Bush-like locution lapses of Mikhail Gorbachev, nondictator of the world's remaining* **Reds**; MICHAEL KAPLAN *kneels at the rec-room thrones of New York's very own royal* **Resident Aliens**; *and* ELLIS WEINER *comes to grips with his ugly criminal past in* **How to Be a Grown-up** 86

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

▶ *BY ROY BLOUNT JR.* 92

THE SPY INDEX 96

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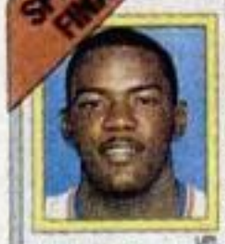
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How Often In The History Of Music Do We Find Something Small, Yet Incredibly Gifted?

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VIA SATELLITE | THE NATION'S NEWSPAPER | 50 CENTS

SPORTS FINAL



JOE DUMARS: Scores 31 for Pistons, 5C

UPI

OKLAHOMA KNOCKS OFF MISSOURI

NO. 8 SOONERS WIN 107-90; TIGERS NO. 3

▶ RESULTS, POLL, 1,6C
▶ PISTONS BEAT KNICKS, 98-87; NBA RESULTS, 5C

BASEBALL TALKS IN JEOPARDY 1C

▶ ARBITRATION, BY TEAM, 3C
▶ PIRATES STATS PAGE, 4C

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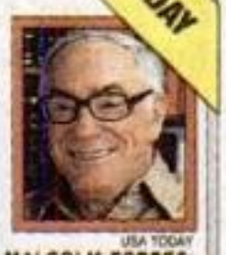
MONDAY

THE FORBES EMPIRE 1B

KIDS, MAGAZINE PONDER A FUTURE WITHOUT FATHER AND FOUNDER

▶ ADMIRERS RECALL HIS 'JOY OF LIFE,' 2D

DIETING? GOING BY THE BOOK? EXPERTS DISH OUT THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE UNHEALTHY 4D



USA TODAY

MALCOLM FORBES: Tangled estate, 1B

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1990

NEWSLINE

A QUICK READ ON THE NEWS

WEATHER: Pleasant in West; flurries in North Central, Rockies; cool in South Central; snow likely in Midwest; cold in Southeast, Northeast. Color page, 10A.

24-HOUR WEATHER HOT LINE
1-900-370-USAT FULL DETAILS, 10A

WALL STREET AHEAD: Lots of news expected about the economy this week. Economists expect indicators to point to economy that's sound but not booming. 1B.

▶ Debt-laden firms squeezed by state of market, 1B.

CUSTODY BATTLE: Finding of Hilary Foretich, 7, left, hidden in New Zealand in defiance of court order, reactivates bitter custody battle. 2A.



WUSA-TV

HILARY: Tracked by private detective.

BETTER SCHOOLS: Governors want President Bush to help fund education reform. 3A.

BLACK UNITY: South Africa's human rights leader Nelson Mandela urges warring black factions to end in-fighting. 4A.

SPYING: Satellites like one set for launch on shuttle Atlantis take on new roles. 3A.

AIDS LESSONS: Nearly 80% of public schools in USA now offer AIDS information; gaps remain. 1D.

NO TAKERS: Top candidate withdraws his name for director post of Office of Thrift Supervision. 1B.

NATION: New CIA data reveal Mexico grows 10 times more marijuana than estimated. NATIONLINE, 3A.

▶ Airline travelers cope with smoking ban. 3A.
▶ Tomatoes weigh in as most expensive food buy. 3A.

WASHINGTON: Justice Dept. mulls hiring private firm for Nazi-hunting work. CAPITAL LINE, 4A.

ABROAD: Up to 150,000 Bulgarians demand democracy, ouster of Communists in rally. 4A.

TODAY'S DEBATE: Protecting the flag. In USA TODAY's opinion, "The only way to protect our flag is to uphold the principles it has represented for centuries." 6A.

▶ If the flag is to be protected, "it can only be done by a simple constitutional amendment," says Miles Epting, 6A.

MONEY: Is mortgage interest on home outside the USA deductible? "Ask Money" has the answer. 2D.

▶ Media General sees no takeover threat. 2B.

SPORTS: Martina Navratilova routs Zina Garrison in Virginia Slims of Washington tournament. 1C. Boris Becker trounces Ivan Lendl in Stuttgart Classic. 10C.

LIFE: Almost 90% of teachers rate geography instruction in USA as poor or fair, survey says. 1D.

▶ CBS This Morning gets new anchor team today. 1D.
▶ Andy Rooney uncertain about early return to CBS. 1D.

COMING TUESDAY: Kids are becoming more environmentally aware than their parents.

Compiled by Mary-Christine Phillip

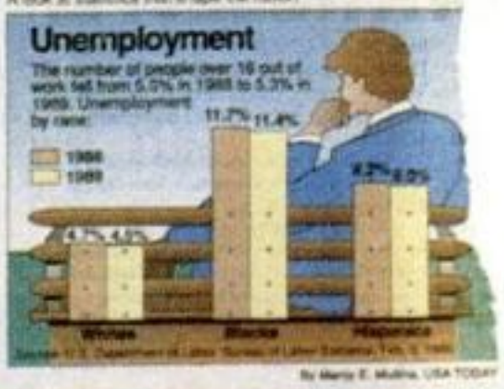
Inside USA TODAY 4 SECTIONS

News		Sports	
Editorial/Opinion	8-6A	Baseball	1-4C
Nation at large	3A	Basketball	1,5-6C
State-by-state	6A	Hockey	7C
Washington/World	4A	Lotteries	9C
Weather	10A	State-by-state	8C
Money		**Life**	
Ask Money	2B	Classified	4-6D
Dan Dorfman	2B	Crossword	5D
Insider Trading	3B	Horoscope	6D
Wall Street column	3B	Television	5D

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USA SNAPSHOTS®

A look at statistics that shape the nation



By Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY

Bush, Kohl: One Germany under NATO

By Johanna Neuman
USA TODAY

President Bush and West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, after two days of talks, agreed Sunday a reunited Germany should be covered by NATO's military umbrella.

"A united Germany cannot belong to two different security systems," Kohl said. Bush said a reunited Germany's NATO membership would include:

▶ Full participation in its military structure.
▶ U.S. troops still stationed in West Germany.
▶ "Special military status" to protect Soviet security interests in East Germany. But Bush did not define that status.

Kohl bristled at talk that a reunited Germany could not be trusted. West Germany has been "a reliable partner" for 45 years. "This is not 1945."

Despite U.S. pressure, Kohl did not give an ironclad pledge that Germany will honor Poland's borders.

Poland fears a reunited Germany might try to regain border territory formerly under German rule. But Kohl said: "Nobody has any intention of linking the question of national unity with changes of existing borders."

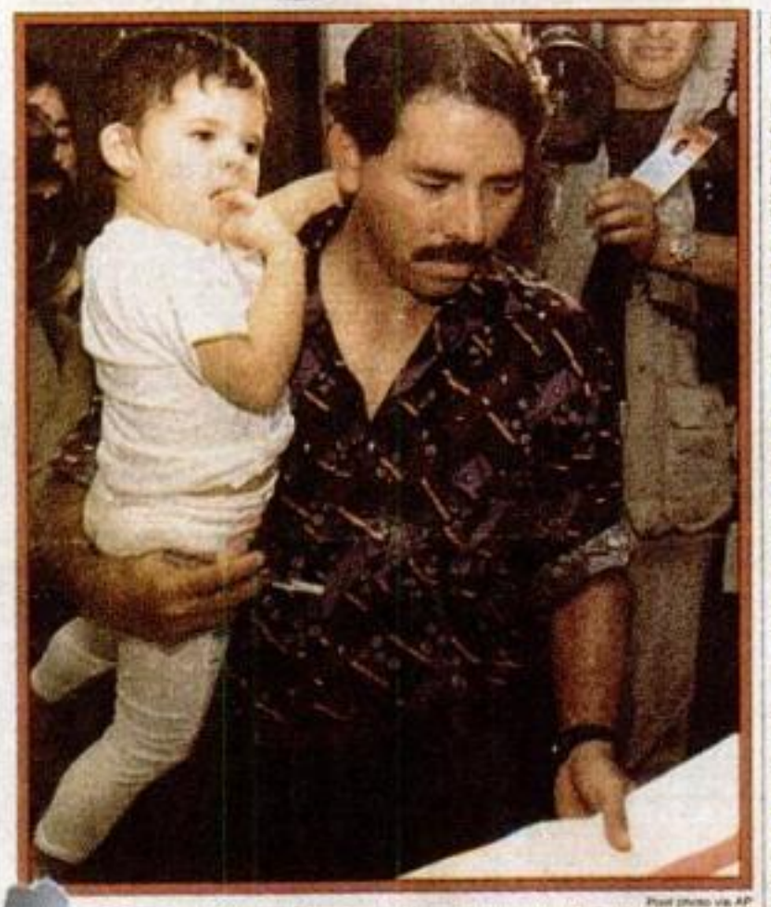
"We have learned lessons and we do not want to repeat the errors of history," he said.

Kohl also brushed aside suggestions that Germany stay neutral. "Neutralism would be a very false solution for us."

One expert's assessment of the talks: "Kohl got the best of it. He didn't change the Polish border. He didn't budge on it," said Robert Gerald Livingston, American Institute for Contemporary German Studies.

▶ Excerpts, 9A

Nicaragua elections 'look fair'



Pool photo via AP

A THE PRESIDENT: Daniel Ortega, who has been Nicaragua's leader for 10 years, holds Camilo as he receives his ballot in national elections Sunday. He took an early lead.

By Johanna Neuman and Juan J. Walte
USA TODAY

MANAGUA, Nicaragua — President Bush opened the door Sunday to a "better climate" for relations with Nicaragua as voters here chose between the ruling Marxist Sandinista regime or a U.S.-backed coalition.

President Daniel Ortega, who has run Nicaragua for 10 years, took an early lead over challenger Violeta Chamorro de Barrios of the United National Opposition party.

There were no reports of violence or irregularities as voters waited hours to cast ballots.

Former U.S. Attorney General Elliot Richardson, head of the U.N. observer mission, said after polls closed: "Things have been going very smoothly. So far they look fair."

Pre-election polls indicated voters were split over both candidates' big negatives:

▶ Ortega was saddled with a faltering economy.
▶ Chamorro was forced to defend U.S. support for the contras waging war against the Sandinistas.

Final results are expected to be in today.

Bush's comment at a news conference was his clearest signal of a possible thaw.

"If these elections are certifiably free and fair, whoever wins the election will find a better climate in which to improve relations with Nicaragua," Bush said.

But he said "what follows on ... freedom of the press, freedom of institutions, freedom to protest, freedom to speak your mind, is also important."

The White House cast doubts on an NBC News report that the process already is under way, with State Department officials talking with Ortega about an end to U.S. economic sanctions if the election is fair.

Although saying there was no deal, White House spokesman Roman Popadiuk said: "Of course we talk to them, we have an embassy, we talk to them every day.

"But the president laid down our policy and we haven't changed from that. We'll have to see what the elections are like before we even consider any normalization."

▶ One town's split, 4A

Japanese market falls 4.5%

By Elizabeth A. Hurley
USA TODAY

Japan's stock market plunged 4.5 percent today in its second-largest decline, but analysts said a global sell-off is unlikely to follow.

The Nikkei average closed down 1,569.10 points to 33,321.87 in wild trading today, after plummeting more than 2,400 points earlier in the session in light trading. By comparison, an equivalent percentage drop in the Dow Jones industrial average would shave off 115 points.

The Nikkei fell sharply from the opening and closed the morning session down more than 1,400 points. The free fall continued in first hour of the afternoon session but recovered 800 points in the last hour.

Including today, the Nikkei has lost 11 percent in the last six trading sessions. Last week, Wall Street resisted Tokyo's drops, closing the week down 71.40 points, or 2.7 percent.

Analysts say Wall Street is likely to continue to shrug off Tokyo's troubles.

▶ The Nikkei's decline is "an unwinding process that had to happen at some point," said David M. Jones, chief economist at Aubrey G. Lanston & Co. Working in U.S. markets' favor: The dollar will remain relatively strong against the yen, allowing the USA to attract investors without pushing rates higher, he said.

In Tokyo, the Bank of Japan sold $800 million in one shot to try to boost the yen. The yen traded at 149 to the dollar in Tokyo after opening at 147.50.

▶ Peter Morgan, chief economist at the Tokyo branch of Barclays de Zoete Wedd Securities, said Japan's sell-off reflects foreign investors' worry about high interest rates in Japan. "I don't think it's going to have tremendous implications for the U.S. markets," he said.

Tokyo trading ends eight and a half hours before New York markets open.

COVER STORY

The civilians reject Calif.'s war on Medfly



By Ilsa Bick Jr.

JULIE ERICKSON: "I feel like I'm in a war."

By Haya El Nasser and Mary-Ann Bendel
USA TODAY

BURBANK, Calif. — At 9 p.m. the streets winding through the Verdugo Mountains are deserted. Parked cars are covered with plastic. Windows are shut, closing out the warm evening breeze.

Tonight's malathion night; the neighborhood is ready.

This is the moment that has sent waves of mild hysteria across the region. For 3½ months, the state has been blanketing communities with malathion to kill the Mediterranean fruit fly, scourge of Southern California agriculture.

Many people just can't take it anymore.

Their anger has spawned political battles, environmental debate, demonstrations and a run of legal skirmishes. And the panic is refueled every time the helicopters arrive.

On this night, five of them approach in formation shortly after 9 and begin dumping malathion 500 feet above homes overlooking the San Fernando Valley. David and Lisa Mills — their pool covered, the kids' outdoor toys locked in the garage, their air conditioning off — watch the eerie assault through the bay window in their bedroom with outrage.

"Would you spray a can of Black Flag in front of your face and inhale it?" asks David. "I don't like being a prisoner

Please see COVER STORY next page ▶

Soviets' about-face



AP

PICTURE THIS: Pro-democracy marcher in Moscow rips photograph of Lenin to show disgust with Soviet system. Hundreds of thousands marched Sunday. (Lithuania, Moldavia vote, 4A)

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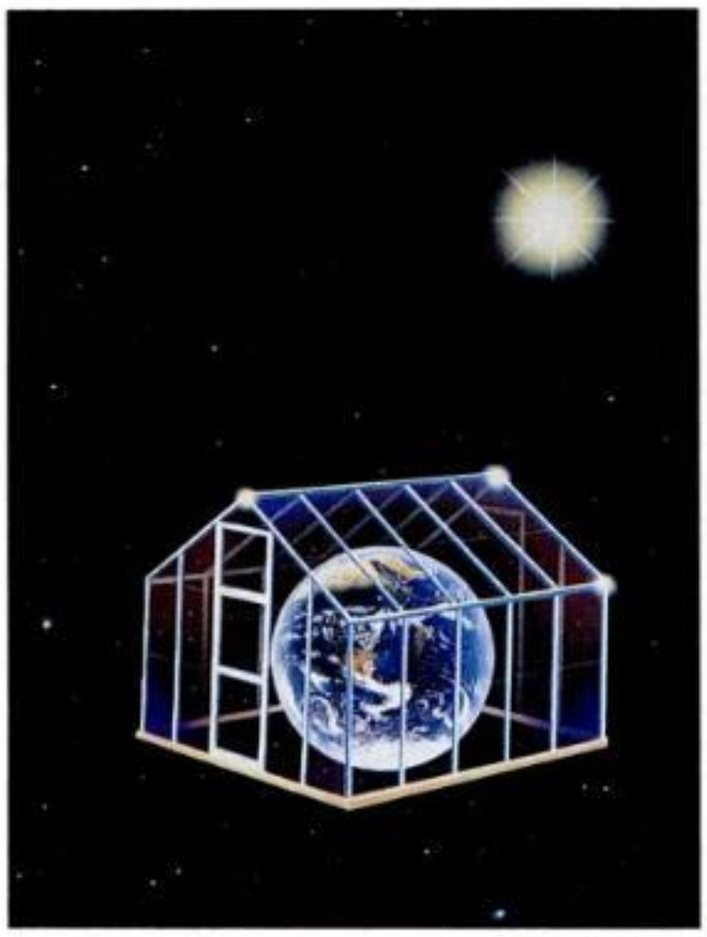
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THE POSSIBLY GOOD NEWS: JULY AND GLOBAL WARMING WILL PROBABLY HAVE A LOT IN COMMON. That is, not so terrible at first—more frequent lawn mowing, three-figure Con Ed bills, *RoboCop* sequels—but then, gradually, inescapably, a decline into verge-of-August hellishness: eyeglasses skimming continually down sweat-slicked noses, the very people who shouldn't wear shorts all wearing shorts, trailers for *Rocky* sequels. Although we used to be indifferent and uncaring about global warming—"*People do not believe in anything*," Mikhail Gorbachev said recently—the prospect of dining on nothing but spritzers and pasta salad from here to eternity has galvanized us. You can call us alarmist, but we're scared. Remember Earth Day? Of course, New Age smug, brimming with effortless good feeling; the little ironies (Central Park celebrants left 200,000 pounds of garbage for city workers to pick up) are too obvious to mention. It may be silly to imagine that listening to musicians and movie stars from Santa Monica and Malibu talk about cleaning up the air and water will help clean up the air and water, but when the opposition takes the form of slick, cocky one-liners from George Bush's slick, cocky, *Über* yuppie budget director, Dick Darman—"Americans did not fight and win the wars of the twentieth century to make the world safe for green vegetables"—it's almost enough to make Jane Fonda speeches tolerable. But these are the nineties, and E-Z ideologues like Darman and Fonda are vestiges of another era. In the nineties, sensibilities cross-pollinate and blur. For instance, David Lynch—a highly stylish surrealist with right-wing, nuke-the-gooks foreign-policy inclinations—is a man made for this moment, as is Tony LaRussa, the manager of the Oakland A's. LaRussa is a vegetarian and an animal-rights activist. But don't jump to conclusions. "Most of my views are Americana," LaRussa says. "Like, I'm pro–death penalty. I'm not some kind of freak." People may not believe in anything in Gorbachev's Russia, but in California they believe in everything. Not so long ago, that kind of inconsistency was not permitted. Back in the 1980s (remember your first DeLorean? Remember when everyone under 40 was considering a career in investment banking?



The possibly good news: July

"No. They say {it} to me."—Richard Nixon, asked if he ever tells his grandchildren that he loves them





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Remember postmodernism?) life was easier to understand. Communism still had enough oomph to make it worth being hysterical about, and money could still buy happiness. "We all knew we were breaking the law," Boyd Jefferies, the former brokerage-house chairman and former associate of Ivan Boesky's said recently. Jefferies wasn't sounding so much contrite or self-reproachful as he was—well, *nostalgic*, wistful for the days when men and women of mammoth appetites weren't obliged to pretend otherwise. Said Jefferies of Mike Milken's sudden plea bargain, "It's anticlimactic."



We were disappointed, too: we would have preferred the insider-trading scandal to conclude with Milken's being fired from a golden cannon on the Fourth of July and his remaining $1 billion (his reported net worth *after* paying the $600 million fine) used to buy an icy-cold six-pack for every American man, woman and child. (See? We believe in something—and most of our views are Americana.) But that would have been too much fun, and for the time being, full-scale fun is on hold.

We all sensed that an epoch had ended when Lawton Chiles of Florida—*Mister* Eighties as far as a lot of us were concerned—resigned from the Senate and from politics a year ago, saying he was "burned out." And now we all sense that a new epoch has begun: Lawton Chiles is out of retirement, running for governor of Florida. The major issue is a profound one that speaks to the very soul of post-1980s America. It is... well, let Chiles's Republican opponent, Congressman Bill Nelson, explain. "I can assure you," he promised voters who don't believe in anything, "*that I'm not burned out*." From *Fifty-four forty or fight* to *The only thing we have to fear is fear itself* to *Read my lips—no new taxes* to *I'm not burned out*: anticlimactic, yes, but packed with high self-esteem.

In other words, these are the Bush years. When George "Well, Maybe *Some* New Taxes" Bush finally made it out to Sunnylands, billionaire-son-of-a-bookie Walter Annenberg's spread on Frank Sinatra Drive in Rancho Mirage, California, he was, by Mrs. Annenberg's count, the sixth president to lounge there. The house looks like an airline terminal and sits on 205 acres that include a private nine-hole golf course, but the elderly Mrs. Annenberg announced recently she'd "turn over in [her] grave if it became a golf club." The estate is a national treasure, say the Annenbergs, that should become a museum—and it would probably be just about the finest par-36 museum in the world.

Leonore Annenberg was not long ago the White House chief of protocol. The State Department's present deputy chief of protocol is Jennifer Fitzgerald, a woman who, although she bears no physical resemblance to Lucy Mercer or Kay Summersby, has worked closely with George Bush for 20 years and was personally appointed by him to her current, very demanding job (she greets low-ranking foreign officials). When the Customs Service fined Fitzgerald this spring for smuggling in a $1,300 silver-fox cape she had bought on an official trip to Argentina, the person in charge of publicly explaining her misbehavior was State Department press secretary Margaret Tutwiler—a woman who, although she too bears no physical resemblance to Lucy Mercer or Kay Summersby, has worked closely with Secretary of State James Baker since 1980. So, in short, the material is certainly there, but we're unsure about the genre: is it best to write the tawdry best-selling novel (*Women of Stature*) or the hit Broadway farce (*Spokespeople*)?

The president (who, Barbara Bush told the *Times*, calls their VCR "the V") is seeming more like his predecessor than we ever hoped: he has spent much of this year boasting that he issued "an executive order" permitting mainland Chinese studying in this country to remain here safely, but it now turns out there is no such executive order. *So?* "He *is* the executive," one of his assistant press secretaries said, "and he *ordered* it. These distinctions are semantic."

Then there was the recent U.S. Supreme Court opinion declaring the number of postage stamps commemorating Supreme Court judges unacceptably small. Why is the Court squandering its precious time on an issue of such pure, petty vanity? It's a niggling semantic distinction that it wasn't an actual Supreme Court decision: all we know is that William Rehnquist (he *is* the chief justice) said he thinks "the pickings are pretty slim" (isn't that an *opinion?*) when it comes to Supreme-Court-justice-celebrating stamps.

As Yankee Doodle–style freedom blossoms from Managua to Minsk (it's summer, and time for *USA Today*-ese), our own putatively democratic client nations—El Salvador, South Korea—seem to be picking up the police-state slack. In Seoul, after the authorities sent in 2,000 riot police to break up a strike at the government-run TV network, a deputy prime minister (the Korean Dick Darman, we like to think) movingly explained South Korea's ad hoc bill of rights: "We have a right to watch television. They don't have a right to refuse to produce television." So, unlike Russians, South Koreans believe in something.

In most of America, as we've noted before, seventies revivalism is at fever pitch (*Brady Bunch* reunion shows, Bonnie Raitt hits, a new Tom Robbins novel) and the first signs of an eighties revival are now visible (the ratings renaissance of *Cheers*, the Salvadoran government's covering for death-squad killers), but in Milwaukee it's the sixties redux. Or at least it is for a city councilman named Michael McGee. McGee, a former Black Panther, says he has just recruited 200 people for his new Black Panther Militia. If by 1995 the lot of Milwaukee's blacks has not significantly improved, the city councilman says, his militia will start firing guns at cars on freeways and planting bombs at sporting events. "I felt this [announcement] would probably scare the hell out of the white community but invigorate and enthuse the black community."

In New York, race relations are far more civilized; here the crazy racial antipathy is posed in scholarly terms. Professor Leonard Jeffries, chairman of the black studies department at City College, tells his classes the widely accepted theory that historically the world is divided between greedy, domineering "ice people" (that is, whites) and communal, humanistic "sun people" (blacks). He also teaches the confirmed historical fact that "rich Jews... financed the slave trade." Who says people don't believe in anything? And just as Tom Wicker has his William Safire, and Pat Buchanan his Michael Kinsley, Professor Jeffries has CCNY philosophy professor Michael Levin. Levin says that "blacks [sun people] are significantly less intelligent than whites" and believes that because they commit a disproportionate fraction of crimes, they should be required to ride in specially policed cars on the subway.

The possibly bad news: although the Germans don't seem to believe in anything *yet*, any day now Germany will be a united fatherland once more, the most powerful nation in Europe. ❸

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JACK NICHOLSON

It's been ten years
since "Chinatown"
but Jake Gittes
has not forgotten.

This summer,
the story continues.

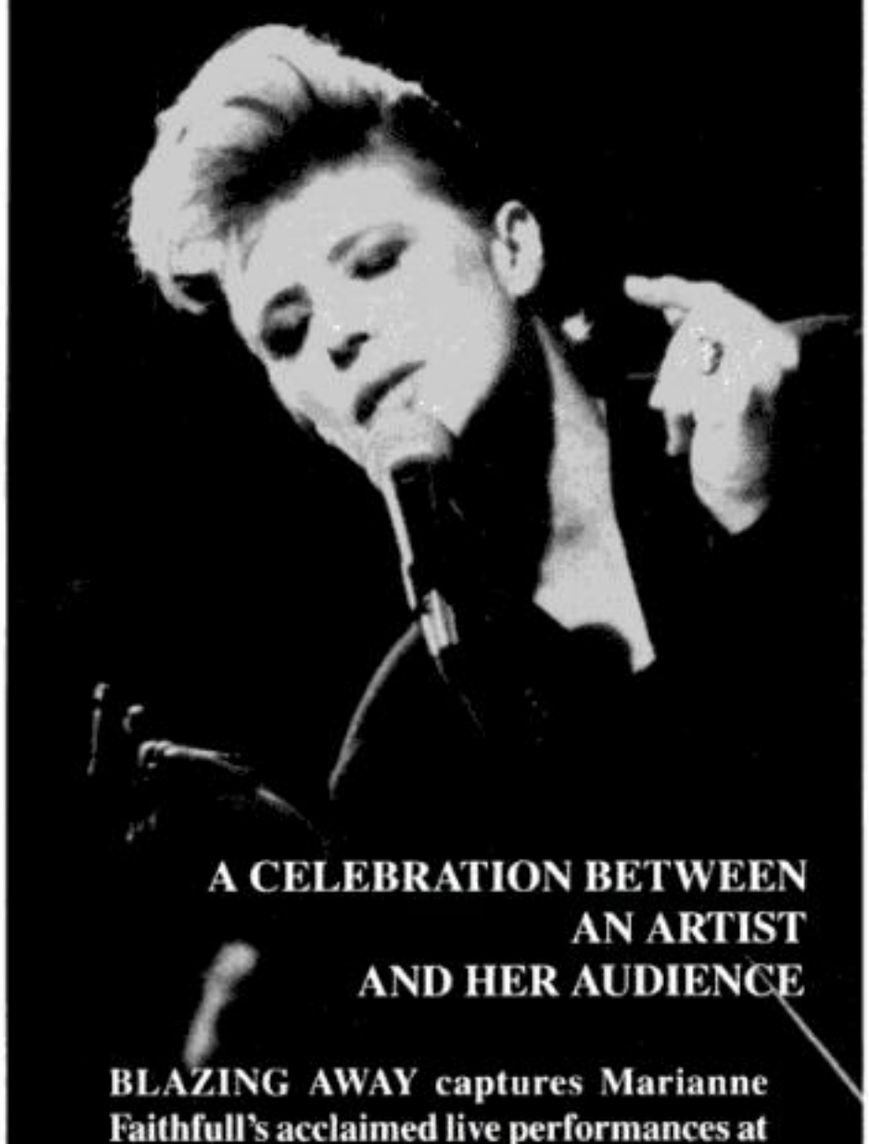
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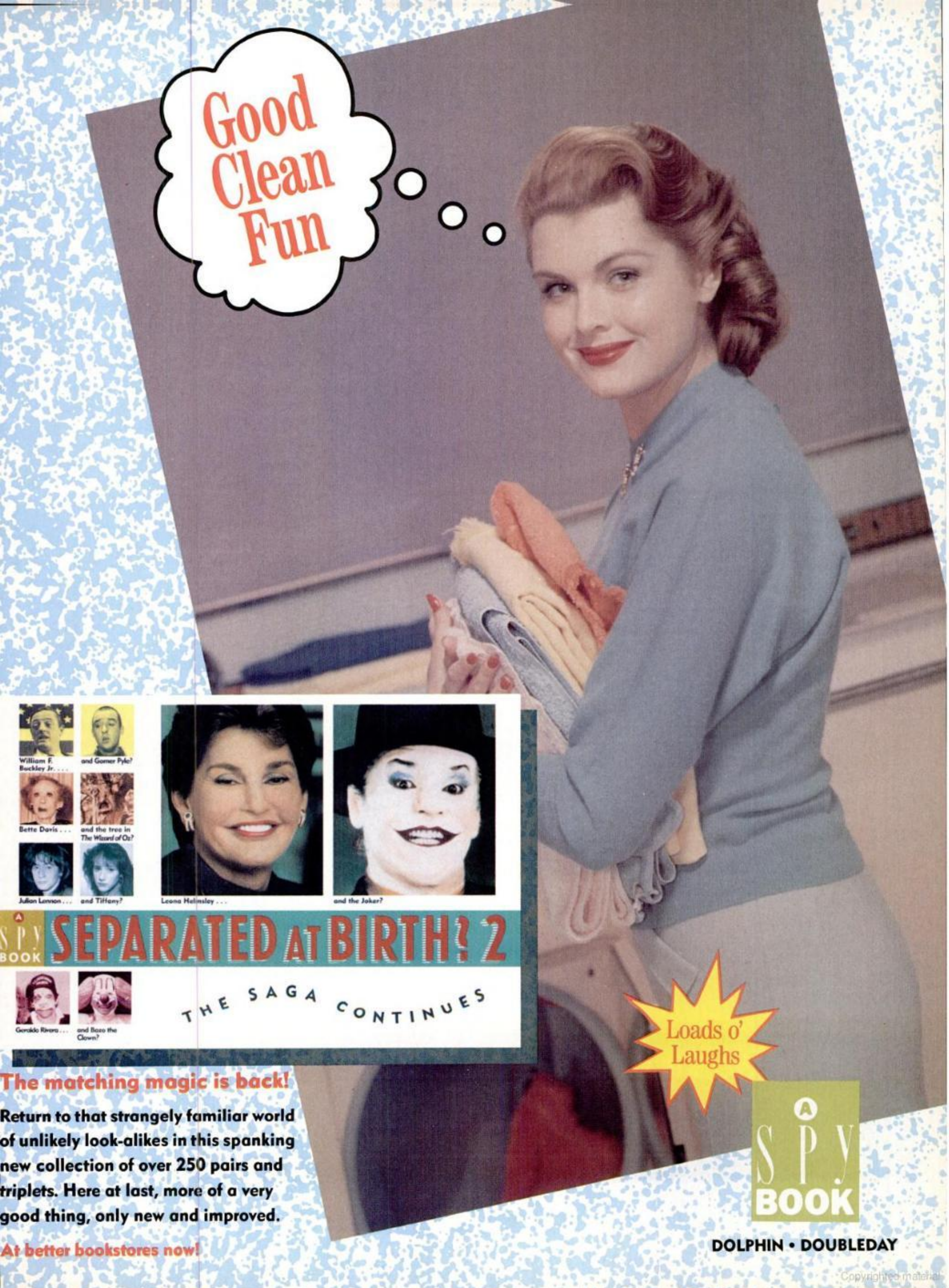
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and Tiffany?

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and the Joker?

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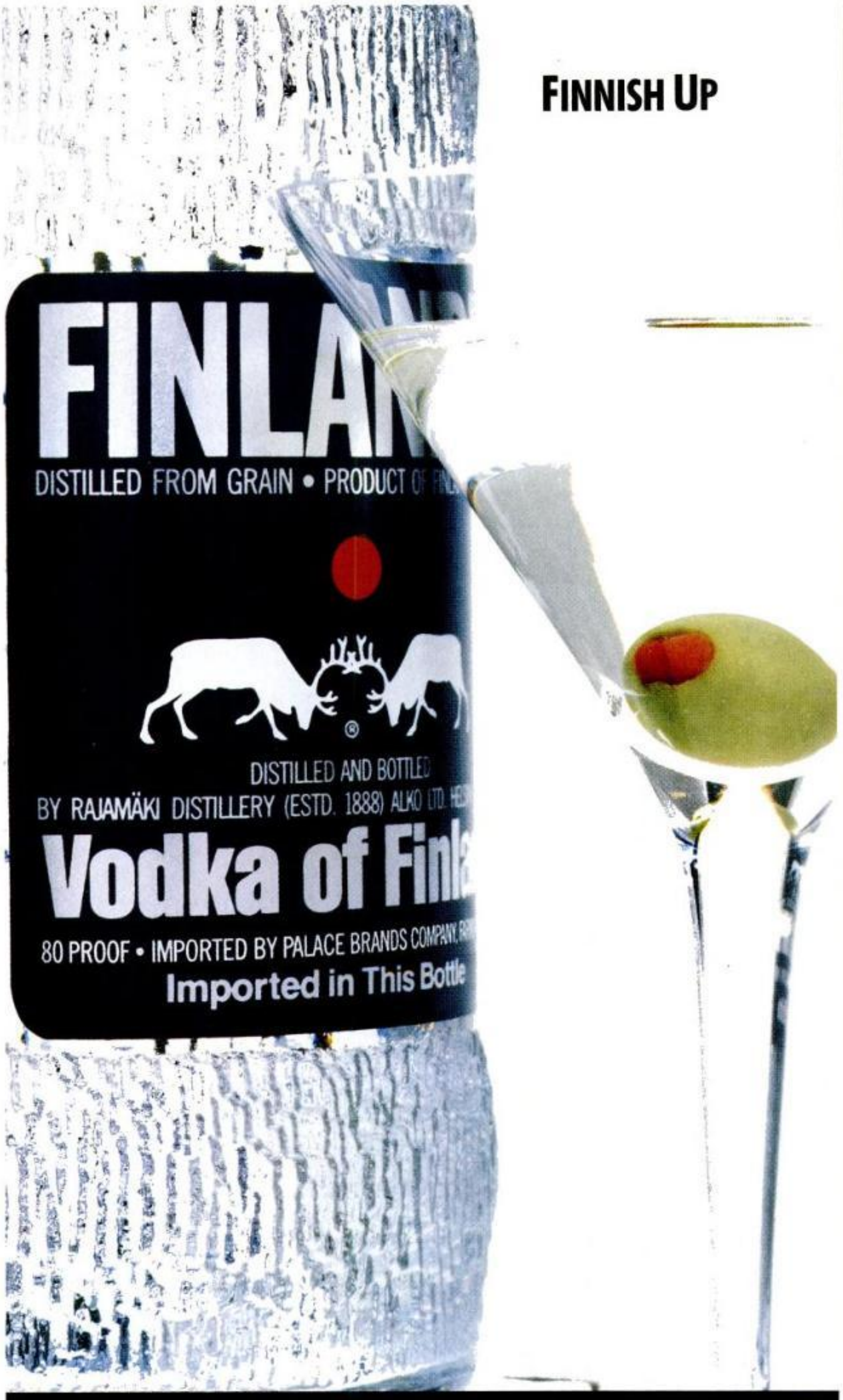
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FINNISH UP

From the SPY mailroom: "Kindly develop a more interesting feature than the multiple-column-*wasting* From the SPY Mailroom," writes Todd J. Tiberi of San Diego. "This section is even less entertaining than a *Peanuts* comic strip."



Apparently the same sinister people who strong-armed so many SPY subscribers into reading last March's fashion supplement against their will (see this tedious, multiple-column-wasting space last month) are now tormenting Todd J. Tiberi. *Finished reading Mailroom so soon, Mr. Tiberi?*, we can imagine these thugs sneering, in between pistol-whippings. *Shall we then perhaps see what the little dog Snoopy is up to, yes?*

"The Mysterious J. advises me Peter and Judy Price have been hired by the 10 Daily News unions to retrieve all the papers in case the Mourning Tabloid attempts to print and deliver during a strike," wrote sports columnist Peter Vecsey in the *New York Post*. We don't know exactly what it means, but it does tell us that the Case of the Bought-in-Bulk SPYs has entered the lore. If you don't know, several thousand copies of our March issue were quickly snatched up from dozens of Manhattan newsstands by lying goons with vans and lots of cash. Suspicion fell in two directions: toward Judy and Peter Price, who were the subjects in that issue of what might conceivably have been seen as an — uh — *unflinching* profile, and toward the International Cat Show, whose mention in the March Datebook might conceivably have led its organizers to believe that gentle, but unwarranted, fun was being poked. Call it a gut feeling, but we tended to blame the Prices. They denied it. Although the *Post* all but concluded the Prices were behind the shopping spree, apparent confirmation came only recently, and perhaps inadvertently, in the form of a postcard from John Scanlon, Peter Price's publicist: "Surely," wrote Scanlon, "you wouldn't object to the Prices' exercising their right to shoot back at you." Not at all — and the cats are welcome to do their worst, too.

A brief subscription roundup: the

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Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists is interested in a free and open exchange of subscriptions with SPY, Leona Helmsley is _not_ interested in _any_ kind of subscription to SPY, and Bess Myerson just wants us to stop bugging her about renewing her existing SPY subscription. We'll pass along the _Bulletin_'s offer to the Circulation Department – most of our staff receives it at home anyway. Judging from Mrs. Helmsley's letter ("I have received your final notice. I have neither subscribed to above publication nor intend to.... I am therefore not liable for payment"), she has probably been the victim of a prank. Still, taking out a subscription to SPY may not be _absolutely_ the farthest thing from Leona Helmsley's mind: she did, after all, sign it "Cordially." _Cordially!_ We know that's not "Luv" or "S.W.A.K." or even a tantalizing series of X's and O's. But it's something. And we were touched.

SPY subscriber Bess Myerson responded to a payment reminder by sending us a photocopy of her check (thanks, Bess) and also taking the trouble to annotate our publisher's reminder. Where our letter read, "We've sent you three issues," Myerson drew an arrow and wrote, "I HAVE REC'D ONE ISSUE!" Anything you say, Miss Myerson.

We hadn't understood exactly what Taso Lagos meant when he informed us that "this means war" (see this space last month; it's toward the end of the column, Todd J. Tiberi – we wouldn't want to force you to go back and reread the whole thing). Now, thanks to an anonymous Seattle reader, we know. An ad recently appeared in _The Daily of the University of Washington_ in which Lagos tips his hand. "NEW MAGAZINE," it begins. Oh _ho!_ "Sassy, irreverent, movie and media-oriented periodical called Protagonist seeks talented writers, lay-out artists.... Possible pay, food provided." The ad concludes, "We're not underground but we're not Conde Nast either. Call Taso...." Our only advice: think twice about this magazine game, Taso. Are you _really_ prepared to have people asking you daily whether you took the name from _The Philadelphia Story_ (in which, they'll point out, there is a _protagonist_)?

SPY reader Chris Rowley, formerly of Western Maryland College in West- ►

DEAR EDITORS I just read "There's a Kind of Hush: Treatments for Four Short Films About Mimes" [by Henry Alford, February] and must respond.

Throughout the 1980s, any mime portrayed in popular culture was invariably a figure of fun. I'm not saying the trend started in the 1980s, but that was the decade it became too obvious to miss. Stage, screen and TV dealt harshly with mimes. (For example: the Second City sketch about the horror parents feel upon discovering their daughter loves a mime; Dustin Hoffman shoving a mime in *Tootsie*; Sam Malone in *Cheers* having a mime tossed bodily out of his bar.) *Mime* became shorthand for the pretentious and annoying.

Though not one myself, I have counted several mimes among my close friends. I've yet to meet a mime who wasn't a gentle, kind person. Furthermore, their art is one that can be enjoyed by all, transcending limitations of age and language.

It's time for this mindless mime-bashing to stop. Now that the 1980s are over, can't we at least pick some new group to make fun of – some other benign, artistic bunch who won't fight back – say, poets or string quartets?

Steven Kurtz
Los Angeles, California

Poets and violists, for starters, do not make fun of innocent passersby, and are not necessarily *fey and cloying.*

DEAR EDITORS I never thought I'd be tempted to join the sorry assortment of misfits, malcontents, ne'er-do-wells, chronic complainers, borderline psychotics, Monday-morning quarterbacks and Taso Lagos wanna-bes that habitually clutter this column, but I cannot allow a statement made in "Wicked Boss of the West: Mr. Simpson, Your Slut Is on Line 3" [March] to go without comment. August West states that Simpson is "the ultimate hinterlander, born and raised in Alaska." Hinterlands now, is it? For your information, Alaska is the very center, the linchpin, the fulcrum of the Pan-Polar World. We are Inside. You are Outside. New York is the hinterlands to us. Get it?

Don Croner
Anchorage, Alaska

We're trying.

DEAR EDITORS I used to work in a cemetery, crematorium and funeral home. I am not writing to defend the funeral trade (I've met my share of necrophiliac embalmers and coroners) – I'd just like to clear up a misunderstanding in "There's Gold in Them Thar Corpses" [by Philip Weiss, March].

A fellow identified as a "principal source" says, "Someone six foot four and 200 pounds ends up being something 60 pounds and able to fit in a six-foot coffin with this much room over their head.... You're taking everything else out; *of course* you take out the teeth."

It's the very common assumption of people who haven't a clue what they're talking about that embalming involves the removal of organs. Embalming is simply the replacement of blood fluids with a formaldehyde-based liquid (usually colored pink, to give the recently departed a normal-looking skin tone, and containing lanolin, which works to maintain the elasticity of the exterior skin and gives dead folks that unreal, waxy look). A long, nasty, needlelike trocar is poked into the belly to suck out the ambient fluids of the digestive system – if this weren't done, the fluids would drain out at embarrassing moments or stay in the stomach cavity putrefying and creating gases that'd swell Grandpa up like a Macy's parade balloon. Nothing else is removed. If the body has been autopsied, the organs are frequently handed to the funeral home in a separate plastic garbage bag. The organs are then *put back* into the cadaver by the embalmer.

Removing organs would have absolutely no function, but it makes a neat story for jewelers who have run out of riveting lapidary anecdotes for the party circuit.

Steven Westren
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS Regarding Jess Bravin's "My Task Force, Myself" [Politics, March]: I take umbrage at the remark "In California . . . the most intellectually taxing topic of conversation is where to park." It's true that the search for a parking place occupies a dominant position in the waking (and sleeping) concerns of Californians from two to ten times a day, but we are quite capable of discussing a wide range of impressive

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topics. No examples come to mind right now, but the phrase *take umbrage* alone should be sufficient proof that we Californians are up to intellectual snuff.

J. Mark Tapson
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS Here is the SPY Tote Board for March 1990. Notes:

1. If a name was included more than once in a particular article, only one mention was counted.

2. Mentions-per-page calculations were based on a total of 128 pages, which includes advertising pages. Mentions in ads not included.

3. Spine, cover and index references also not included.

4. Donald Trump would have got one additional mention had I included Roy Blount Jr.'s reference to a certain "short-fingered vulgarian" — he may have been referring to someone else, I don't know.

THE SPY TOTE BOARD

mentioned once every...	*...pages*
Donald Trump	25.6
Malcolm Forbes	32
Woody Allen	42.7
Roseanne Barr	42.7
William F. Buckley Jr.	42.7
George Bush	42.7
John F. Kennedy	42.7
Liz Smith	42.7
Sylvester Stallone	42.7
Robert Campeau	64
Truman Capote	64
Jimmy Carter	64
Roy Cohn	64
Mario Cuomo	64
Leona Helmsley	64
Jay McInerney	64
Manuel Noriega	64
Mike Ovitz	64
Jon Peters and Peter Guber	64
Dan Quayle	64
Nancy Reagan	64
Frank Sinatra	64
Barbra Streisand	64
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles	64
Barbara Walters	64

Mark Haswell
Oakland, California

Partial SPY Tote Board for July 1990 issue: Mark Haswell . . . mentioned once every 98 pages. And lucky. ➟

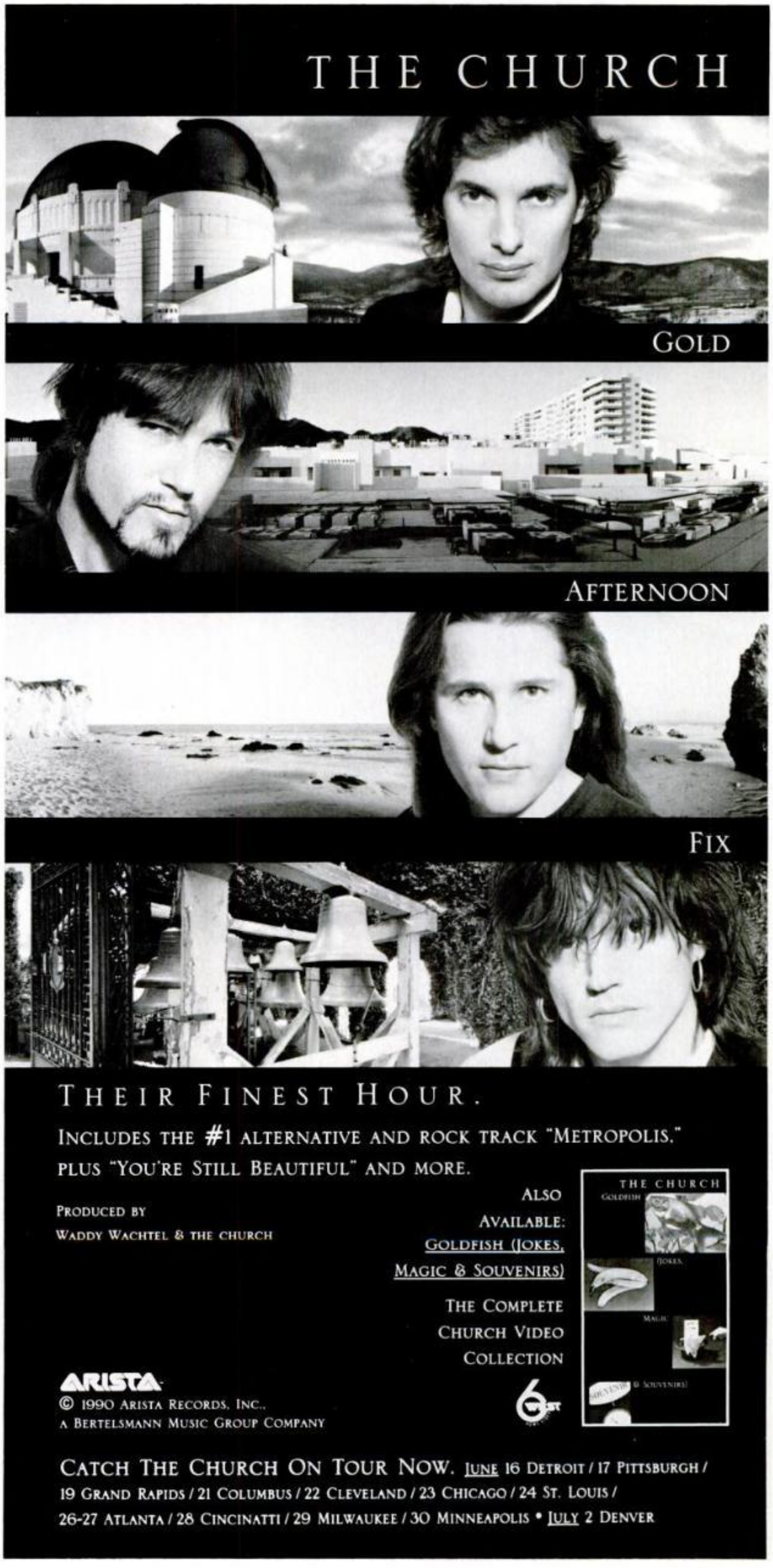
minster, also needs your help. Rowley was editor of a campus paper charmingly named *The Sphincter* (presumably Taso Lagos's first choice), which last winter printed a personal ad that apparently insulted a professor. Rowley says that though he was an unwitting participant—the ad arrived anonymously in his mailbox and was fairly oblique—he was "accused and convicted of 'obscene, lewd or indecent conduct or expression on college owned or college controlled property'" and suspended. The ACLU couldn't help him (the school is a private institution), so Rowley naturally turned to SPY. He says he wants to return to WMC and graduate. Maybe a letter-writing campaign would help—or, at the very least, hurt—his cause. Write to Dr. Robert Chambers or Phillip Sayre, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md. 21157. Or, if you prefer, give some relatives gift subscriptions to *The Sphincter*.

Speaking of higher learning, the following entry from the spring 1990 course catalog for the Experimental College of the University of Washington (them again) was sent to us by David Thovson of Seattle:

2543 READING THE FACE
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Sec. 1: Sat. 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 4/28 only
You CAN read personality from facial features! Learn to quickly get useful information about anyone in personal or business situations. Turn strangers into friends, know what to say. Make relationships work better, prevent conflicts. Learn your own hidden strengths and needs, for a happier life. Optional text: *Separated at Birth?* by editors of Spy. Off-campus, U-District.
Max. Enroll.: 35 Course Fee: Gen. Public: $26.50
UW Student: $18.50

Great. But why "optional"?

A March issue of *National Review* contained, in its Notes & Asides section, an adorable little exchange between the big-time book agent Mort Janklow and William F. Buckley Jr. Accompanying the exchange was a cartoon that had appeared in the November 1989 SPY (it was the one about starting a highbrow career—"Right way, *God and Man at Yale*; wrong way, *God and Man at SUNY Stony Brook*"—by Robert Hutter). "In case no other friend sent this along. I loved it. Best, Mort," wrote occasional SPY subject Janklow. Occasional SPY subject Buckley responded, "Dear Mort: What happened to God at SUNY? The First Amendment get Him? Cordially, Bill." Unsurprisingly missing: any ►



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Contingency fee law. Where legal eagles are birds of a different feather.

Recently Forbes blasted America's plaintiff attorneys for their greedy, vulturous ways. And now the tort system, which costs Americans an estimated $80 billion a year in higher insurance bills and court expenses, has come under attack.

Not only are contingency fees obscenely high, but one law scholar says they are probably illegal. Since contingency fees were created to encourage lawyers to take the poor's risky cases, their legality is highly questionable if there is no realistic risk of damages not being rewarded. Which is the case 95% of the time.

What's more, the standard one-third fee charged by trial lawyers amounts to price-fixing. And if corporations did it, they'd land in court.

Where were the other business magazines while these lawyers were making fortunes off the unfortunate? Treading softly, probably mindful of their vulnerable corporate parents. Which is why only independent Forbes had the guts to tackle this litigious crowd.

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DEAR EDITORS While it is yet to be determined whether Jay McInerney will live out his un-Merryed life in noisy desperation, to this reader one thing seems certain: McInerney's greatest hope for the future lies in cultivating friendships with anyone he can find who hasn't read the April issue of SPY ["Portrait of the Artist as a Young Cad: An Ultravoyeuristic Look at the Making and Unmaking of America's Most Celebrated Young Novelist"].

Andrea Shapiro
New York

DEAR EDITORS You are in your fiction-writing class. Your teacher asks you about some novel written in the second person. She doesn't know the name. You raise your hand and she calls on you. "*Bright Lights, Big City*," you say. Your teacher writes the name down on a scrap of paper. "By whom?" she asks. Your reply is cut off by a cute young girl sitting to your right. "Jay McInerney," she says. "I love him."

You hear this and you're puzzled. You hand her a copy of SPY with him on the cover. She reads it and never speaks to you again. *All for the best*, you think to yourself; you didn't like her anyway.

You trade your sunglasses for a loaf of bread.

Brian M. Sack
Ithaca, New York

DEAR EDITORS Merry, Merry, Merry. Can we talk? Woman to woman? You're a good writer. You're intelligent, beautiful, young, educated. So why are you so hung up on that lout? His writing's kinda funny, but he's no Fitzgerald. And his life-style's so yesterday, it's embarrassing. I wouldn't even mention his life-style, except that's all he (and you) write about. Context has become subject here. But, hey, I can't tell anyone how to live her own life. Still . . . why?

You did this story in defense of your situation: wife, spurned lover, contender in the fight. But what you've actually done is strengthen your opponent. The press, the divorce courts, the book-buying public *love* loutish men. They loathe vindictive women. It's a male-chauvinist world. It's not the men's fault, either, really. They're pawns as much as

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acknowledgment of what noisome publication the cartoon was lifted from.

"Thank you very much for mentioning my name on page 90 of the April issue. It's always the greatest honor to be included in your fantastic publication." Who else but professional party thrower Baird Jones, B.A., J.D., M.S.W., M.A., who will no doubt soon be thanking us for the *present* great honor. On page 90, incidentally, Jones was given a photo credit. Period. Sorry we forgot to include you in the index too, Baird.

J. Barry Mothes of Portland, Maine, was amused that Michael Kinsley could write a *New Republic* story on smarmy book-blurb practices, mentioning logrolling – and even encouraging readers to send him examples – and not acknowledge SPY's regular Logrolling in Our Time feature. Yes, it's shameful. And to think we took the trouble to form a Kinsley fan club (see page 43, May)!

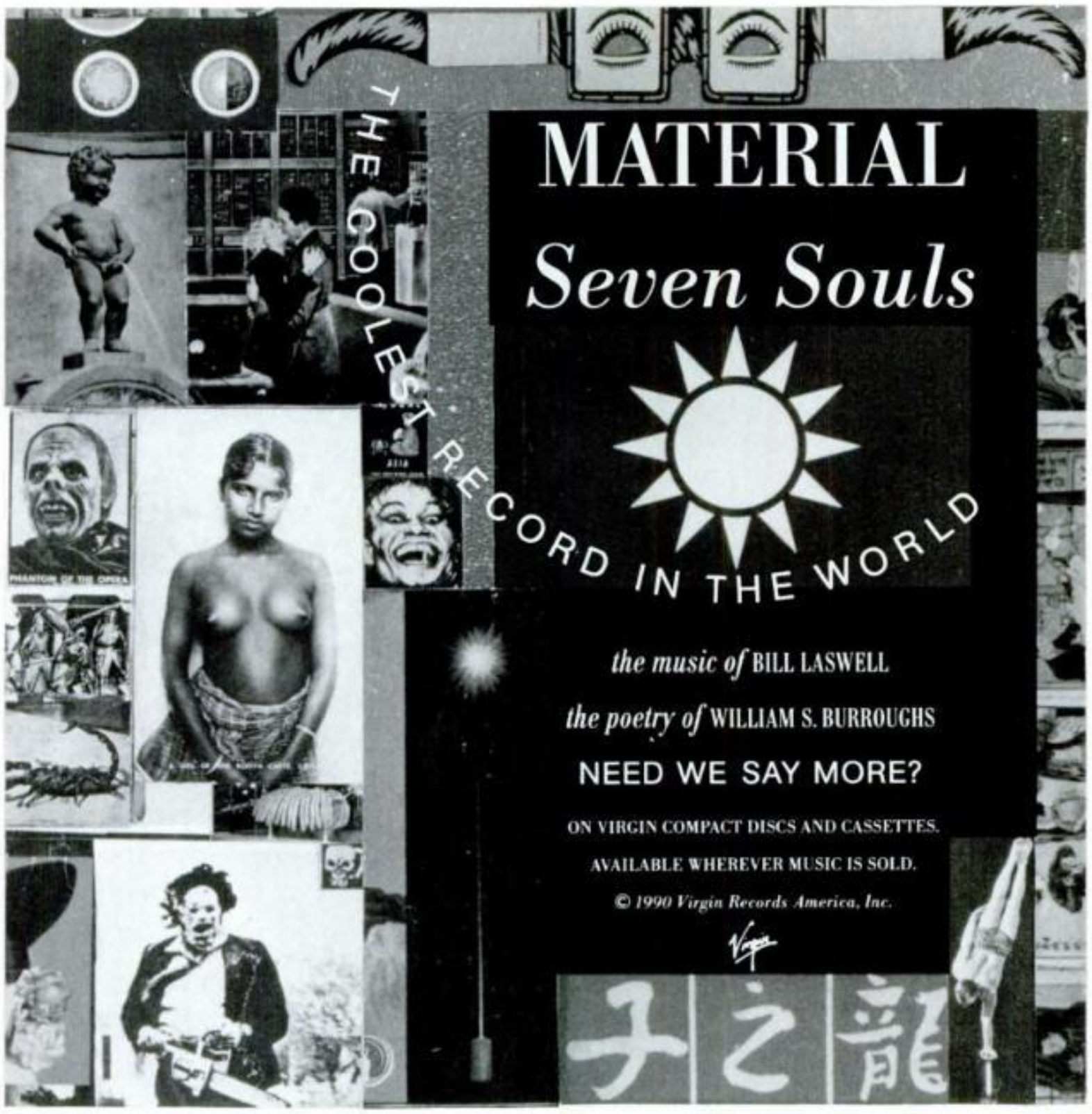
Rich Weber of Ithaca, New York, admits he was "unbelieving" when he read Ellis Weiner's November 1989 How to Be a Grown-up column. "I didn't think people actually attacked bats with rackets," Weber writes. But, he continues, "as usual, I've been proved wrong. Brian Bouldrey of San Francisco writes in your March issue that he too has battled bats with a tennis racket, and Jacob Weisberg in a recent issue of *The New Republic* claims to have done so also. Could it be I'm already missing out on the first great trend of the nineties?" Actually, the second. The first is starting sassy, irreverent, movie-and-media-oriented periodicals with names like *Protagonist*.

On the anagram watch: Ken Ritz of Portland, Oregon, a man who likes to live dangerously, has sent this one in:

SPY MAGAZINE, THE NEW YORK MONTHLY
HONK, OH LAZY PETTY YAMMERING NEWS

From Fred W. Solomon of Colchester, Vermont: "My father's name is Herbert Solomon, which, of course, is an anagram for *lobster hormone*." Of course.

And now, finally, the Great Nubbins Capitulation, in which we crumple, succumb, give up and give in. We had sworn to ignore further nubbins mail (see Henry Alford's Eating column, May 1989, and passim); but there has been too much of it to ignore. Here is the ►





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last—as in "final," not "latest"—roundup:

A nubbin is a "bit of scarred atrophic kidney," according to Eric C. Trefelner, M.D., of Yale University's School of Medicine in New Haven. Trefelner cites a reference in *Genitourinary Tract Diseases Syllabus* (1986) to a "lower pole nubbin." Trefelner, by the way, is one of two nubbins writers who, overcome by cleverness, addressed their letters to "STEAMHAMMER, A Division of SPV" and asked us for SODOM T-shirts.

John E. Dietrich of McLean, Virginia, is the other. He claims that nubbins are "merely small, underdeveloped ears of corn, and the term is properly applied only in this context, although that restriction is largely ignored by the masses."

Dietrich's corn theory has the support of William Faulkner of Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi. Faulkner hasn't written us (although he continues to publish, he is, of course, dead), but an anonymous Manhattan reader has alerted us to Faulkner's story "Shingles for the Lord," which mentions a "corn nubbin."

A second literary reference has been sent in by Stephen Signer of San Diego. A page of *The Berenstain Bears and the Bad Habit* (age range 3–6 years) contains the passage "Before she knew it, she had nibbled them down to nubbins." A drawing of a young bear looking at her paws illustrates this page, leading most scholars to interpret the *them* in the passage to mean her claws.

Some of the other citations: In a restaurant review in *The Village Voice*, Jeff Weinstein discusses "grilled rabbit nubbins"—he likes the ones served on white beans at Punsch, the impossibly popular, McNally-esque restaurant near Lincoln Center (clipping courtesy of Dannielle Stroli of Spring Valley, New York). In a Michigan court case involving a hernia operation, it was claimed that the plaintiff's testicle "shrank to a small black nubbin measuring 1.3 centimeters" (information courtesy of Robert A. Brooks of Grosse Pointe, Michigan). "As any pizza driver worth his unleaded gasoline knows," writes Peter C. Hoppmann, "a nubbin is one of the pubescent girls who hang out in the alley outside the Pizza Pit in Middleton, Wisconsin." Hoppmann writes, oddly, from Brooklyn. "Any true handgun enthusiast could tell you that nubbins are the raised projections on the frame of a high-powered automatic pistol," writes another reader from Seattle. And—finally, finally, *finally*—a reader has sent us the "numerological value" of *nubbins*, "as interpreted using Ellin Dodge's *You Are Your First Name* handbook." It seems the letters in *nubbins* add up to 26. Two, six. Since 2 plus 6 equals 8, and 8 signifies lots of things we don't have room to go into, the reader has concluded that you should not name your child Nubbins.

Enough. Why not send any further thoughts on nubbins to that new sassy, irreverent, movie-and-media-oriented periodical out of the Pacific Northwest. Payment, presumably, is not in cash, not in copies, but in gyros. Yes, gyros. See this unspeakably dull space, March.

C O R R E C T I O N S

April's Fine Print, purporting to present "The All-Time Oscar Box Score," contained four errors. Katharine Hepburn won four Oscars, not three; her average is actually .333. Glenda Jackson's record is two-for-four. We said John Gielgud had two nominations without a win; in fact, he won once and has a .500 average. Roy Scheider ought to have been included among those who've earned a Best Actor nomination without winning. We hope disputes arising from these errors didn't result in any Oscar-party arguments that ended with good friends hurling clam dip at one another and abruptly leaving before Diana Ross's rendition of "Over the Rainbow."

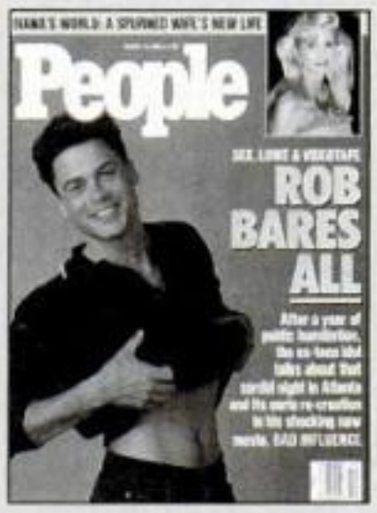
In last month's "Inside Everything," we failed to thank Dapy for kindly supplying the television set.

B A D I N F L U E N C E

A SPY Flashback

Below left, from "People Who'll Need *People*," SPY, December 1989; *right*, the actual cover of *People*, March 19, 1990





we are. But it's always their move first.

By choosing to focus your talents on Jay's career ("And I came up with the title of the book, a Rolling Stones bootleg of 'Bright Lights, Big City.'. . . I came up with the Coma Baby dream. . . . I got two fellowships so I could support Jay so he didn't have to get a job. We just worked on the book. I would type each page. . ."), you've set the board up so he can't lose. I know he has misrepresented and exploited you. What an asshole—I agree. But your published rebuttal makes you one, too. Instead of inventing your own, you're playing his game of made-up spoiled big-city expense-account made-for-the-media journalism/confession/fine-literature mongering. As a friend of mine says, "It's so cocaine."

Do women a favor, Merry. Prove that you can write, not catfight. Do yourself a favor. You deserve the satisfaction and joy that only writing a story of extraordinary vision can give you.

K. D. Parks
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS I have no pity for Merry McInerney. It's too bad about the soup tureen, but really, she doesn't seem like a real smart lady.

She has this persistent belief that Jay will miraculously turn into a fidel, sober life mate. I usually give those hopes of mine seven months, max—but honey, seven years?! Also, I see no crime in Jay's writing about Merry and their private life. Merry's public whimpering is all too typical of our blame-happy society.

Britt D.L. Haselton
Aptos, California

DEAR EDITORS Although SPY is to be congratulated for its general attacks against vulgar, short-fingered developers, "The Slumlord Is My Shepherd: A Whole New Father Bruce Ritter Scandal" [by John Fahs and Eddie Stern, April] leads me to believe someone needs to calibrate SPY's Ethics Meter. It jars the senses that Father Ritter's sexual offenses "seem worthy of compassion and understanding" but his "cold-blooded experiment in empire building" cannot be condoned or understood.

Bill Valdez
Takoma Park, Maryland

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DARK STAR

THE ROY ORBISON STORY

BY

ELLIS AMBURN

Dark Star: The Roy Orbison Story chronicles the singer's life and career: From the oil patches of Texas to the heights of stardom; from the depth of tragedy and obscurity to rebirth as a viable star–only to have it all swiftly cut short by a heart attack in 1988, when he was only 52.

The book follows Roy as he realizes his dreams of becoming rich and famous, then to the nightmare and despair of losing it all. The pressure to grind out an extraordinary string of 22 straight hits often forced him away from his family. In 1966, he lost his wife in a motorcycle accident, and two years later two of his sons died in a fire while Roy was touring. These tragedies forced him into 25 years of obscurity.

In addition, **Dark Star** recounts the pioneer days of rock 'n roll: the early days at Sun Records with Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash; the wild events on tour with the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Beach Boys in rock's heyday; and much more.

Ellis Amburn collaborated with Shelley Winters on her best-selling autobiographies and with Priscilla Presley on **Elvis and Me.** He received total cooperation from Orbison's family, friends and bandmates to create this definitive biography of rock's most unlikely star.

Features 16 pages of photographs–many rare and candid shots from the private collections of Orbison's family and friends.



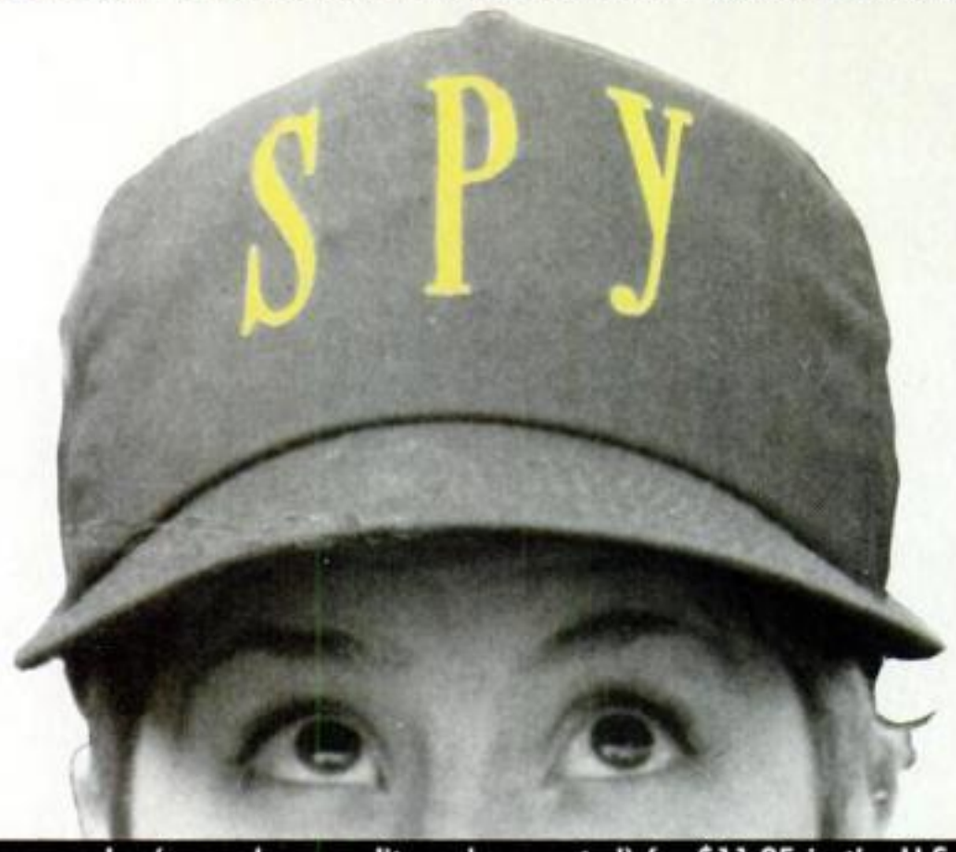
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DEAR EDITORS Okay, I admit it—I like a good fraternity-bashing article as much as the next person ["Toga! Toga! Toga! From Animal House to the White House—How Frat Boys Suddenly Run America," by Bob Mack, April]. But come on, attacking a whole institution because some of its members have achieved positions at the pinnacle of America's power elite? It sounds like Mr. Mack has a vendetta against the Greek system. Yes, there are serious problems. But let's not completely ignore the many positives, which collectively far outweigh the negatives. Each year hundreds of thousands of dollars and hours of man power are donated by fraternity and sorority members to philanthropies. Not to mention their active participation in efforts to better their communities. Mr. Mack's implication that the only qualification it takes to be part of America's power elite is to have been obsessed with guzzling beer and chasing women in one's youth also implies that every man who guzzles beer and whistles at girls meets the qualifications for entry into America's power elite. I think there are better common denominators, such as discipline, determination and a sense of community, that unite those in the Greek system—not alcohol, sex and obnoxious pranks.

G. L. Champion
New York

We're sure Ms. Champion (Alpha Xi Delta, San Diego State) speaks for the thousands of brothers and sisters who saw in the Greek system the discipline, determination and sense of community they demanded. But also the kegs, right?

DEAR EDITORS Come clean, SPY—how many of the names on your masthead are alumni of college fraternities or sororities?

Speaking of the "fraternization" of politics, did you know that Benigno Aquino and Ferdinand Marcos were fraternity brothers at the University of the Philippines?

Steven Dhuey
Madison, Wisconsin

We've managed to smoke out a Kappa Kappa Gamma, an Alpha Phi, an Alpha Chi Sigma, a deactivated Sigma Chi and a Delta Tau Delta. None recall any mixers with the Upsilon fraternity at the University of the Philippines.

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DEAR EDITORS Concerning April's SPY List and its pictorial supplement: we loved it and, as experts on the subject, concur.

Can we make a deal, though? We'll stay off your turf (no more satirical centerfolds, we promise) if you stay off ours (*Ray Stricklyn?*).

Otherwise we'll be forced to feature "The Men of SPY" in an upcoming issue. And you'd probably hate that.

Nancie S. Martin
Editor in chief
Playgirl *magazine*
New York

DEAR EDITORS My phone hasn't stopped ringing since I made your April SPY List. Once again I realize the power of the press. Unfortunately, most of the callers don't seem to realize that the photo you printed is 30 years old! Now, if SPY had been around then — and had run that photo then — I'm sure I would have had a spectacular career!

Regardless, I'm having it photocopied and sent to every producer, director and casting director on the West Coast. Till I'm rediscovered — thanks to you — I shall continue touring as Tennessee Williams in *Confessions of a Nightingale.*

Ray Stricklyn
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS I feel the chef of the Italian restaurant on Carmine Street was perfectly justified in his outrage against the Ellis Weiners [How to Be a Grown-up, April].

The proper action for Weiner's wife to take, if she needed to breast-feed her infant, would be to retire to the ladies' room. After all, this isn't the sixties. The middle of a small restaurant is hardly the place to do that sort of thing.

Domenica F. Marchetti
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

DEAR EDITORS Ellis Weiner's column certainly aroused my sympathies — for the owner-chef and the other patrons. Clearly what happened was this: the Weiner party — squalling babies, openly nursing mothers and cheap, space-grabbing husbands — breezed into this restaurant and started acting as if they were at home. And now Weiner's whining because everybody in the place didn't think they were all just the cutest things. Next time he should take his family and friends to Burger King and give the rest of us a break.

Anne Siebenhoven
New York

Ms. Marchetti is single and has no children. Ms. Siebenhoven declined to shed light on why she seems so bitter.

DEAR EDITORS Why the annoying little moons at the end of stories?

Ryan Witte
Garden City, New York

They're either a reference to Beelzebub or a signal to Ryan Witte to stop reading.

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity.*



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Naked city

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



E. KOCH



D. SAWYER



M. MILKEN

I

THE fine print

by Jamie Malanowski

WHAT'S TOO PAINFUL TO REMEMBER, WE SIMPLY CHOOSE TO FORGET. SO IT'S THE LAUGHTER WE WILL REMEMBER

Oh, how long ago it all seems, those golden days when Grandfather was in the White House and everything was so beautiful that we could leave foreign policy in the hands of that dreamy, jug-eared colonel from the National Security Council. Having trouble conjuring up those distant days? Perhaps a little review from President Reagan would help. Here's an early take of his memoirs, as delivered during the trial of Admiral John Poindexter, the former national security adviser convicted of lying to Congress; though excerpts from this testimony have appeared elsewhere, we found the totality compelling. (We have straightforwardly paraphrased the questions, which were posed by Poindexter's attorney, Richard Beckler, and eliminated such digressions as objections and colloquies; President Reagan's answers are recorded verbatim.)

State your name.
Ronald Reagan, R-e-a-g-a-n.
Good morning, Mr. President.
Good morning.
A little background. When were you elected president? ►

MOUTH-FOR-HIRE **ED KOCH** has long touted his moviegoing habits as a shining testament to his just-like-you-and-me ordinariness. *I'm a regular Joe*, he'll tell a phalanx of reporters whose presence proves he is anything but, *and I'm as mad about Cineplex Odeon's $7 ticket price as the next guy*. The slimmed-down former mayor sees particular virtue in his willingness to stand—no, *insistence* on standing—in line in the rain, just like every other citizen. *I just wouldn't want anybody to think I would run ahead of the line*, he made a point of bragging to a friend recently. But the staff of the newly defunct Cinema Studio knows that our former mayor is considerably less patient when neither cameras nor notepads are in evidence. While the public queued up to see *The Plot Against Harry* one inclement evening earlier this year, Koch and his middle-aged entourage were escorted through a side door of the theater, well before any other customers were allowed in. And for the duration of the film, Koch watched contentedly while a security guard sat behind him, presumably to make sure that the vacant aisle seat next to the *faux*-populist ex-mayor remained vacant.

II

KOCH MAY SNEAK small, undeserved mayoral privileges in his postmayoral life, but at least he doesn't loiter annoyingly around City Hall like **HENRY STERN**, his meanspirited publicity hog of a parks commissioner. Stern (who, SPY has learned, squandered a vast sum of money making sure his employees' telephone extensions matched their office numbers, and more than once ordered a chauffeur out of his city-supplied car when the driver refused to run red lights) was replaced last January by **BETSY GOTBAUM**—but for months he weirdly showed no signs of clearing out. Rather, although unemployed, he hunkered down and threw himself into a very important unfinished project: transforming himself into a sort of rump parks commissioner and scheming to run for political office. Finally, as the weather turned warmer, Gotbaum rid herself of Stern—and was said to be plotting bureaucratic revenge involving certain city-subsidized goodies that Stern is counting on.

III

PINUP TELEJOURNALIST **DIANE SAWYER** has practically made a career of flattering powerful old men, from **RICHARD NIXON** to **LAURENCE TISCH**. Recently, all too aware that ABC News's *PrimeTime Live* was, week by pointless week, eroding her reputation, Sawyer resorted to the most desperate of restorative measures. She picked up the phone and called not ABC News president **ROONE ARLEDGE** nor her executive producer, **RICK KAPLAN**, but *60 Minutes* executive producer **DON HEWITT**, her overseer in her putatively brainy CBS News heyday (and the most vocal major critic of her cosmetic overhaul last summer—see The Usual Suspects, October 1989). *Don*, she whimpered to her musky ex-boss and current competitor, *I don't know what to do. You've got to help—how do we fix this one?*

IIII

WHEN DREXEL BURNHAM LAMBERT finally collapsed earlier this year after months of shaky, **MARION BARRY**–like denials of internal disarray (see "What? Us Worry? A Disingenuous Nationwide Sampling of Disingenuous Drexel Burnham Spin Control," February 1989), the Securities and Exchange Commission and all right-thinking Americans could only hope that the dead firm's executives would walk away from their paradigmatically eighties pasts chastened and repentant. But **MICHAEL MILKEN**'s old colleagues in Drexel's Beverly Hills office have other ideas. One soon-to-be-former Drexel executive, helping to oversee the liquidation of the Wilshire Boulevard office's assets, boasted recently that he'd "sold Mike Milken's chair at least ten times." Fortunately, not every Drexel refugee is hopelessly hooked on ethics-breaching: ethics, after all, are a theoretically hot commodity these days. Recognizing this, another Drexel ex-partner proclaimed as he announced his new financial venture to an associate, "The market is paying a premium for ethics—*and so we intend to have the highest possible ethics.*"

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CHICKS AND GEESE AND DUCKS BETTER SCURRY—KLINGER'S COMING!

A Special SPY *Guide to Summer Theater USA*

The bad news: by the time you read this it will be too late to catch Peter (*Hollywood Squares*) Marshall in Neil Simon's *Rumors*. The good news: plenty of other Marshall-caliber performers—including Robert Goulet! —are getting their acts together and taking them on the road this summer.



Olympic gymnast Cathy Rigby stars in *Peter Pan*; Gammage Auditorium, Tempe, Arizona, July 10–15; The Music Hall at Fair Park, Dallas, July 17–19



Vicki Lawrence stars in *Annie Get Your Gun*; The Music Circus, Sacramento, July 16–22



L.A. Law's Alan Rachins stars as Albin the transvestite in *La Cage aux Folles*; Jupiter Theatre, Jupiter, Florida, June 19–July 28



Robert Goulet stars in the 30th-anniversary tour of *The Fantasticks*; The Music Hall at Fair Park, Dallas, July 3–15; Symphony Hall, San Diego, July 17–22; The Chicago Theater, Chicago, August 7–12; Colonial Theatre, Boston, August 14–26; Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, Virginia, August 28–September 1



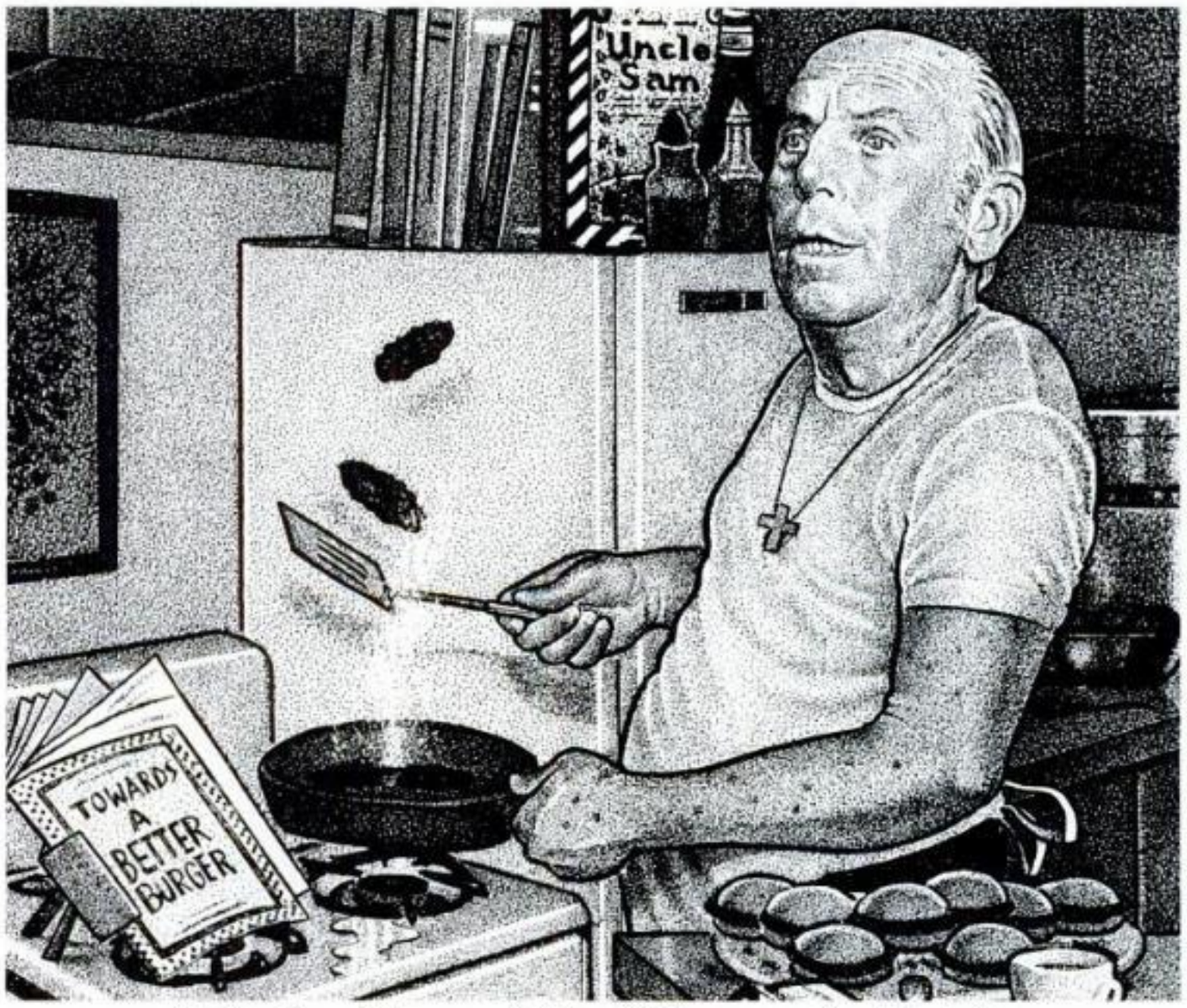
Greg Louganis stars in *The Boy Friend*; The Music Circus, Sacramento, July 30–August 5



John Davidson stars as Curly and Jamie Farr is Ali Hakim, the itinerant peddler, in *Oklahoma!*; Starlight Theatre, Kansas City, Missouri, June 25–July 1

—John Brodie

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Father Bruce Ritter avails himself of some vocational training before embarking on a new career.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Kevin Costner

Harrison Ford

Ivan Reitman

Charlie Sheen

Sting

Peter Strauss

James Woods

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

I was elected in 1989, in November of 1980. Took office on January 20, 19—or January 21 in 1981.

Prior to that, you were governor of California. Is that correct?

Yes, I was elected in 1966 and served for eight years, two terms through 1974.

And before that, you were in the movie business.

Yes. Although there—well, no. I was going to reverse things. Prior to working in the movie business, I was a sports announcer in radio.

When did you meet Admiral Poindexter?

The only recall I have is . . . when he was deputy to a national security adviser, and I was already in office. Now, if there was some prior time or meeting or gathering where we met, **I don't recall.**

What does the national security adviser do?

Well, mainly, each morning we would meet as a part [of] or following the staff meeting, and it would be to apprise me of anything, any international incident that had taken place, or anything that would be of interest or concern to our government. . . .

Do you have some general recollection of the Iran-contra event?

Yes. It was a covert action taken at my behest.

Have you familiarized yourself with the charges against Admiral Poindexter?

No, I haven't, I must confess.

They are based on two events: one regarding letters he sent to congressional committees; the other, testimony he gave about a shipment of HAWK missiles. Do you recall anything about either of those events?

I only recall learning that there had been at some point a shipment of HAWK missiles by Israel to Iran. . . . But **that is about the extent of my recollection.**

Admiral Poindexter is charged with lying to Congress. Do you understand that much?

Well, you are telling me that, so I assume you are telling me correctly.

How often did you ►

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BUSH'S SURPRISING PLAN TO CUT THE FEDERAL PAYROLL

Or Maybe He Has Just Run Out of Cronies

"We have more will than wallet." In a phrase as resounding as *We have nothing to fear but fear itself*, President Bush told us in his inaugural address that he wasn't going to keep any of his campaign promises – any that required an outlay of money, anyway. But who knew how far he'd take it? In many cases Bush has frozen the cost of government simply by refusing to hire people to work in it. At press time, after more than a year in office, Bush has yet to nominate appointees to almost 200 senior executive positions. Below are some Bush promises and some of the unfilled posts crucial to carrying out those promises.

THE PROMISES	THE EMPTY POSTS
ON CRIME: "[My] first concerns are the protection of law-abiding citizens and the abuse of our system of constitutional protection by thugs who can hire smart lawyers and find the right judges to set them free."—August 9, 1988	With the opportunity to appoint 111 federal judges, Bush has named only 47. Among the posts still vacant are ten judicial emergencies—i.e., positions that have been vacant for more than 18 months
ON THE ENVIRONMENT: "Our beaches should not be garbage dumps, and our harbors should not be cesspools....We must clean the air."—August 18, 1988, while accepting the Republican nomination	Vacant slots in this environmental presidency include assistant secretary for environment, safety and health in the Department of Energy and director of the Office of the Nuclear Waste Negotiator. It took Bush 14 months and 16 days to appoint the director of civil radioactive waste management in the DOE, and 13 months and 20 days to name the assistant administrator for research and development in the Environmental Protection Agency
ON HEALTH: "We're on the right track. [The National Institutes of Health are] doing a good job in research. The surgeon general is doing a good job in encouraging the proper kind of education....We are working with the [Food and Drug Administration], and they have sped up bringing drugs to the market."—September 25, 1988, in a debate with Michael Dukakis	Among the missing are the director of the National Institutes of Health and the commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. Bush moved with relative speed in appointing a new surgeon general, taking a scant ten months to make a decision
ON DEFENSE: "I believe modernization is essential."—September 9, 1988	Essential modernization will no doubt get a boost now that a director of defense research and engineering has been appointed, one year and four days after Bush's inauguration
ON AGRICULTURE: " 'Everywhere I go, people say, "Oh, this is just politics," ' Bush said as he sat down on a bale of hay in the hot midday sun to discuss the drought with several farmers. 'This is too serious for politics.' "—*The Washington Post* on candidate Bush, campaigning in Illinois, June 19, 1988	The president is supposed to appoint three persons to the Farm Credit Administration; the law mandates that no more than two of them can be members of the same party. The too-serious-for-politics Bush has filled two slots with Republicans and left the third empty
ON CIVIL RIGHTS: "Minorities [will] have a better shot at the American dream. I will be a good president for all Americans."—August 25, 1988	Fifty-seven weeks after inauguration the president got around to naming an assistant secretary for civil rights in the Department of Education. Three weeks later he found time to appoint the assistant secretary for public and Indian housing at HUD
ON FAMILY: "An election that's about ideas and values is also about philosophy, and I have one. At the bright center is the individual. And radiating out from him or her is the family, the essential unit of closeness and of love. For it's the family that communicates to our children, to the twenty-first century, our culture, our religious faith, our traditions and history."—August 18, 1988, while accepting the nomination	The assistant secretary for the Family Support Administration in the Department of Health and Human Services was appointed March 6, 1990
ON ETHICS: "No one, no institution, no body of government should be above the law."—July 26, 1988, in a speech in which he vowed to establish a "senior counselor" in the White House who would concentrate solely on ethics	No senior counselor is forthcoming, nor has the president appointed a director of the Office of Government Ethics. Also, many slots for inspectors general and deputy inspectors general have been left vacant in several departments, including Health and Human Services, Energy, and Veterans Affairs

—David Shenk

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

meet with Admiral Poindexter?
Usually every working day. The day would begin at nine o'clock in the morning with a staff meeting—in the Oval Office. And then that would be followed when that was concluded by the report of the national security adviser....
Sometimes you met with him outside the White House, on Air Force One, *for example, or in your house in California.*
Couldn't be in our house in California. We had sold that....But—well, yes, occasionally there would be [meetings] on *Air Force One.*
What portion of your schedule was devoted to national security affairs?
I couldn't recall definitely... but it obviously was a major part.
Can you describe to the jury what you understood the Iran initiative to be?
A group of individuals, citizens of Iran, journeyed to a third country. Contact was made with us that they wanted to discuss with us how better relations between Iran and the United States could be secured....And so a delegation of ours—I believe it was all from the National Security Council—journeyed...to meet with these people.
Was this journey made by Robert McFarlane and others in approximately April or May 1986?
I can't recall, and I can't set down the dates.
But you are referring to McFarlane's trip?
No.
Do you recall being first briefed on this situation at the Bethesda Naval Hospital with McFarlane and Don Regan?
I recall that I had visits every once in a while there at the hospital. I have to tell you, **I can't really recall** what those visits were about. Nothing was tremendously earth-shattering, according to my memory, but I am afraid that **I wasn't maybe quite up to pinning things down.**
Okay, what about a later meeting at the White House? ►

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VANITY FARRAH

The Blond Obsession of Tina Brown

In a recent public forum, Tina Brown, *Vanity Fair*'s editor in chief, demanded more stories about S. I. Newhouse and his Condé Nast publishing empire in SPY. We are always eager to accommodate the good suggestions of our readers. And so, for the first in our series of Condé Nast updates, we spotlight a woman whose identity is inextricably linked to the Newhouse empire, Tina herself. Everyone knows that gentlemen prefer blonds, but it has become increasingly apparent that Brown, *Vanity Fair*'s editor since 1984 and a blond even longer, does, too. Such has been her ability to re-create the magazine in her own image that pretty soon *V.F.* profile subjects will be required to do a passable rendition of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" just to get interviewed. Herewith, some recent evidence.

IN THE NOVEMBER 1988 ISSUE: profile of Dan Quayle ("Something happened to Dan that usually happens only in movies, to dumb blondes")

DECEMBER 1988: profile of Sigourney Weaver, accompanied by a photograph of her in a platinum wig ("Sigourney Weaver finds that blondes do have more fun")

FEBRUARY 1989: cover story, MICHELLE PFEIFFER, OSCAR GOLD? ("Michelle Pfeiffer is as golden as the Oscar she deserves for three of the past year's best performances"); profile of Candice Bergen ("Why would [Bergen], the coolest blonde in Hollywood since Grace Kelly, stoop to conquer sitcoms?")

MARCH 1989: profile of Uma Thurman

APRIL 1989: cover story on Melanie Griffith; profile of Catherine Deneuve ("The icy cool of Catherine Deneuve, still France's hottest blonde")

MAY 1989: profile of fair-haired designer Jean Paul Gaultier

JUNE 1989: cover story on Kim Basinger, BLONDE OF BLONDES ("Blonde faith: Along with Melanie Griffith and Michelle Pfeiffer, Basinger is one of the this-minute girls of the movies"); profiles of blond Phyllis McGuire and peroxide-happy Mark Kostabi; pictures from Princess Grace's wedding album

JULY 1989: profile of Deborah Harry ("Blondie — Back to Her Roots")

SEPTEMBER 1989: cover story on Goldie Hawn; "Honky Tonk Women: The five blondes who've rocked the Rolling Stones"; profile of blond NBC newscaster Mary Alice Williams

NOVEMBER 1989: profile of Daryl Hannah ("Hannah from Heaven ... Her nimbus of sweet uncertainty gave her an edge on the other dazzling blondes")

DECEMBER 1989: profiles of Princess Diana and Meg Ryan ("the cute blonde sidekick")

JANUARY 1990: another profile of Daryl Hannah, this time a cover story, SHEEN QUEEN; profile of Deborah Norville ("NBC's Great Blonde Hope"; "Blonde ambition?"); profile of General Richard Secord and Ted Shackley ("The General and 'the Blond Ghost'")

FEBRUARY 1990: profile of Erica Jong ("...a cold wind ruffling the mass of blond hair that has dominated so many book-jacket photographs"); profile of Ellen Barkin ("the last really dangerous blonde left in Hollywood")

MARCH 1990: on the cover, Kathleen Turner

APRIL 1990: cover story on Madonna, WHITE HEAT; profile of actress Kelly Lynch

—Elissa Schappell

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

I know such a meeting, but **I don't recall** what the outcome was or what we were discussing.

But you did have a meeting with Secretary Weinberger and Secretary Shultz and your other top advisers, right?

Yes.

What do you recall about it?

The Iranian representative had suggested [that we sell them] a single shipment of TOW antitank missiles.... And I made the decision that there was one thing upon which we could base selling [the missiles], and that was that we had some nine hostages held by the Hezbollah...and that if they used their efforts to get our hostages freed, yes, we would make this sale.... Some of our people said that this would—they didn't say it was trading for hostages, 'cause it wasn't. My answer—they said it would be made to appear that way if it ever came to light. My answer to that was that if I had a child kidnapped and held for ransom, and I knew of someone who had perhaps the ability to get that child back, it wouldn't be dealing with kidnappers to ask that individual to do that. And it would be perfectly fitting for me to reward that individual for doing that.

Do you recall making an analogy to the Lindbergh kidnapping?

I don't recall ever mentioning anyone else.

Do you recall Ed Meese's having an opinion about Israel's involvement?

No, **I don't recall** that coming up at all, and as a matter of fact, to this day I don't know who finished the delivery of the missiles.

Later, at a press conference, you said the decision was yours and yours alone, and you referred to President Lincoln. ***Do you recall*** *that?*

No.

Do you recall having a conversation with Poindexter before McFarlane went on his trip to Tehran? ►

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Andy Rooney...



and Del Shannon?



Gloria Estefan...



and Jennifer Grey?



Peter Guber...



and Bruno Sammartino?

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AFTER DARK MY SWEET

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COMING JULY 20 TO A THEATER NEAR YOU

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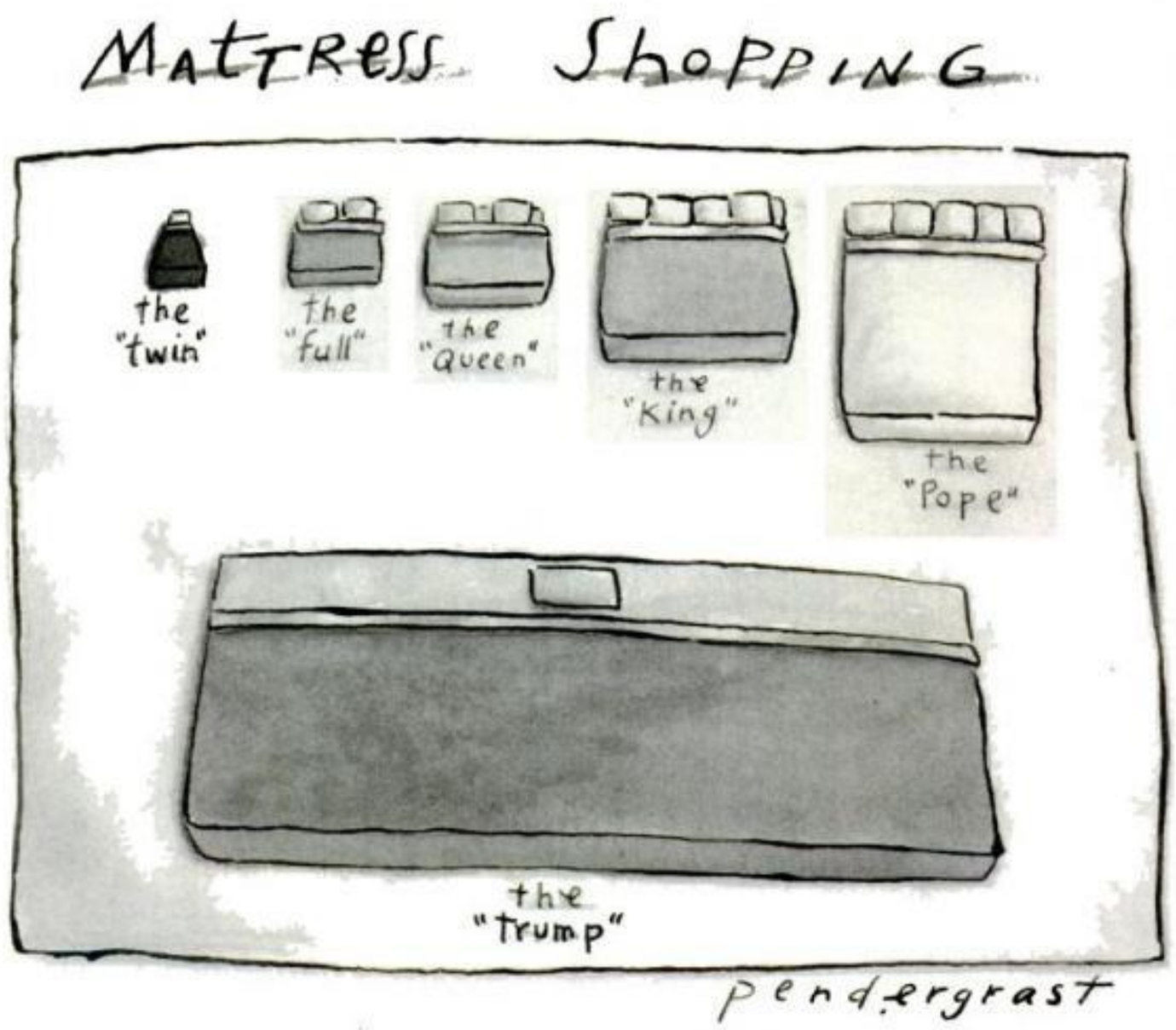
"I See It All in Birch Bark—*Rubber* Birch Bark"

The Cost-Ineffective Reality of Today's Simu-Life-style

The intensity with which style-conscious Americans indulge their personal-aesthetic-of-the-moment can be bewildering. Take the current mania for the ersatz in home furnishings and wardrobe. If spending enormous amounts of money on oneself is a way to gratify one's own sense of self-worth, then the evidence suggests that imitation is, if not the sincerest, certainly the most expensive form of flattery.

Authentic Item	Price	*Faux* Item	Price
Small marble fireplace from Marmaro, a Queens marble cutter	$1,000	*Faux*-marble fireplace "with no carved moldings or anything," painted by Eon, a SoHo *faux*-surface clinic	$2,500
Mahogany paneling for one wall of a room (108 square feet), from Lumberland	$60	*Faux*-mahogany painting of one wall of a room by Grand Illusion Decorative Painting	$2,000 to $3,000
Window from Statewide Windows	$110 to $1,000	Painted *faux* window with scenery, by Strackbein and Braby	$2,500 to $5,000
Cord of hardwood	$766.72	Cord of Duraflame logs	$2,527
Ten-day safari in Kenya, including clothing	$1,750	Ten outfits from Ralph Lauren's Safari collection	$11,500

—Elizabeth Cohen



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

I think I do.... He brought in with him a Bible for me to autograph.

Do you recall Admiral Poindexter's briefing you about HAWK missile parts' being sent to Iran?

The only thing that I am aware of, and **I cannot remember** any meeting on this or not, was I do have a memory of learning or hearing that the Israelis, prior to these other things, had sent some of their HAWK missiles to Iran, evidently in that sale.

We were referring to a later shipment.

I just don't recall it.

***Do you recall** instructing Admiral Poindexter to put together a chronology of the Iran initiative?*

No, I do not.

Do you recall having any discussion with Admiral Poindexter about reconstructing the events?

I don't recall. I don't recall that.

Did you and Admiral Poindexter brief administration officials or Congress about what had transpired?

I don't recall anything having to do with Congress in that sense.

Between your two addresses to the nation on November 13 and November 19, during which you discussed the initiative, did you receive information from Admiral Poindexter that helped you make those presentations?

I don't recall.

Would you have met with anyone?

I am not denying whether I met with others. It is just that **I don't recall.**

***Do you recall** that at the end of the first press conference, Admiral Poindexter pointed out some information about Israel that was no longer protected?*

No, I don't. No.

On November 12 you met with congressional leaders. Do you have any recollection of that meeting?

I know that someplace in there, there were... meetings ...with the congressional leadership.

Was Poindexter present? ►



The Liz Smith Tote Board

A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...
Ivana Trump.....1.8
Liz herself.....2.4
The Grapes of Wrath....6
Shirley MacLaine 6
Madonna.....6
Diane Sawyer.....6
Frank Sinatra 6
Jane Pauley 8
Jon Peters and Peter Guber 8
Roy Cohn.....12
Jesus Christ.....12
Felix Rohatyn 12
7 Days 12
Carroll O'Connor's gall bladder.....24
SPY 24
"The invasion of [Americans'] lives by the Japanese" 24
...days

The New York Times Chronicle Tote Board

A Monthly Tally of the Paper's "Gossip" Column



mentioned once every...
Barbara Bush 9
Vaclav Havel 9
Yuri Dubinin.....13.5
Licia Albanese.....27
Merlidhar Devidas (Baba) Amte 27
Giulio Andreotti 27
Marina Bessenova.....27
Horacio Gutiérrez.....27
...days

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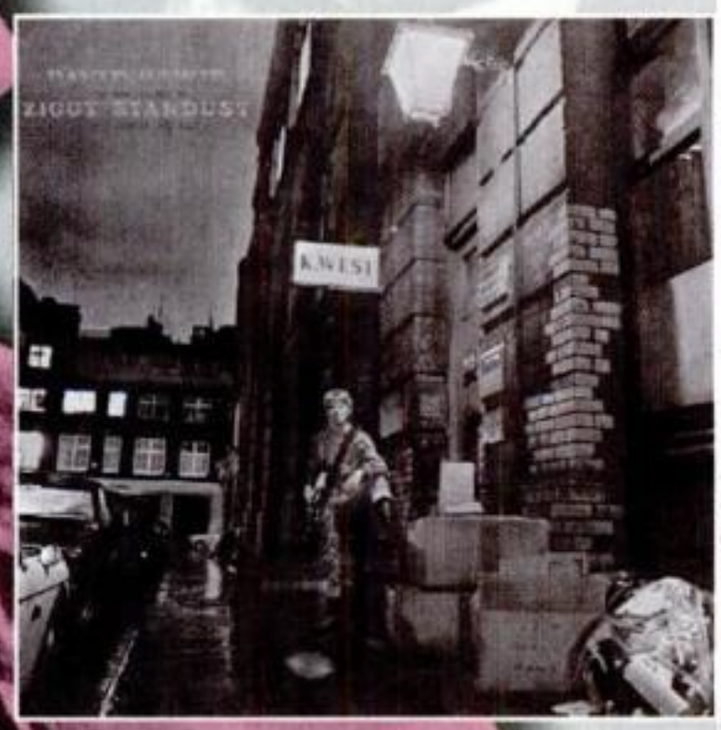
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WHO SAYS CORPORATE AMERICA PLAYS IT SAFE?

The Fun of Philanthropy in Fin de Siècle New York

Downtown Manhattan, a loose collection of au courant sensationalists who get excited about anything that is apt to rile their parents, has recently been abuzz about Annie Sprinkle — the hottest performance artist to come along since Karen Finley (a woman who will have to do something on the order of being elected pope to overcome being known *solely* as that person who stuffed yams up herself). In *Post Porn Modernist*, Sprinkle's recent show at a downtown art space called The Kitchen, the artist, often wearing nothing but garters, hose and heels, chronicled her transformation from prostitute and porn star into New Age sexual healer. Like most of the shows at The Kitchen, Sprinkle's performance was made possible by generous grants from a number of foundations. Below is a short list of the show's most memorable moments, along with some of the surprisingly avant-garde organizations that helped pay for Sprinkle's art.

HIGHLIGHTS

Annie adds up the lengths of all the penises she has encountered, arriving at a length "approximately the height of the Empire State Building without the antenna"

Annie displays her collection of dildos and other sex toys, maintaining, "If more people had sex toys, the world would probably be a much more peaceful place to live in"

Annie invites two members of the audience onstage and asks them to massage her breasts ("You do that very well"). Afterward she exhorts the rest of the audience to chant, "Nipple"

Annie lectures the audience on orgasm technique: "You can achieve orgasms for two hours...."

Annie douches herself, which stimulates her to urinate onstage

Annie does a dance with a vibrator and chants, "Sex heals"

Annie inserts a speculum into her vagina and asks the entire audience to come up and look at her cervix

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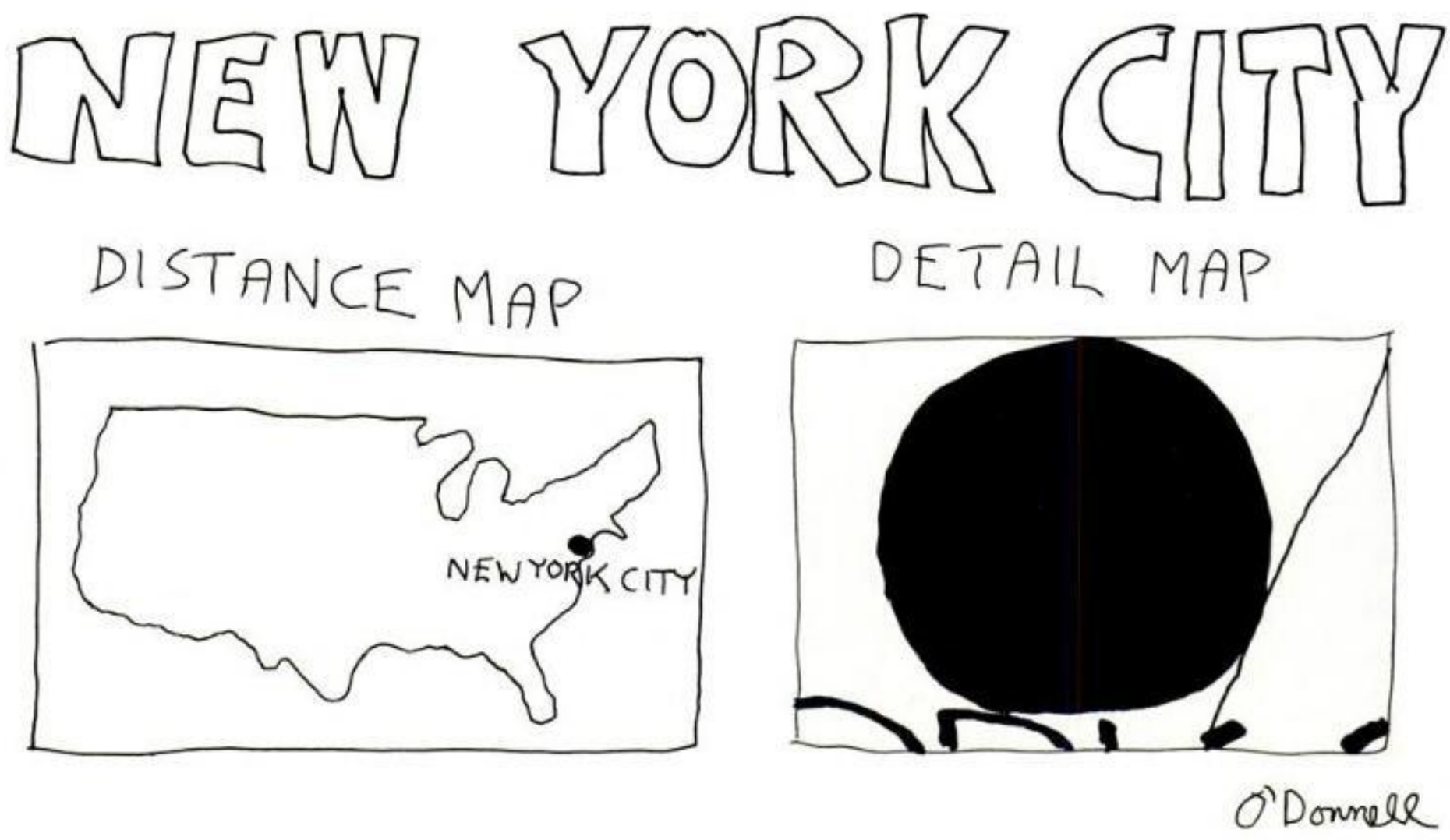
Mobil Foundation Inc.

Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc.

The New York Times Company Foundation

At the end of the show Annie invites audience members onstage to have Polaroids taken of themselves with her breasts resting on their heads. This part of the show costs an extra $5 per person.

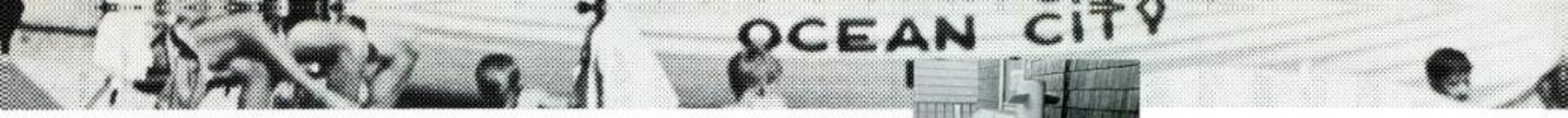
—Eddie Stern



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

That **I don't recall** at all.
Did you tell the congressmen about the HAWK missile shipment that had taken place the previous November, in 1985?
No. **I don't recall** ever reporting that to anyone.
I'm told you were first informed of that shipment in November 1985 when you were in Geneva, preparing to meet with Mr. Gorbachev. Do you recall that?
I actually don't. **I don't have any recollection** about when I was told that or who told me.... In a meeting of that kind over there in Geneva, there were so many meetings and so many different places, and our great concern was... that this was our first meeting with the general secretary or secretary general of the Soviet Union.
In other words—
What? **I can't say that I specifically recall** this meeting or that subject.
But at some point you became aware of that shipment?
That's right. As I say, I know that that is in my memory, that I had heard of France being connected with such a thing.
Ah, Mr. President—did you just say France?
I didn't think I did.
I'm sorry, I thought you said France.
If I did, that was a slip of the tongue if I did.
When you met with the congressional leaders, you didn't recall the November 1985 shipment. Is that correct?
Let me just say, **I don't know** when it would have been told to me or [when] I would have known.
But you heard about it before a report appeared in a Lebanese newspaper?
No, **I don't know**. I can't say before or after.
Did Poindexter tell you that people in the White House had differing recollections of the November shipment?
No. **I don't recall** hearing that.
***Do you recall** asking Meese if he could straighten things out?*
No.
Do you remember ►

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THE SPY TRIP TIP

At Last, a Submarine Museum

Just because Bernard A. Bastura didn't serve on a submarine in World War II is no reason for him not to have a torpedo shell in one room, a depth gauge in another, 14 file cabinets full of clippings and correspondence including documentation on all 132 U.S. Navy submarines, along with submarine flags, submarine plaques and submarine patches on walls throughout the house. In fact, for 36 years his house in Middletown, Connecticut (it's the one with the 13-foot model of a submarine on the front porch), has been home to the U.S. Submarine Veterans World War II Submarine Library Museum.

"When people pull up, all they see is a house," Bastura says of his modest blue-shingled two-story. "But once they step through that door, it's like another dimension; it's like stepping into *The Twilight Zone*." In more than a dozen display cases and on every available stretch of wall are hard-won spoils of war: religious medals from a Japanese POW; an approach light from the aft section of the USS *Piranha*; a glass ashtray from the Sheraton Airport Inn in San Diego, site of the 1973 U.S. Submarine Veterans of World War II national convention.

"All of these things are priceless," says Bastura, apparently speaking in the sentimental-value sense of the word. Still, his museum does have several objectively precious acquisitions, including two original submarine-insignia drawings donated to the war effort by Walt Disney. Over the years, in fact, Bastura has acquired a complete set of U.S. Navy patches, one purpose of which was to motivate men as they headed for battle. What Disney thought would do the trick was a drawing of Jiminy Cricket reclining on a plaice. The inspirational logos designed by the seamen themselves, however, tended toward naked women straddling torpedoes.

Despite the self-proclaimed reputation of nearby Groton, Connecticut, as the "Submarine Capital of the World," state and local authorities, as well as the U.S. Navy, have so far declined to lend financial support to the museum. Actually, according to Bastura, what they said was "We don't want no part of you." Still, thanks to donations from veterans and to the sacrifice of virtually all his free time and a considerable portion of his retirement checks, Bastura has managed to accumulate nine rooms and two stairwells full of sandals, belts, goggles, bunk lights, hatbands and, from the 1981 U.S. Submarine Veterans of World War II national convention in Sacramento, hospitality-room drink chits.

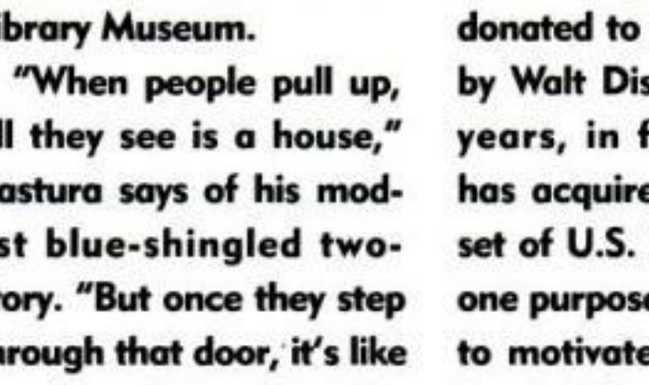
Bastura was Army, Battle of the Bulge, and has a skull tattoo on his right arm to prove it. So why submarines? Partly because during a journey to the shipyards of Groton, shortly after his discharge in 1954, he was profoundly moved by a tour of a submarine.

And partly by default. "Coins, stamps, matchbooks, buttons — you name it, I tried the hobby," he says. "But the only one that actually stuck was submarines."

—Richard Panek

U.S. Submarine Veterans World War II Submarine Library Museum, 440 Washington Street, Middletown, Connecticut; (203) 346-0388; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m., June 1 to December 1.

SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



SPY: *Do you have a mentor?*

Chauncy Monroe, Star of Tomorrow: You know Lash La Rue, the old cowboy star? With the whip? He used to pick me up in his Eldorado, and we'd ride around and drink beer. He told me once, "You're gonna be a star someday, kid. I can see it." And my agent used to say, "Chauncy, don't call yourself a struggling actor. You're a star. Keep telling yourself that and it will come true."

SPY: *What would be your dream role?*

Monroe: Hamlet. Everyone who sees me do it says, "You do it better than Richard Burton." I really get into it—I carry the knife and everything.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE TRUMP ORGANIZATION
MET PATRONIZING AUTHOR

THE CONTRAS
THEN CASTRO

IMELDA MARCOS
MEDIA'S CLAMOR

JULIO GONZALEZ
[accused Bronx social-club arsonist]
OIL NOZZLE; A JUG

—Andy Aaron

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Secretary Shultz telling you about the shipment in November 1986?

I don't recall that.

When you testified before the Tower Commission, did you use notes?

I don't recall anything of that kind, because the Tower Commission was appointed by me.

Did you have trouble recollecting the shipment for the Tower Commission?

As I say, I only know that I, someplace along the line, acquired that knowledge, and **I don't know** from whom or where.

Do you recall that the late Mr. Casey had to testify to Congress about the shipment?

I wasn't aware of that, no.

***Do you recall** talking with Poindexter about his meeting with members of the Senate and House Intelligence Committees?*

No. But I have to point out that this continued saying of '**I don't recall**,' that so many meetings—and I have been told by statisticians that my average of meeting with people was about 80 a day for eight years—that **I don't recall** these meetings. And not because they weren't important, and I am sure that I dealt with things at the time, but I just—**I just don't recall** such a meeting.

But Congress was interested in this subject, wasn't it?

Oh, yes. They were fascinated by it.

When you met with the congressional leaders, didn't you say Poindexter would meet with them?

I don't recall saying it, but it could be likely.

It would have been logical for you to tell them that, though.

Again, **I have no memory**.

Isn't it unusual for a national security adviser to meet with Congress?

I—maybe I am not using good judgment, but I...

I have no basis upon which to answer that one way or another.

How many times did congressional delegations formally visit with your ►

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

national security advisers?
Well, again, **I have no way of – to answer that.**
More than three or four?
Again, **I can't – I can't attempt to answer such a thing.**

The former president's trip down memory lane covered an additional 200 pages. Our advice to Mr. Reagan is that he visit his alma mater, Eureka College, which has become the repository of many of the T-shirts and gimme caps that were given him during his time in office. Together, they constitute one big, cogent cotton-poly and cotton-twill-and-mesh mnemonic device for the years he led this country. Among the clues the garments provide:

AMERICA—THANK YOU FOR LIBERATING GRENADA — TUESDAY 25TH OCTOBER 1983

AMERICA'S JUNIOR MISS, EMPHASIS ON EXCELLENCE

BALD EAGLE—FREE AS THE WIND, PROUD LIKE AMERICA

CENTRALIA, ILL. HOME OF JIM BRADY

DEFICIT ELIMINATOR

DRAG THEM OUT OF AFGHANISTAN

G.E. ALUMNI

GENEVA SUMMIT—REAGAN-GORBACHEV 1985

HUGS NOT DRUGS

JELLY BEANS

KADAFFY DUCK—MAD DUCK OF THE MIDEAST

SPEAK SOFTLY AND CARRY OUT ZVOZDNIVE VOYENI

Unfortunately, Eureka doesn't have the shirt that may have helped Reagan most during the Poindexter trial, the one that says, I'M A CONTRA, TOO. ☽

JULY DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Day one of Pleasure Week, publicist Richard Falk's dubious celebration of Times Square and environs. In words perhaps borrowed from a blurb for *What's New, Pussycat?*, Falk depicts the area as a land of "long hair, music, these far-out amusement centers, peep shows — you name it!"



4 While the Grucci family's explosives light up the sky over the East River, the riverbank happily percolates with ... well, long hair, music, far-out amusements — you name it!

7 Twenty-two years ago, on what is known as Black Sunday to fans of Shaggy British Blues-Rooted Supergroups That Include or Have Included Eric Clapton, the Yardbirds broke up, portending Cream's decision to dissolve three days later.

10 Kickoff of the Manhattan Yacht Club's 1990 Blue Chip Challenge summer series; Hudson River, opposite Battery Park City. Corporate sailing teams vie for the right to act like even bigger jerks during afternoon drinking contests at the South Street Seaport.

10 Opening night of the Mostly Mozart Festival; Avery Fisher Hall. All summer the Opera Espresso (Broadway at 64th Street) will serve foamless, lukewarm cappuccino and chalky chocolate-mousse cake to Metro-Northers in town for their annual inoculation of culture. Their Tower Records bags contain never-to-be-played James Galway CDs.

16 Molde International Jazz Festival; along the Romsdals Fjord, Norway's answer to the Mississippi Delta. It all started back in the 1880s when Howlin' Hen Ibsen picked up his battered six-string and shouted, "*Spenningen er borte.*"

18 Dion turns 51.

26 George Bernard Shaw's birthday. High school English teachers confuse sophomores by saying "Shavian."

28–29 The Thunderbird American Indian Dancer Midsummer Pow-Wow; Queens County Farm Museum. Just 30 minutes from Manhattan, Native Americans recapture a bygone era, when dancing was something you did with pals from other tribes in a circle around a flaming pit, not half naked at Mars. ☽



Walter Monheit's BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

AFTER DARK, MY SWEET, starring Bruce Dern, Rachel Ward, Jason Patric (Avenue) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Hallelujah! Bruce puts on a Dern good show, but ooof! — my sweet Ward!"**

NAVY SEAL, starring Charlie Sheen, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Michael Biehn (Orion) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"At last — here's a Charlie who's on *our* side! If you love America, you'll love *Navy Seal*! And if you don't, then get the H out... comrade!"**

FLATLINERS, starring Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts (Columbia) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"WARNING: drop-dead Julia can induce rigor ooofis! No 'flatlines' here, *mes amis*!"**

QUIGLEY DOWN UNDER, starring Tom Selleck (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Magnum packs it down under and kicks a little Aussie! Now, that's what I call koala-ty! Ooof!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘ *— excellent;* ℘℘℘℘ *— indisputably a classic*

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naked city

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY *periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of* The New Yorker *because* The New Yorker *doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o* SPY, *The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.*

DEAR BOB,

In your September 11, 1989, Talk of the Town piece "Muttontown's King," you have the courage to confess in the first line that you know little of King Zog and Albanian geopolitical history. It seems somewhat shameful that in these days when the media are dominated by reporting of Eastern European developments and historical analysis, your Albanian intelligence should be so faulty.

How can you call Zog I "Albania's first and only king" in light of the existence and reign of William of Wied? In his book *Witness to History: A Refugee from the Third Reich Remembers*, doesn't Joachim von Elbe describe, in great detail, how an Albanian delegation presented William with throne and crown in February 1914—14 years before Zog crowned himself? Just because his ill-fated reign lasted only six months, does this mean William should be denied recognition as king? After all, William Henry Harrison presided for barely a month, and we still count him as a U.S. president. And didn't Zog actually proclaim himself king of the *Albanians*, rather than Albania? A subtle difference, but one of those important details that make history a little more interesting, don't you think? Finally, I guess your little fact-checker didn't bother to speak with the Albanian mission to the UN, right? I didn't think so. Perhaps you need a new "friend" in Albania to write future Talk pieces on this Balkan land of mystery and intrigue.

Eugene A. Bolt
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Alas, finally a hint that The New Yorker *is more like most Americans than we thought—highly ethnocentric and not that concerned about tiny Balkan states where adulterers can be sent to prison camps. (Not that the Albanians make any effort to court interest. Their UN mission, for example, tends to hang up on anyone identifying himself as a journalist. A quaint custom from the land of mystery and intrigue?) Like those in most postwar quasi-Stalinist Socialist states, Albania's rulers have rewritten its history; they consider Zog a pretender and terrorist infidel.* The New Yorker, *however, deemed Zog legit and opted for him as the first king, since many sources consider William of Wied's reign too dubious and too brief. A subtle difference that makes history a little more interesting? Perhaps. But Eugene, come on—it's* Albania. ❸



AMERICANISMS IN PARIS

I Tongue English Like a Native Dude

Paris is a city that has always left us feeling uncomfortably awed, even a bit unworthy. Not because of the architecture or the availability of café au lait or the population's reputation for easy virtue—all of that makes us feel blithe and romantic. No, what makes us feel unworthy, of course, is the people of France, and the apparent pleasure they take in showing disdain for visitors. Particularly for American visitors.

Now comes the good news: none of us need ever feel unworthy again. Not only have French youth over the last decade taken to wearing those staples of American *basse couture*, the T-shirt and the sweatshirt, but the most popular of these garments are those that have something written on them in English. As one vendor put it, "*Tout ce qui est américain, alors, ça marche*" (roughly, "Anything with an eagle, we can't keep on the shelves"). But here's the best part for anyone who has ever been humiliated by a native pretending never to have heard of any place called Cathédrale de Nôtre Dame: the English on the shirts is cretinous! Fractured, ungrammatical, meaningless, ludicrous—just the sort of torture we have, as a nation, been so long accused of inflicting on French. (All legends guaranteed to have been viewed on human beings, in Paris.)



POLO FLIPFOOT, SWEETY

YELLOW WING: KNOW YOUR WORLD

UNLIMITED CLOSED

BUY THE GENUINE AND
YOU BUY THE BEST, FOR LASTING
COMFORT AND HARDWEARING COMFORT

FAMOUS AMERICAN CLOTHING
BEST HUNTING WITH THIS MARK

BEST MONTANA, GOING TO THE BEACH

BEST MONTANA,
TRADITIONAL CONFRONTATION

M.I.T. UNIVERSITY

SIDELONG GLANCES
BASHFUL MAIDENHOOD'S CHANCES
READERS STRADDLING CREEPERS
1234567890

GASNER & BRUNI,
25 WEST 45 STREET, NEW YORK
[a concern that does not exist]

—Harriet Barovick

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HOST DWEEZIL ZAPPA

"I had to go
on two diets.
One didn't give me
enough food."
BARRY MARDER

"Vandals did $175 worth of damage to my car–



HOST SOUPY SALES

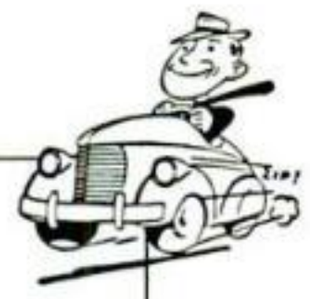


HOST PIA ZADORA

they stole it."

CHARLES KOZAR

"I'm originally
from New York.
So I'm not
afraid of you."
MARK BRAZIL



A&E's
An Evening
At
the Improv

Monday
through
Saturday
at 11:00 PM ET

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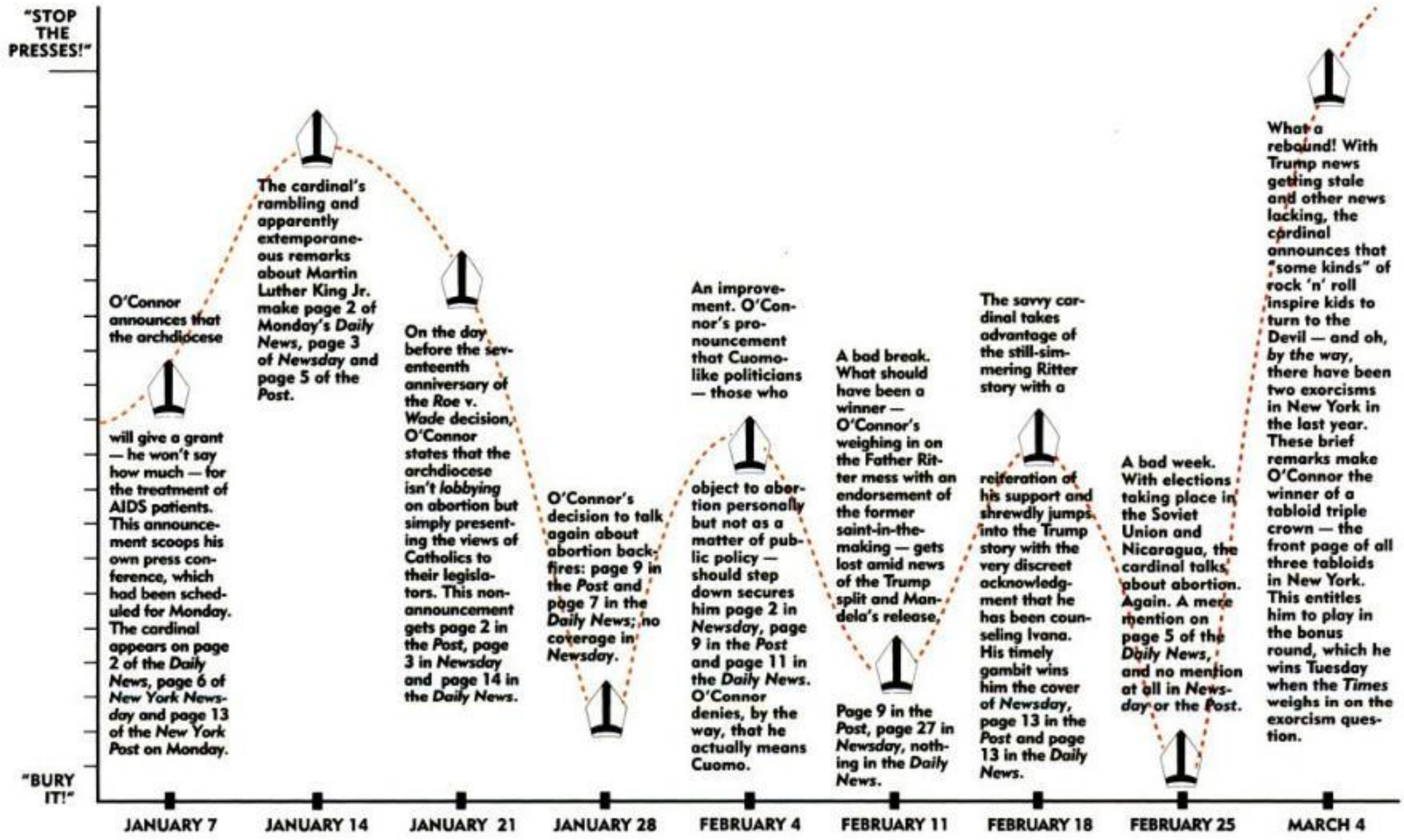
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"HELLO, SWEETHEART, THIS IS HIS EMINENCE—GET ME REWRITE!"

Meet John Cardinal O'Connor, Publicity Hound

While most New Yorkers reserve Sundays for rest, some people are required to work. Phone calls must go through, electricity must flow, hot dogs must be sold at Rockefeller Center, and copy must be readied for the Monday morning tabloids. This requires news. On those Sundays when the Berlin Wall is not being breached, Nelson Mandela is not being released and the Trumps are not yammering about their marriage, reporters are left to cover the activities of the unfortunates who have to work on Sundays: police officers, fire fighters, murderers, professional athletes and Cardinal O'Connor. Yes, Sunday is a workday for New York's shoot-from-the-lip prelate, who has become extraordinarily skilled at delivering a contentious quote with which to color, if not dominate, a slow news day.



— Scott Yates

ANCIENT MYSTIC SYMBOLS SEEN BY THE MYOPIC

Part I: The Kenmore Hotel, New York City



What the normally sighted see



What the myopic see

—Judith Newman and Roy Harley

MOCKUDRAMA

"[*Roger & Me* is] a dark comedy, social satire, 'mockumentary'"

— Flint, Michigan–born auteur Michael Moore

"[*Without You I'm Nothing*] is a 'mockumentary.'...I'm really proud of the stance we're taking in the movie, without being really obvious or didactic and heavy"

— Flint, Michigan–born auteur Sandra Bernhard

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Cat People

SPY Goes in Search of the Perfect Pet for Our Unique Urban Life-style

A friend writes:

One weekend in early spring found us in a dreadful humor — our hot-water pipes had frozen and our crocuses had bloomed prematurely, only to perish in the ensuing frost — so we set out for Madison Square Garden with the intent of cheering ourselves up at the International Cat Show. There we saw creatures of every variety — cats with great tufts of hair, cats with no hair at all, cats that resembled pugs, cats reminiscent of ferrets, even a fluffball named Cherry Pop who sat in a tiny, cat-size red Rolls-Royce convertible. But more intriguing to us were the Breed Information booths, where, the show's organizers promised us, cat experts from around the country would tell us which breeds were best suited to our individual life-styles. Enlisting the help of five friends so that we could pretend to represent a cross section of this city's gorgeous mosaic, we talked to three of these breeders, experts on the teacup-eared American Curl, the hairless Sphynx and the fluffy Red Persian.

OCCUPATION/LIFE-STYLE	AMERICAN CURL BREEDER	SPHYNX BREEDER	RED PERSIAN BREEDER
DOG TRAINER ("I raise German shepherds in my home to be attack dogs")	"Well, it would be like any other inter-pet relationship — it's best if you put them together as kittens and puppies"	"Oh, no! I've seen German shepherds get very scary. You'd be a basket case, imagining the cat getting torn up. You'd have nightmares about that forever!"	"Persians are *so* even-tempered. They'll get along with any dog. They run and play and just have a great time"
AIRLINE STEWARD ("I might have to leave the cat alone in the apartment for five or six months at a time — would that be a problem?")	"Six months would be *much* too long.... The Curl is a people cat. We need a lot of interaction, a lot of human contact"	"That would really be a problem!... You shouldn't leave any cat that long. This is a people-oriented cat"	"You'd come back and find that cat dead"
OUTDOORSWOMAN ("Can I take him white-water rafting?")	"I don't think this is the cat for you if that's what you want to do with it"	"Not this cat! This type of cat is very delicate"	"Cats love to travel. We've taken this baby to 36 states in this carrying case. You could do *anything* with this breed"
PSYCHOTIC ("I'm prone to occasional fits of violence")	"Well, this cat loves people, and if people don't want it, it will find a people. Hold him. Look at his unusual ears. He's very calm. He likes you!"	"I don't mean this in a bad way, but I wouldn't give my cat up to you if it's going to be subjected to inconsistent behavior. I suggest you go to a pound and get one for $25"	"Look at her. The *ceiling* could open and she wouldn't bat an eye. Not like some of those *shorthairs* — you'd have them running screaming"
SCULPTOR ("The floor of my apartment is covered with broken glass and X-ACTO blades")	"It would depend.... We're a people-oriented cat.... We have hair between our feet [*sic*], so there is *some* padding"	"That would be a problem, especially since they're hairless — there's not a lot of protection"	"Oh, that would be terrible! Cat paws are not *cement*, you know"
HYPOCHONDRIACAL LONER ("I just broke up with my partner of seven years. I have a lot of allergies. I gave someone psoriasis once. Could I give that to my cat too?")	"These are very people-type cats. You'd like them. They'd like you. Most people are allergic to the cat's saliva — you know, how they clean themselves by licking. So now you can spray this stuff on them that neutralizes the saliva. Maybe with your diseases you might want to reconsider or ask your doctor. I don't know"	"This cat is very people-oriented. It loves people. It would be very good for you — they're extremely friendly, and he'd help you forget. Since they don't have fur, they're probably the best for you. See, people are allergic to either fur, dander or saliva. Now, these cats don't lick themselves either, and I said they don't have hair. So you're okay"	"This cat loves people. Look at her. Look. She loves people. She's not high-strung like other cats. It's not hair, it's the saliva. But you'd know right now if you were allergic. Hell, you'd be screaming and sniffling right away." [Upon hearing about his psoriasis] "What? Get away from her! Don't get close to this cat! This cat is worth a fortune! Get away! Watch it! Maybe you should get a dog"

— Henry Alford and David Kamp

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Woody



Mike

THE INDUSTRY

HUEY, DEWEY AND WOODY: WHY MR. ALLEN WON'T BE DIRECTING AT DISNEY

Crimes and Misdemeanors: Frank Price loses his job at Columbia, is dumped by Universal, passes on *E.T.*, green-lights *Krull* and now gets appointed chairman of Columbia again. At Orion, cofounder Mike Medavoy passes on *Moonstruck*, makes *She-Devil*, gets eased out and winds up as president of Columbia's foundering Tri-Star subsidiary.

Have Jon Peters and Peter Guber completely lost their minds? Or is it just that the incessant pounding of helicopter rotors during their daily commutations back and forth between Columbia's new studio in Culver City and its old one in Burbank has irrevocably addled their brains?

Meanwhile, over at Orion, home of the ever-diminishing profit, it seems that Woody Allen, heretofore one of the studio's major assets—he is referred to there as an "annuity"—is unhappy. When Woody's contract came up for renegotiation last January, Orion apparently wasn't forthcoming enough with cash. Woody traditionally receives about $1 million for writing and directing his movies, with penalties built in if he goes over budget. (Sidney "That's a Take" Lumet has a similar deal in his contracts, except he gets to keep the difference when he comes in *under* budget, an arrangement that may have caused him to put some of his movies together too quickly—see *Garbo Talks*. And what would you rather have: one more take with Dustin Hoffman, say, or another grove of trees for the house in East Hampton?) Of course, in Woody's case, what he gets in return for this relatively small sum of money (Oliver Stone, the conscience of our generation, gets $4 million per picture for the same duties) is complete creative control over scripts, casting, advertising and final cut. The problem, however, is that Woody needs more money. The most visible recluse in New York lives, despite his rumpledness, a high-priced existence. What with the Rolls, Mia's digs on Central Park West, their young son and Mia's eight other children, the $8,000-a-month maintenance he pays on his Fifth Avenue co-op, and the tab at Elio's, anyone would have trouble making ends meet on $1 million a year.

When Orion balked at giving him an increase in salary, Woody tried to set up a deal for himself with Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg at Disney. Sparky agreed to make the deal with Woody, but with a few minor provisos: no creative control over scripts, mutual discussions on casting (a Katzenberg specialty), no say in advertising and no final cut. When Woody blanched (*the man's a national treasure, after all*), Katzenberg pointed out that not one of Woody's recent films had earned back its money (*Hannah and Her Sisters* in 1986, which followed five money losers, was the last profitable one) and furthermore that Disney's *New York Stories*, one segment of which Woody directed, had cost the studio $18 million and grossed only $12 million. Woody, needless to say, is back at Orion, except that he did agree to perform in Paul Mazursky's new film for Touchstone, *Scenes from a Shopping Mall*, with Bette Midler. For $3 million.

But back to Medavoy. When he was running Orion, he stressed "talent relations," a would-be Hollywood buzzword that never quite got into currency but resulted in the studio's forging giant development deals with stars like Michelle Pfeiffer. Never mind that most people in the industry believe that this kind of deal doesn't usually result in money-making pictures and has all but killed the careers of Sally Field and Jessica Lange. ("What the hell do actors know about stories?" one studio executive has asked. "Forget their causes célèbres. Just find them a good script.") Medavoy, in his new role as head of Tri-Star, is apparently a changed man. Among his first edicts was reportedly an order that the studio get out of one such deal with Robert De Niro, surely the most compelling actor of his age but seldom a box office draw. Medavoy's edict was absolute and his reasoning simple: *No movies with De Niro, Meryl Streep or Jessica Lange. They are the world's greatest actors that nobody will pay a dime to see.*

And finally, this: While former Tri-Star president Jeff Sagansky gropes wildly at CBS, trying to come up with sitcom versions of ABC's fabulously successful *America's Funniest Home Videos*, a consensus has formed that after only six months on the job his days are already numbered, and the television crowd has begun to call him the Tom Wilhite of CBS—a somewhat arcane epithet referring to the hapless, doomed studio head who preceded Katzenberg at Disney.

Mike Medavoy's edict was absolute: No movies with De Niro, Streep or Lange

Will Sagansky go the way of Wilhite? Probably. Especially once old Sid Sheinberg leaves Universal and even older Lew Wasserman appoints CAA *Über*-chief Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz to take his place. Sheinberg has a long-standing feud with Disney chairman Michael Eisner, and Wasserman believes Ovitz is the only man who can make peace with Disney—a priority for Universal, a major producer of television programming, since Disney is expected to buy CBS at any moment.

See you Monday night. Can't we find someplace better than Mortons, though?

—*Celia Brady*

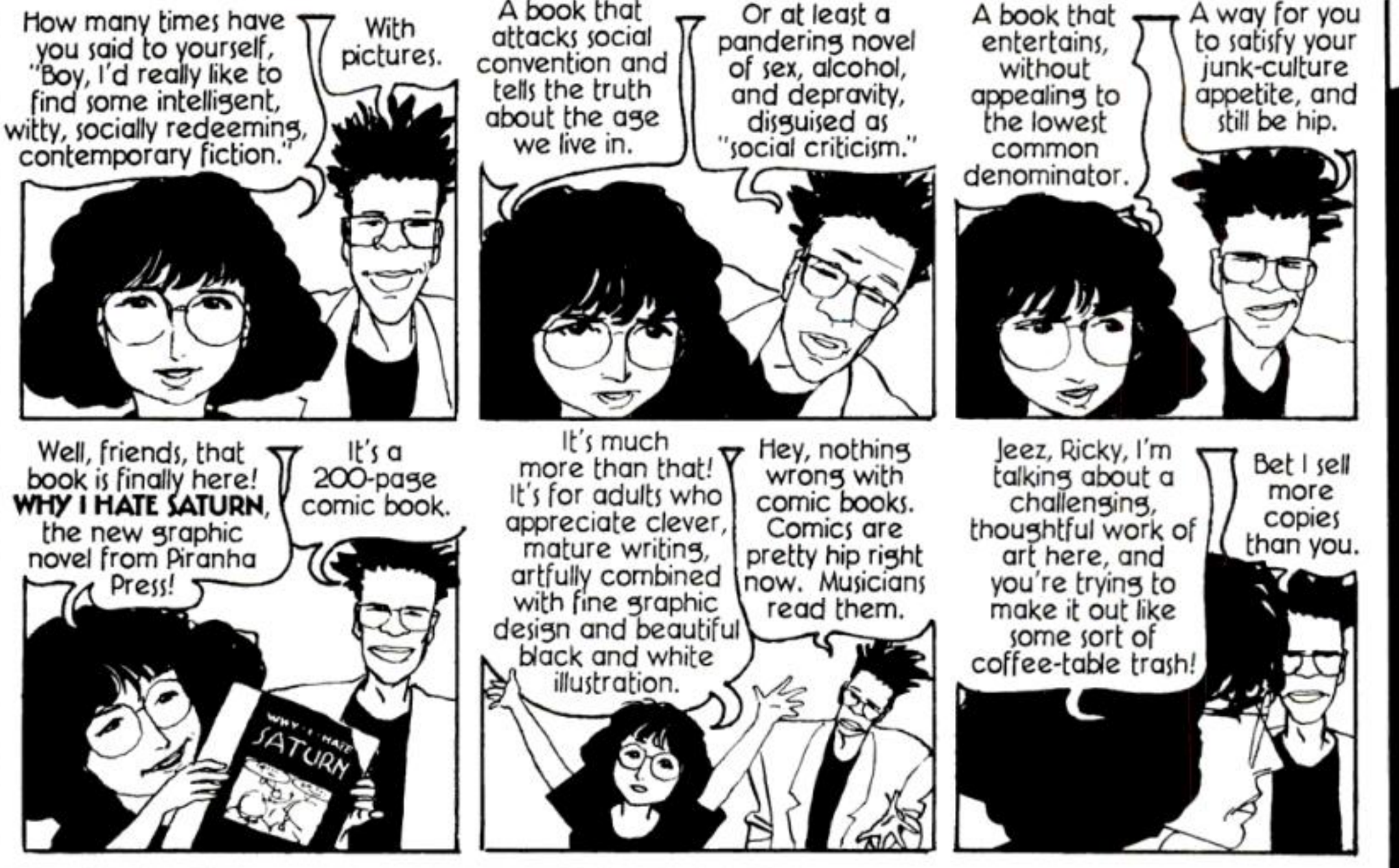
Illustrations by Barry Blitt

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HEY! YOU! HEY! I WANNA TALK TO YOU!



What's the matter, don'tcha *like* cartoons?



WHY I HATE SATURN

BY KYLE BAKER

Available at your groovier comic shops, or use this handy mail-order coupon!

YES! Please send me___copies of **WHY I HATE SATURN** ™

For each copy, send $14.95 plus $3.00 for postage and handling (In other words, $17.95 per book.) in check or money order to:

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Logrolling in Our Time

"He is a specialist at finding and then rubbing sores until we can't help but recognize that they *are* sores, yet somehow we also feel better about it."

—Edward Hoagland on Russell Baker's *So This Is Depravity*

"Full of the graceful ideas, gracefully expressed, which are his strengths."

—Baker on Hoagland's *The Tugman's Passage*

"A portrait...painted with loving care."

—Doris Grumbach on Edmund White's *A Boy's Own Story*

"Her writing has taken on new eloquence and power."

—White on Grumbach's *The Magician's Girl*

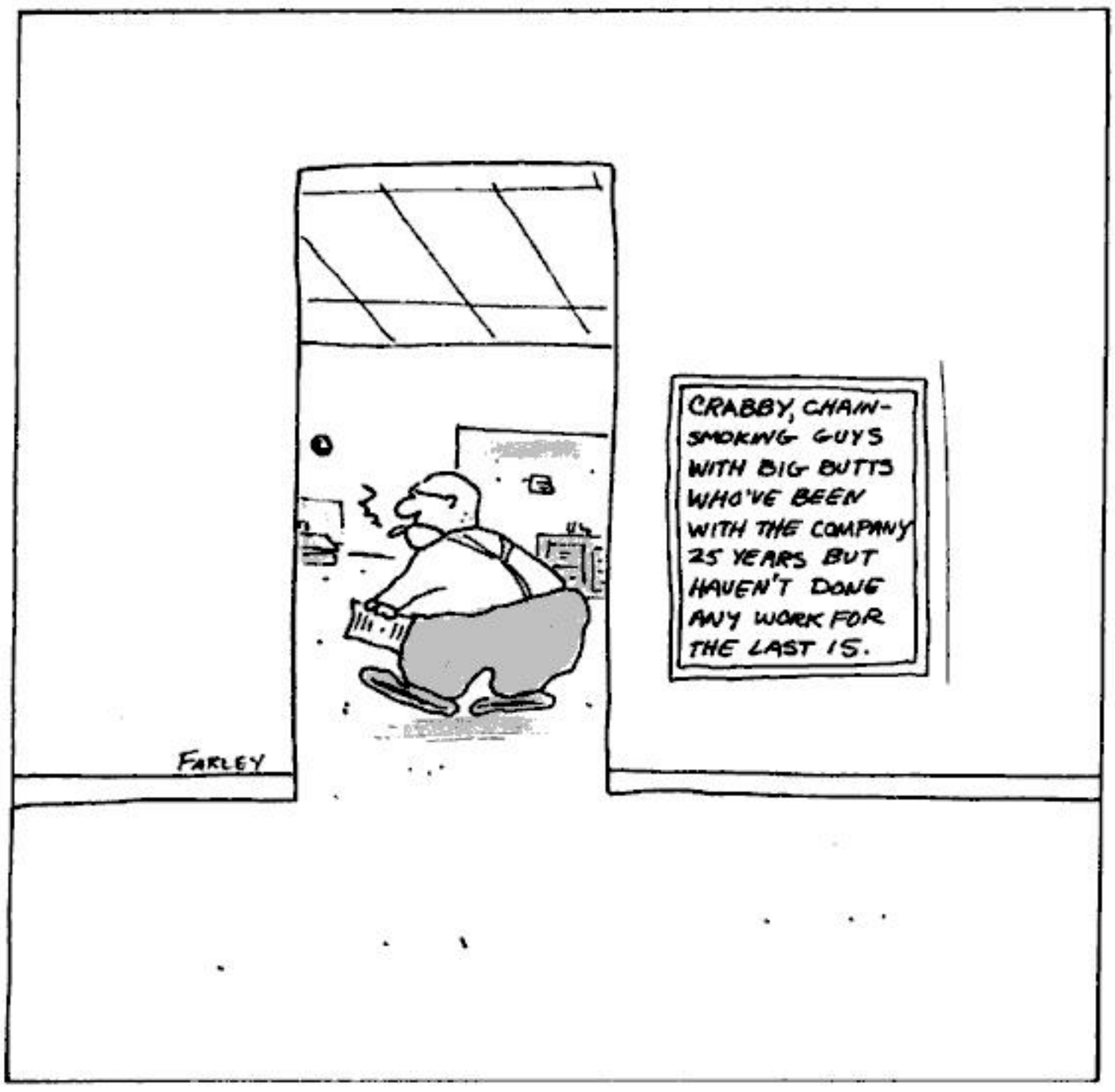
"A superb and unique biography."

—Barbara Tuchman on Robert Caro's *The Path to Power*

"A wonderful work of history."

—Caro on Tuchman's *The First Salute*

—Howard Kaplan



Backbiting in Our Time

Presenting a Less Kind, Less Gentle Analogue to Logrolling in Our Time

"Mr. Kahn commits enough writerly sins to send himself back to the minors. The book is littered with borrowings...but worse...are the clichés....*The Seventh Game* is flat, sloppy and pointless."

—Daniel Okrent on Roger Kahn's *The Seventh Game*, in the *New York Times* Book Review, July 1982

"Mr. Okrent's book has difficulties with detail, pace and even words. He soon had me rooting for rain....He tries so hard that you can see him thumbing the family thesaurus."

—Kahn on Okrent's *Nine Innings*, in the *New York Times* Book Review, May 1985

"[*The New Republic*'s Fred Barnes,] a pro-Reagan columnist..."

—a passing remark in Mark Hertsgaard's *On Bended Knee: The Press and the Reagan Presidency*, 1988

"This is a tirade against the mainstream press that reinforces a myth."

—Fred Barnes on *On Bended Knee*, in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, September/October 1988

"Holland...commences with a lengthy and, well, boring recital of the Irish-American connection to Ireland.... And he manages to flatten out the high drama.... At times [he] is also a little skimpy on detail."

—Peter Maas on Jack Holland's *The American Connection: U.S. Guns, Money and Influence in Northern Ireland*, in *The Nation*, March 1987

"[Maas's review is] boring and rather childish."

—Jack Holland, in a letter to *The Nation*, June 1987

"When imagination fails, the result is often bathos and slack writing. Mr. Maas is not at his best when doing the novelist's job.... *Father and Son* reads only partly as if it were fiction."

—Holland on Maas's *Father and Son*, in the *New York Times* Book Review, February 1989

—David Shenk

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WALL

hired on as a correspondent. Many, of course, wailed at the madness of it all—or at least of Bernstein's $100,000-plus salary—while others quietly relished the notion of being able to rub shoulders in print with one of the world's most famous journalists. Until he turned in his first assignment. Bernstein had jetted off to Berlin just after the Wall came down, to forecast, in a unique interpretation of events, that East and West Germany would not be the least bit interested in reuniting. The story confirmed the skeptics' worst fears: not only would Bernstein be bigfooting the magazine's other correspondents, but he would be doing so ham-handedly.

Bernstein's second proposal to *Time*—a suggestion that he use his own experience as a gossip-column subject to write a companion piece to a cover story on the gossip industry—was leaked, before the story appeared, to Charlotte Hays, *The Washington Times*'s gossip columnist. *Time*'s chief of correspondents, John Stacks, became apoplectic and conducted an elaborate inquisition to find and punish the leaker. Even though Bernstein's story suggestion had probably been seen by dozens of employees in New York days before most of his colleagues in Washington saw it, Stacks's truth squad focused almost entirely on a small cadre of talented younger writers and correspondents in the Washington bureau—many of whom were fetched up to New York expressly for their grilling.

Bernstein has displayed other traits that have not charmed his co-workers. He

Illustration by Barry Blitt

but then to ask for comments on the "long-headed East Germany article, which he had tucked under his arm.

But then, a lot of basic rules are no longer being observed at Time Warner, which lost $187 million in the first quarter of 1990 despite some extremely creative synergies. There was the failure of HBO's cynically conceived Comedy Channel, which may ultimately merge with its competitor HA! There was the company's agreement to put up half the money for the extremely fishy Giancarlo Parretti's bid to acquire MGM/UA [SPY, June]. There were the reports that *Time* had agreed to an out-of-court settlement of a five-year-old libel suit involving former Labor secretary Ray Donovan's New Jersey–based construction company—and furthermore, that the company's book-publishing subsidiary Little, Brown had as a result dropped publication of *Connections*, a book about the mob's ties to big business, co-written by the *Time* correspondent who reported the Donovan story. Time Warner's $2-million-a-year editor in chief, Jason McManus, felt obliged to claim he knew nothing about Little, Brown's dropping of the book (shocking if true, gratuitously disingenuous if not), and the executive spin controllers at Time said privately that they had no choice but to capitulate in the libel case—the Donovan forces, they whispered, had come up with some irrefutable new evidence.

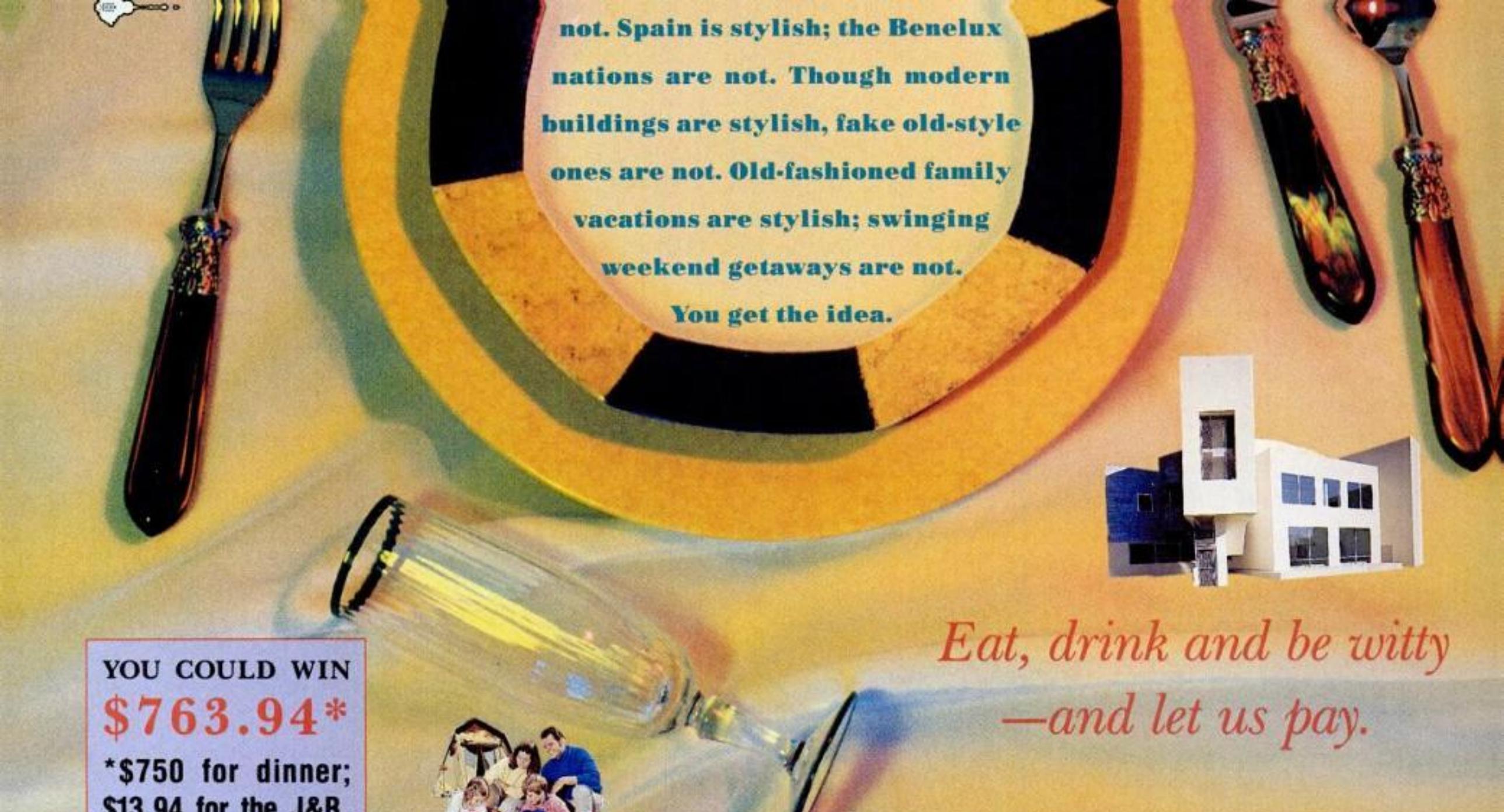
Some irrefutable new evidence in the case of Marshall Loeb casts his managing

Bernstein turned up at a hospital and cornered an editor whose wife was giving birth

Rogin had wanted to soften a negative piece *Fortune* was planning to run on General Motors (among the magazine's biggest advertisers) but that according to "a source," Loeb "stood his ground and the story remained intact." This version of events certainly came as a surprise to *Fortune* staffers. They knew, in fact, that the piece had been so drastically altered by upper editors that its main editor, Susan Fraker, had threatened to quit. Rogin had demanded, among other things, that all references to the anti-GM movie *Roger & Me* be taken out, that comparisons with more-successful companies such as Ford and Japanese automakers be reduced and that the focus of the piece be changed in order to make it more positive.

The fact that Loeb—who wasn't even in New York when *Fortune*'s assistant managing editor Ann Morrison warned Rogin not to come near the magazine again until the piece was finished—took credit so publicly for standing up to his superior meant only one thing to those familiar with Loeb's shrewd company-man M.O.: the prevailing suspicion at *Fortune* is that Loeb, anxious both to please the Big Boys on the 34th floor and to come out looking like a champion of editorial integrity, saw to it that the false, Loeb-as-white-knight item was leaked to *New York*, and then eagerly submitted an appropriately ingratiating quote ("Jason's full behavior on this, as it always is, was impeccable") in praise of his boss McManus.

—*Macaulay Connor*



EXCLUDING DICK TRACY, name three stylish men or women with whom you would most eagerly accept an invitation to dinner.

At this dinner, what three topics—you know, *stylish* topics—would you wish to discuss?

In addition to the remarkable people and the extraordinary conversation, what other three activities would help make the evening a—yes—stylish one?

All right, you and three stylish people gather to talk about three stylish subjects with some stylish accoutrements, and finally this perfect night of stylishness must conclude. How does it end?

JUDGING Your submissions will be judged by a panel of style experts with finely tuned senses of wit. One Grand Prize winner will be chosen for overall creativity.

GRAND PRIZE The winner will receive **$763.94** toward dinner at a local, appropriately stylish restaurant.

EARLY-BIRD BONUS If you are one of the first 250 people to respond, you will receive a pair of J&B On the Rocks tumblers.

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol. Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ © 1988

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THE TIMES



Punch *Pinch* *Max*

The recent death of Iphigene Sulzberger, grand matriarch of *The New York Times* and a woman of sizable charm, intellect and influence, compels me to recount a story that I have hitherto refrained from telling. The story, which did not appear in her 3,000-word *Times* obituary, involves Mrs. Sulzberger, a funeral home and a (possibly apocryphal) surprise ending. Stop me if you've already heard this.

During the last years of her life, Mrs. Sulzberger would take a daily constitutional, setting off with her nurse from her Fifth Avenue apartment and venturing here and there around the neighborhood. On one such occasion she was many blocks from home when nature called rather urgently. The nurse spotted the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Chapel and escorted Mrs. Sulzberger in.

When an undertaker hovered into sight, the great lady and her nurse, not wishing to be taken for interlopers, ducked into one of the mortuary's private chapels, which was empty save for a deceased customer. As a matter of etiquette, and to make it appear as though she had a legitimate reason to be there, Mrs. Sulzberger signed the visitors' register.

When the mortician moved out of sight, Mrs. Sulzberger and her attendant made their exit. Which would almost end the story, except that Mrs. Sulzberger was not long after paid a visit by the lawyer of the man who had been resting in peace at the chapel. It seems that he had added a codicil to his will to the effect that anyone who came to the funeral home to see him off would receive $10,000 from his estate. In due time a check for that amount arrived at the Fifth Avenue address of Mrs. Sulzberger.

Iphigene's son, Punch, took the occasion of her death to rid himself of a rivalrous second cousin, John Oakes. Relations between the two had been chilly for years — probably as far back as 1963, when Punch was appointed publisher over Oakes, one of his chief rivals for the job. Biding his time until he could get the upper hand, Punch dislodged Oakes as editorial-page editor in 1976 and put Max Frankel in his place. Oakes was given the title of senior editor and continued to contribute to the paper, but with his power base gone he became a somewhat toothless and irrelevant figure on West 43rd Street. Punch, who had been leery of acting in an unseemly fashion toward his cousin while his mother was alive, moved quickly once she wasn't and ordered Oakes to relinquish virtually the last vestige of his association with the *Times*, his office, thereby not only getting in a final dig but also eliminating one of the last liberal voices at the paper.

Punch's little boy Pinch, meanwhile, had commissioned a study on the attrition rate at the paper among well-thought-of reporters and editors. When the results came in, the youngish publisher-to-be was shocked to learn that the attrition rate was quite high (see SPYs passim). And so Pinch met with various middle managers and instructed them to ease up on their underlings. One such middle manager, Washington bureau chief Howell Raines, addressed the issue by scheduling a meeting to discuss it — *at 8:00 a.m.* Raines, who likes to brag to New York about how demanding he is of his bureau's staff, told the sleepy gathering that he would be kicking ass just as hard as he had in the past. And just to make sure he would always be able to find employees to mortify, he had already issued bureau members beepers that could be set either to buzz or to vibrate (*and no, Shirley — you cannot get one for your office in New York*).

Only certain Washington bureau members were given the beepers — yeoman beat reporters, mostly. (It is thought that Raines gave beepers to those he felt were most likely to respond to them.) Most of the bureau's A-team reporters — Maureen Dowd, Thomas Friedman, Robin Toner, Michael Oreskes — were spared this indignity.

If his Washington bureau colleagues had their way, Friedman would be wearing a cowbell around his neck. Evidently, the extraordinarily talented former Beirut and Jerusalem bureau chief has an outsize ego and, in the manner of all big-time-prize-winners, is becoming less respected for the prizes he has won (two Pulitzers and a National Book Award) than reviled for the frequency with which he reminds others he has won them. Friedman is considered something of a prima donna, reluctant to share information with other reporters but always interested in gathering tidbits they might have for his own stories.

To close readers of the Sunday magazine, Friedman's shared byline with Maureen Dowd on the "Fabulous Bush & Baker Boys" cover story of two months back came as something of a surprise. When Dowd was writing, the story soared, full of jaunty prose and sharp, telling anecdotes. Until about the halfway point. Then it suddenly jagged off — this is the *Times Magazine*, after all — into a turgid foreign-policy primer. When the time came to discuss bylines, Dowd voted for the traditional *Times* approach — that is, an alphabetical ordering. Friedman, however, suggested a slightly unconventional system. The order, he argued, should be pegged to number of Pulitzers won. Wisely, the magazine went with tradition.

— J. J. Hunsecker

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by George Kalogerakis



Dealey Plaza, Oliver North, the Trilateral Commission, Watergate, the Vatican, Mark David Chapman, the Iran-contra Tammy, James Earl Ray, the Rothschilds, the CDC, the CIA, the FBI, the NFL, the networks, the Kurdish Workers Party, the in the introduction to a single SPY article . . .

COINC

Wading Into the Terrifying, Seamless World of Conspirc

Who killed Billy Martin? What a ridiculous notion, beyond the sweep of even the finest conspiracy-attuned minds. Or is it? Combative, recidivist baseball managers don't die every day. The man had enemies. A bullet had just missed him in a bar a few weeks earlier. (They *said* it was an accident.) For months, there'd been rumors he was being readied for an unbelievable sixth go-round managing the Yankees. Furthermore, it was said that Martin had finally begun to find a little peace and contentment. And remember: George Steinbrenner committed a felony on behalf of Richard Nixon during Watergate. Think about it. There is a universe of people—some brilliant, some bonkers, some both—for whom every death is suspicious, and every little incident has a labyrinthine political, social and historical context. Seemingly random events—death by unbuckled seat belt in upstate

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affair, Howard Hunt, Lockerbie, the enemies of Jim and
S&L scandal, Abbie Hoffman's murder (yes, murder). All

CIDENCE? PERHAPS.

cy ~~Nuts~~ Theorists

New York, for example—must occasionally be tolerated, but they distract from the real work at hand: the effort to catalog, interpret, understand, cross-link and explain just about everything. And also, if at all possible, to use the phrases *nightmare tactics*, *vested interest in* and *there are strong indications that* every half minute or so. Just as actual conspiracies run the gamut from vast, historic enterprises (such as the plot to kill Hitler) to low-down personal vendettas (such as Pat Caddell's supposed scheme to ruin his former employer Gary Hart), conspiracy-theorizing ranges from paranoid ranting to scholarly research. There's a lot of in-between. It's up to you where you choose to place Ralph Nader, or the California man who has proof that John F. Kennedy wasn't even in the motorcade in Dallas (one of the tapes he sells is called *The Stranger in Arlington Cemetery*), or the late (what else?) upstate–New York man who composed a *Symphonie Conspiracie* (on a postcard, the composer stands in front of a billboard that reads, WHO KILLED J.F.K., R.F.K., M.L.K., M.J.K.?; the musical reply—see page 54—follows the melody of Beethoven's Fifth). But most full-time

ILLUSTRATION BY JULIAN ALLEN

material

practitioners falling anywhere on the conspiracy-buff spectrum have a few characteristics in common:

They're obsessive.

They're good talkers.

They see constellations where most of us see smudgy nighttime skies.

World events have certainly helped create an atmosphere in which the assumption of conspiracy has become commonplace—for instance, at least two of the more... *emphatic* conspiracy theorists were predicting three years ago that a variety of suspect parties were conspiring to effect a reunification of West and East Germany. And no situation is too trivial to accommodate a clutch of theories: for some of us a single frustrating experience with imprecisely timed IRT local and express trains at Times Square—one train pulls slowly, maddeningly out of the station as the doors of the other shoot open—is enough to raise dark suspicions. Let it happen twice in the same week and it's but a short leap to trading in your nice linen suit for a sandwich board covered with neatly lettered, irrefutable (and hitherto suppressed) evidence linking the Hoffa disappearance to the *Challenger* explosion to the remarkable strength of the yen. Even the disappointment of, say, awaking to slanting sheets of rain on the morning of the office picnic shouldn't be blamed automatically on colliding weather fronts or plain bad luck. What you're naively tempted to call "just precipitation" could be something much more sinister. Do a little investigating. Look at the multinationals, for starters. Glance at the transcripts of the sitting Agriculture secretary's confirmation proceedings. And while you're at it, run Al Roker's name through the computer just to see what comes up.

Recent examples of feverish conspiracy-detecting around us will follow, but for now consider this one: in *Twin Peaks*, a show drenched with intimations of conspiracy, FBI agent Dale Cooper's obsession with the Kennedy assassination actually seemed one of the most normal things about him. Interesting concept: conspiracy-theorizing as a reality tether?

Maybe—but maybe not just yet.

"I think that people have come to associate conspiracy with paranoia," says Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist* and a stand-up comic who describes himself as "a conspiracy nut but not a pure researcher." He adds, "There's a vested interest that people have in thinking things are as they see them."

"It's okay if you want to call me a *conspiracy* theorist if you then call the mainline historians *coincidence* theorists," says researcher John Judge.

"I try to maintain a balance between coincidence and conspiracy," says Krassner. "Within a year period the three musicians most socially active died: John Lennon, Bob Marley and Harry Chapin. So part of me thought that this was part of the program to take away these role models and activists. And another part of me thought, *Well, it could have just happened coincidentally.*"

"[*Conspiracy* is] a stigmatized word," says David Emory, a researcher on the West Coast. "The fact is that there are conspiracies all around us all the time."

"I get nervous when I hear the word *conspiracy*," says Charles Ortleb, editor in chief and publisher of the *New York Native*. His unorthodox theorizing on AIDS has resulted in what he describes as a "coordinated ostracism" by most gay leaders and AIDS researchers. Ortleb has for five years waged a campaign against Dr. Robert Gallo, the most celebrated AIDS scientist in the world (see "Lab Rat," page 70). "There's sort of a ritual of bracketing people who are conspiracy theorists," he says.

(One of Ortleb's current concerns, by the way, is "the

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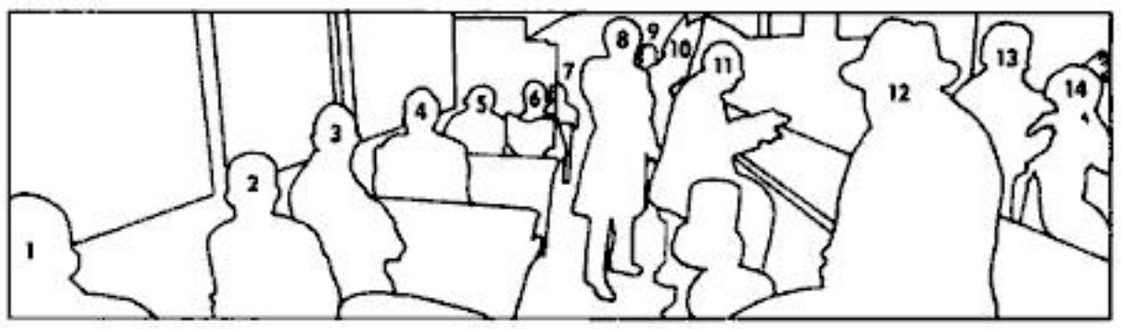
whole Mormon thing in terms of the [Centers for Disease Control]," one of his antagonists. "Somebody told me that the head of the CDC was Mormon and I should study Mormonism," he says. [Former CDC head James O. Mason is Mormon.] "I thought it was just a nice religion. But the Mormon Church has this millennial theory that Christ is going to come back to earth and the Mormons, either at that time or before, will transform our country from a constitutional democracy to a theocracy. And it would seem harmless enough and crackpot enough, but 30 percent of the CIA and the FBI are supposedly Mormon, and the head of the personnel office at the CIA is Mormon [actually, he isn't]. Reagan was surrounded by Mormons. Brent Scowcroft is Mormon. I am petrified of them.")

Like religion—Mormon or otherwise—conspiracy-theorizing is one way of making some powerful sense of the world. Even as it terrifies, it can comfort: everything's out of your hands. You're the perpetual underdog, and all you can do is point out the connections and rail. Hardcore conspiracy-theorizing is also a no-lose proposition, immune to self-doubt. Because whether you're a nut or a hero, the fact that no one is publishing or airing or even paying attention to your story *proves* you're right. Like the theories of the Aesthetic Realists, who wear VICTIM OF THE PRESS buttons and believe their views on art and their techniques for "reversing" homosexuality are being ignored by the media in "the most hurtful suppression of knowledge in history," your theory becomes more credible precisely because They won't touch it. And so you find the strength to continue feeding your own particular tapeworm.

Or tape machine. In Chicago, Sherman Skolnick has been broadcasting the truth via recorded phone messages for 19 years. His Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts provides callers with "news suppressed by the liars and whores of the press." News like this: Lincoln, King and Kennedy were probably done in by commodities dealers, the Rothschilds and the Illinois Central Railroad; by the FBI; and by the Hunt and Murchison families of Dallas, European bankers, Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, the CIA, the FBI, the Secret Service and the military. Respectively. And news like this: Mayor Harold Washington of Chicago was poisoned, because, among other things, he was planning to produce cheap electricity by seizing the generating plants of Commonwealth Edison (owned in part by the pope), and the Vatican wanted "their man, Richie Daley," in power. Lech Walesa and "Solidarity-CIA" are fronting for *Time* magazine. Fort Knox is empty—all our gold bullion was given to the Bank of England in 1968. The Rothschilds and the Vatican owned Bank America until 1986. *The Wall Street Journal* fronts for J. P. Morgan, Rupert Murdoch for the Rothschilds, Donald Trump for the Rockefellers.... The CIA, which once subsidized CBS, now funds ABC and has funded the pope.... The pro-Bush faction of the CIA supplied the explosives used to blow up the Marine barracks in Beirut and also bombed Pan Am flight 103 over Lockerbie.... The armed forces are preparing to take over the country—this country—any day now....

Nevertheless, the fact that the label *conspiracy theorist* is regarded as pejorative is probably unfair. No conspiracy theorist, however loony, could have concocted a scenario wherein highly placed U.S. government officials masquerading as Irishmen fly to Tehran with a cake intended to appease hostage-holding Islamic terrorists, sell the terrorists missiles, then use the profits to subsidize anti-Communist guerrillas in Central America—and furthermore, wherein congressional investigators secretly go easy on the commander in chief because of his conciliatory gestures toward the Soviet Union. Perhaps because of such behavior, conspiracy books, articles and theories continue to proliferate, and not just in such legendary hotbeds of conspiracy-theorizing as San Francisco, the Lower East Side of Manhattan, depressed Great Plains farming communities, Beirut and the mind of Lyndon LaRouche. You don't need to have read all 26 volumes of the Warren Commission report to join in.

"It's a part of the plot to destroy Jim and Tammy," says Jim Bakker when the IRS bills him $1.2 million. Bess Myerson blames "a conspiracy of vindictive homosexuals" for her legal problems. The Ku Klux Klan says American food companies are being "infiltrated" through the certification of kosher foods. As the Bruce Ritter scandal breaks, Covenant House sources hint at a plot to hurt Father Ritter, and Ritter himself claims he is "being set up by organized crime." In the matter of the murder of former Swedish prime minister Olof Palme, speculation continues regarding the possible involvement of the Kurdish Workers Party and a mysterious Soviet diplomat. A Chicago city official says that "the AIDS epidemic is a result of doctors, especially Jewish ones, who inject the AIDS virus in the blacks." Isabelle Adjani stars in a movie about sculptor Camille Claudel, who believed there were conspiracies against her (Adjani says, "I sympathize with her paranoia, having been hounded myself [with false rumors that I had contracted AIDS]"). Ronald Lauder's presence in the race for mayor of New York City, however entertaining, causes one political consultant to charge that Lauder's would-be spoiler role "lends tremendous weight to the [theory] that someone put Ron Lauder up to this." Walter Cronkite adds further credibility to all the JFK speculation by narrating a *Nova* report on the conspiracy theories surrounding Kennedy's assassination. Timothy Leary says his least favorite TV show is CNN's *Crossfire*, because "that's the left wing of the CIA [Michael Kinsley] debating the right wing of the CIA [Patrick Buchanan]." Professor Griff of Public Enemy calls AIDS an experiment by the U.S. and



1. Oliver North 2. Lee Harvey Oswald 3. E. Howard Hunt 4. G. Gordon Liddy 5. William Casey 6. George Bush 7. Yuri Andropov 8. Paul McCartney 9. an unidentified man 10. Pope John Paul I 11. a fluoride salesman 12. Jack Ruby 13. Bobby Kennedy 14. Marilyn Monroe

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DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A CONSPIRACY NUT?

A Special SPY *Personality Exam*

This quiz tests your ability to conspiracy-theorize. The questions may seem rather simple at first, but in fact they are hopelessly complicated and sinister. Naturally.

1. Do any of these expressions get your adrenaline pumping?

a. "single-bullet theory"
b. "unanswered questions persist"
c. "acoustic evidence"
d. "eyewitness testimony"
e. "ballistic tests prove"
f. "Freedom of Information Act"

If none do, sit the rest of this out.

Soviet governments. A radio host contends that AIDS "is not a naturally occurring disease but represents the first application of genetic engineering to biological warfare," a theory popularized—or at least publicized—years earlier by William Depperman, who used to paper Manhattan with microscopically lettered posters on the subject (Depperman also exposed John Lennon's murder as a government plot to "demoralize the masses"). A study suggests that 70 percent of Americans believe they're being subconsciously manipulated regularly. The inner-city drug plague is characterized as genocide. Rock bands with names like The Jack Rubies and Single Bullet Theory are formed a quarter century after Dallas. The Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO)—drafted for Congress by the Notre Dame law professor who coauthored *The Plot to Kill the President*—precipitates legally enforceable conspiracy theories involving major corporations. Embryonic conspiracy theorist Sarah York, Manuel Noriega's American schoolgirl pen pal, says, "I don't think he will get a fair trial. I heard that they weren't even going to listen to what he had to say about secrets, about George Bush and the CIA." Lawyer (at press time) Alton Maddox charges conspiracy in the "Central Park jogger" case, suggesting the possibility that the attack never occurred and that the woman, despite her vice presidency at Salomon Brothers, doesn't exist. And of course there's Lincoln Savings and Loan.

Umberto Eco is a best-selling author again with *Foucault's Pendulum*, his second novel involving a conspiracy ("I have always been fascinated by the idea of conspiracy," he said recently). Don DeLillo's *Libra* fictionalizes a popular JFK conspiracy theory (elements of the CIA hired Oswald but didn't intend actually to kill the president). Thomas Pynchon publishes again this spring and, conspiratorially, again fails to surface—just the way his secrecy-enthralled fans would want it. And the nonfiction books also continue to pour out: *Who Killed John Lennon?* (was Chapman really a lone nut?); *Who Killed JFK?* (with an introduction by Alfonse D'Amato); *Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy* (which ends with the sentence "Et tu, Lyndon?"); *Mafia Kingfish* (JFK again); *Above Top Secret: The Worldwide UFO Cover-Up* (which purports to quote Neil Armstrong saying of his trip to the moon, "I can't go into details, except to say that their ships were far superior to ours both in size and technology—boy, were they big!"); several new or imminent books on Marilyn Monroe's death (was she murdered by agents of the CIA, or by organized crime?). Even the demise of spanking-new pope John Paul I in 1978 has a fresh entry, John Cornwell's *A Thief in the Night*. (The pope's death has already spawned several theories that cried murder and variously implicated the Freemasons, a KGB–Mafia–Freemasons–Vatican Bank cabal, the Italian secret society P2 Lodge, the CIA and Archbishop Paul Marcinkus. The versatile Marcinkus has also been fingered by others as the killer of Yuri Andropov.)

It's easy, by the way, to get the hang of mix 'n' match conspiracy-theorizing. (Just because events are unrelated doesn't mean they are unrelatable—Paul Harvey, the influential radio commentator, sometimes interjects between news items a key phrase, complete with significant pauses: "No...*known*...connection.") Reading Cornwell's responsible book, for instance, in which the pope's ill health begins to look like the real culprit, the dark-scheme-sensitive reader will not fail to notice potential links even the author doesn't see: one Vatican priest is called Jack



The late Mae Brussell; the late Rush Harp (with his *Symphonie Conspiracie*); Paul Krassner; David Emory; Charles Ortleb—a *seemingly* random collection of conspiracy buffs

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2. Truman Capote used to say that he knew both John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald, both Robert F. Kennedy and Sirhan Sirhan. The *late* Truman Capote. Exhume?

3. You win a sailboat in a sweepstakes. Which of the following would *not* make an appropriate name for it?

a. *Zapruder Mist*
b. *Altered Wounds*
c. *The Manchurian Candidate*
d. *Angle of Trajectory*
e. *Sea Monkey*

4. Who is Clay Shaw?

a. a former pitcher for the Atlanta Braves
b. a perennial editor-for-hire in New York
c. the host of a televised rock 'n' roll show for kids in the mid-1960s
d. the man accused by Louisiana prosecutor Jim Garrison of complicity in JFK's murder

5. The Vatican owns substantial shares of all but which of the following?

a. the World Trade Center
b. Procter & Gamble
c. SPY
d. Paramount Pictures

Kennedy (!); another speaks with a Liverpudlian accent (!!); an FBI agent who looked into the death of the pope also worked on the JFK investigation (!!!); and the Vatican was rumored to have held an interest in the Watergate Hotel (!!!!). Just connect the dots at home.

Clearly there is an abiding public fascination—indeed, a need—that makes all this possible. Krassner calls it "a general cynicism that makes people more open to conspiracy theories now." And Carl Ogelsby, a journalist





and author who was involved in getting the JFK assassination investigation reopened by Congress in the 1970s, says, "It's much easier in the America of the nineties to talk about clandestine forces in the sphere of policy, I think maybe even all the more so because of George Bush's ties to intelligence. I notice that a lot of very conventional voices are *entertaining* the thought, at least, that Noriega has the ability to get Bush in trouble. And that means that the whole country is thinking conspiracy."

Yes, there *is* that little matter of having as president a Skull and Bones alumnus and former director of the CIA. As one conspiracy theorist puts it, "In any other country, we'd know right away what that meant."

In fact, conspiracy consciousness has existed in this country from President Weishaupt's day. (President Weishaupt? Well, it's been said that George Washington was kidnapped by Bavarian Illuminati and replaced by our *real* first president, Adam Weishaupt.) It began its current great heyday in the seventies, with Watergate; Koreagate; Karen Silkwood; the revelations of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities; books like *Subliminal Seduction* (hidden messages in advertising) and *The Yankee and Cowboy War* (how Nazis helped found the CIA); and *Manchurian Candidate*–inspired movies like *The Conversation*, *The Parallax View*, *Nashville*, *Capricorn One*, *The Groundstar Conspiracy*, *Three Days of the Condor*, *Winter Kills* and *Oh Lucky Man!* (in one scene of which the hero comes upon a simulated lunar landing being filmed on a set). And the fascination has not subsided, as relatively recent movies like *The China Syndrome*, *No Way Out*, *Missing*, *E.T.* and *Cry Freedom* attest. In last year's *The Abyss*, one character responds to the criticism that he thinks everything's a conspiracy with the throwaway riposte "Everything *is*."

LEFT-WING CONSPIRACY THEORIES, IT SHOULD BE SAID, are the most satisfying. Theorists of the right, says Carl Ogelsby, are "more emotionally committed to the discovery of something under the bed. [They] have been looking too hard and too doggedly for the Communist conspiracy." But he gives them some credit: "The right wing has called our attention to the eastern establishment, the past of the Trilateral Commission, and offshoots of those organizations."

It has been 18 years since the John Birch Society published *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* (the Communists are everywhere), but the right continues to provide some riveting theorizing, certainly at the homegrown level. A few examples before we move on to the left:

From an April 1987 edition of something called the *Hawaii Newsletter*: "The America Bashers, political hacks, leftwing wackos and money grubbing Jews in the legal profession are nothing if not persistent, as evidence [*sic*] by the two-pronged, all-out effort to rip-off the American taxpayers in the Japanese internment affair of WW II."

From Bulletin No. 14 of the Committee for the Re-Examination of the History of the Second World War: "As a result of the hundreds of millions of dollars expended by the 'Holocaust' industry to spread its products, the doubter is usually outnumbered in the first place."

And this explanation, in a letter written to a New York publication by an ordinary citizen during the last presidential campaign, of who was *really* behind the Jim Bakker scandal and why: "George Bush is a [former] member of the CFR [Council on Foreign Relations] and Trilateral Commission. Since they want George Bush as

Scanned material

6. At left is a list of Knights of Malta, at right a list of Freemasons. Which is scarier? Be honest.

a. William F. Buckley	b. Gerald Ford
William Casey	Goethe
General Reinhard Gehlen	Haydn
Al Haig	Mozart
Clare Boothe Luce	Voltaire
	George Washington
	John Wayne

7. What is this a photograph of?

a. an amoeba

b. the inside of your coat pocket when the camera went off there

c. cumulus clouds

d. a second gunman



We're sure you've done well. As a reward, here's a brand-new *actual conspiracy* to get working on: The sister of former congressman Robert Garcia, the Wedtech felon, heads the Crossroads Tabernacle Church in the Bronx. During Jim Bakker's trial it was revealed that $12,000 of Jessica Hahn's hush money passed through...the Crossroads Tabernacle Church in the Bronx. —*G.K.*

Answers: 2 yes, 3e, 4d, 5c, 6a, 7d

President, it stands to reason that they had something to do with Pat Robertson's loss of credibility. Since Pat's loss of credibility is directly related to Jim and Tammy's downfall, it follows that the CFR is connected with Jim's licentious behavior. Actually, Jessica Hahn does not exist as a real person. It is a careful plot fomented by the media manipulators in the CFR."

Right. Remind us to check out the Sam Kinison–McGeorge Bundy–Zubin Mehta connection. You know—that whole how-come-there's-no-cable-TV-in-the-Bronx thing.

The division between right and left becomes meaningless sometimes, because conspiracy theorists also reserve the right to suspect people on their own side of the fence. A 1988 *Mother Jones* cover story on the Christic Institute's crusading lawyer–folk hero–conspiracy detector Danny Sheehan and his dogged inquiries into the Iran-contra affair was one of the magazine's best-selling issues ever, but the portrayal of Sheehan as fallible and occasionally sloppy in his methods set off a vicious backlash. Subscriptions were canceled, angry letters written. "A hatchet job," said one reader, adding, "The revelations of our age have rendered the term 'conspiracy nut' archaic." (The Sheehan story, *coincidentally*, was written by James Traub, a SPY contributing editor. Hmmm.)

In another instance of intramural squabbling, a researcher claims, off the record, to have identified a well-known, high-profile conspiracy theorist as a double agent.

And then there's the Mae Brussell Research Center.

THE LATE (OF COURSE) MAE BRUSSELL IS THE PATRON SAINT of the more committed class of conspiracy theorist. She was a California housewife who, fueled by immediate suspicions about JFK's assassination, decided to become a political researcher. She not only read the Warren Commission report but also spent eight years cross-referencing it. Brussell disseminated what she'd found primarily through a radio show called *World Watchers International*. Tapes of hundreds of her broadcasts had been available from the research center in Santa Cruz that carried on her work until an internal rift shut it down a few months ago. (As the Brussell archives gather dust, each passing day finds more seemingly innocuous events going tragically unlinked.) A few items from the tape catalog:

"#435, 4/4/80. Blackmail and Bullets. Sindona and Deneselva. Shah and CIA. Murder of Westchester Dr. H. Tarnower Jean Harris. Phil, J. F. Kennedy links...

"#710, 7/15/85. The real conspiracy behind the AGCA-POPE plot. President R. Reagan has cancer. (4/5/81 prediction, #487, within 3½ years)...JOSEF MENGELE: DOUBTS ABOUT HIS DEATH...

"#731, 12/9/85. Swine Flu Boondoggle and Gerald Ford.





KAL conspiracy. Star Wars Secrecy...William Buckley, National Review and J. F. Kennedy assassination..."

Brussell's main theme was the Nazification of America—she saw parallels between the Weimar Republic in the 1930s and the post–World War II United States. She also believed that Freddie Prinze was "removed" because he was a Chicano role model and JFK buff, and that Martha Mitchell and Jack Ruby were dosed with the cancer that killed them. Her rambling, tortuously reasoned

ASK NOT WHAT YOUR MAGAZINE CAN DO FOR YOU

Presenting the JFK-o-Matic Conspiracy Theory in a Can

Assassination profiteers is the term David Belin, former counsel to the Warren Commission, recently used to describe the group of perfervid investigators who, more than a quarter century after President John F. Kennedy's death, continue to publish elaborate, high-strung JFK assassination conspiracy theories. With all that theorizing already completed, it might seem that the pool of possible new theories is dry. Not at all: with our JFK-o-Matic—assembled entirely from pieces of existing explanations for the killing—conspiracy-buffs-come-lately now have a simple, step-by-step method for generating scores of *entirely new* revelations about what really happened that day in Dallas. —*Mark Strauss*

On November

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broadcasts were probably entertaining in ways many of her devotees, who are called Brussell Sprouts, did not appreciate.

Brussell died of cancer in October 1988 at the age of 66. Her death was, of course, labeled by the Sprouts a "possible assassination." "It is a matter of public record that murder can now be committed by cancer," David Emory, one of her colleagues, reminded his radio audience a couple of weeks later.

That came during a broadcast on "Suspicious Deaths, Political Murders and Untimely Disappearances in America" for his show *For the Record*, which goes out to a dozen stations. Emory, who has worked at various blue-collar jobs, has been a researcher for 20 years and is in his eleventh year on the air.

In that same broadcast, he took a call from another researcher, who told him that a woman they knew, a Brussell enthusiast with "no known enemies," had disappeared from her apartment in Haight-Ashbury on October 7, 1988—*the very day of Mae's funeral*.

Emory: "The fact that it happened the day of Mae's funeral is ominous to me. There were a couple of reported satanic links or connections to people at the funeral, which I can't confirm, and until that's confirmed it will go under the category of Food for Thought and Grounds for Further Research.

"One of the first thoughts that occurred to me is that perhaps she'd been kidnapped and will be used in some sort of god-awful ritual during Halloween, which is one of the major satanic festivals. This against the background of Mae's work and my work on satanic cults as fronts for intelligence activity by the national security establishment."

Emory then ran down some minor figures who had died during Reagan's presidency. A CIA operative dead of an "apparent" heart attack at 55. A former agent who was a hit-and-run victim. The suicide of an "Abscam wife." The suicide of Romain Gary, a former husband of suicide Jean Seberg, an actress once smeared by the FBI. "Often," he said, "people who are writing very important and controversial books die under strange circumstances either just before or just after the publication. That's something one learns to watch for."

He read the obituary of Fay Joyce, a *New York Times* reporter who had just left the paper and was about to start a new job when she committed suicide in 1985. "Obviously people do get depressed and they do commit suicide," Emory observed, "but this would appear to have been an upbeat point in her career, a move up for her to the *Atlanta Constitution*. Interesting that she had helped cover the presidential campaign the previous year. *She won't be covering any more presidential campaigns.*"

He followed this with the obituary of a female reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* who had apparently killed herself three weeks after Joyce's suicide: "I think you'd have to be a complete nitwit not to recognize that although some of these killings may be—some of these *deaths* may be—natural, certainly this is a very sinister picture."

He read the report of the murder of Charles Goldmark, a Seattle lawyer-activist, and his family, calling it an assassination. The article referred to the unfortunate Goldmarks as a "star-crossed family." Emory: "The 'star-crossed' line is one of the pieces of doo-doo they always toss out about the Kennedys too. They're not star-crossed, they're *national-security-crossed*. By the way, Goldmark was a Democratic activist in Washington, one of the states regarded as a swing state in 1988. Something to keep in mind."

And so on. The Alan Berg murder. The deaths of several members of Martin Luther King Jr.'s family. Even the death-by-bucking-bronco of a secretary of Commerce began to





Left to right: Fidel Castro (not visible) and JFK; the mob (not visible) and Oswald; Mehmet Ali Agca (pistol visible) and the pope that got away; George Bush (not visible) and President Reagan

22, 1963,

- *Lee Harvey Oswald,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and the Dallas police,*
- *a Lee Harvey Oswald look-alike,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and a Lee Harvey Oswald look-alike,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and a second gunman,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and two other gunmen,*
- *Lee Harvey Oswald and three other gunmen,*

acting under the orders of

- *the CIA,*
- *the FBI,*
- *the KGB,*
- *the Mafia,*
- *Fidel Castro,*
- *Lyndon B. Johnson,*
- *"Mr. X," a Texas oil millionaire,*
- *the Secret Service,*
- *the Communist Party,*
- *a junta of defense contractors, congressmen and military officers,*
- *white supremacists,*
- *a renegade anti-Castro assassination team,*

shot President ➡

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sound suspicious.

"I can't comment *authoritatively* on the death of Malcolm Baldrige," Emory said. "The cause of death was supposedly a puncture wound in the abdomen caused by his belt buckle when his horse reared and fell on him. That may have happened, but what I wonder, in light of the fact that the Wedtech case eventually hooked up with the Iran-contra scandal in a way—there were some definite connections there—and the Iran-contra scandal produced a large number of very suspicious deaths, in light of the fact that some of the people in Wedtech were supposedly talking about murdering somebody, I *wonder* if perhaps the puncture wound in Malcolm Baldrige's abdomen was *not* in fact caused by his belt buckle."

This sounded compelling—that freak-rodeo-mishap explanation never really washed with us. Maybe there *was* more to it. But when Emory—who readily acknowledges, incidentally, that there *are* some "legitimate deaths"—first returned SPY's call, it was hard to get a word in:

"[*Presto, con brio*] Hello, this is David Emory, I'm returning a phone call; I can't talk at any great length at the moment. Now, you're doing an article on—well, what I call myself, what I am is a *political researcher.* There is a term which I absolutely loathe, which is *conspiracy theorist, conspiracy buff.* It's a loaded term, and I view that term in much the same way a professional woman would view being called a *sweet chick* or a *cute broad.* In person, they're fighting words. You know, one warning and then you're *on your butt*—literally. And I've done it before. It's not something I *like* to do, but this field of research, it's demanding, and you pay some very heavy dues if you get serious about it. I had my apartment broken into two weeks ago. Not physically broken into, but it was an illicit entry, and some things were moved around. I've been poisoned, I've received death threats, all of which is not to make it melodramatic, but if you get serious about it, you pay some heavy dues. And there are a lot of real clowns in this field, unfortunately, people who just want to establish themselves as gurus and get all the poor peasants huddled around their feet so they can hand down the revealed wisdom. I would like to talk with you, but I would like to talk at some greater length. I don't think a quick hit on this stuff is adequate."

TALK—INTENSE, DISCURSIVE AND AT *MUCH* GREATER length—is the currency of the conspiracy theorist. Sorry, the *political-research buff.* Emory is good at it. So is his colleague (and nemesis) John Judge, who recently resigned as curator of the Brussell center. Just before he left—dark accusations flew—Judge talked to SPY about some of his own work.

Abbie Hoffman, it seems, was no suicide. Even his car accident a year before his death merits scrutiny. "At the time he was delivering an article on Bush's involvement in the October Surprise to *Playboy*," said Judge, alluding to the supposed plot to delay the release of American hostages in Iran until it cost Jimmy Carter reelection. "I think [Hoffman's] source for much of the inside stuff was Carter. Through the daughter." Judge also offered this evidence: "Over time you find the same people reappearing. When I worked on Abbie Hoffman, I noticed that the coroner was the same one that I felt years before, when I did work on the murder of Jessica Savitch, had covered up details in her murder as well."

Um—Jessica Savitch was murdered?

"I think that she was threatening to move up in the ranks and tell the truth," said Judge, citing stories he





recalled her doing on the death of an NFL owner, the Vatican and Klaus Barbie. "So they took her out."

Such talk is perhaps not surprising coming from a man who once linked "the murder of Patrice Lumumba in the Congo, of Salvador Allende in Chile, of Che Guevara in South America, of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X... of the Kennedy brothers, the murder in Guyana of Congressman Leo Ryan following the Jonestown massacre, the murder of John Lennon in New York [and] the

Kennedy from

- *the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.*
- *a grassy knoll in front of the presidential limousine.*
- *the roof of the criminal-courts building.*
- *the railroad overpass bridge.*

The conspirators' intent was

- *to assassinate Texas governor John Connally,*
- *to frame Fidel Castro and thereby justify an invasion of Cuba,*
- *to gain world domination of the oil market,*
- *to prevent Kennedy from carrying out his civil-rights program,*
- *euthanasia, because Kennedy had a fatal disease,*
- *to guarantee a Republican president in 1964,*
- *to avert a planned crackdown on organized crime,*
- *to put Lyndon B. Johnson in the Oval Office,*
- *to pay Kennedy back for signing the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty,*

and they were able to cover

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shootings of Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul II" to the same "intelligence network" of trained assassins and mercenaries.

What *is* surprising is Judge's credulity: he believes Reagan was actually shot. But he's got a theory about it.

"One of the areas I did work on was the extensive financial and social connections between the Bush family and the Hinckley family," he said. (He also claimed to have a photo linking Mark David Chapman to the Hinckleys.) "The two older brothers, Scott Hinckley and Neil Bush, were to have dinner the night of the [Reagan] shooting, and they canceled their plans. That was briefly in the press. And it's referred to as irony, and whenever I see the word *irony* in the press, I know they're talking about conspiracy—that's the official establishment word for anything that smacks of the conspiratorial. If Robert Oswald was to have dinner with Lynda Bird Johnson the night of the Kennedy assassination, *we'd know what it meant.*"

John Hinckley Jr., he said, was sent to "this psychiatrist, who puts electrodes in his head and does biofeedback, and then he's off to Washington. He also was the psychiatrist for this guy we discovered up in Philadelphia. *He* was arrested at the Port Authority about a week after the shooting with a .38 in his luggage, which was the actual gun that Hinckley used. It was a .38 that he bought on Elm Street in Dallas. The street that Kennedy was killed on [18 years earlier]."

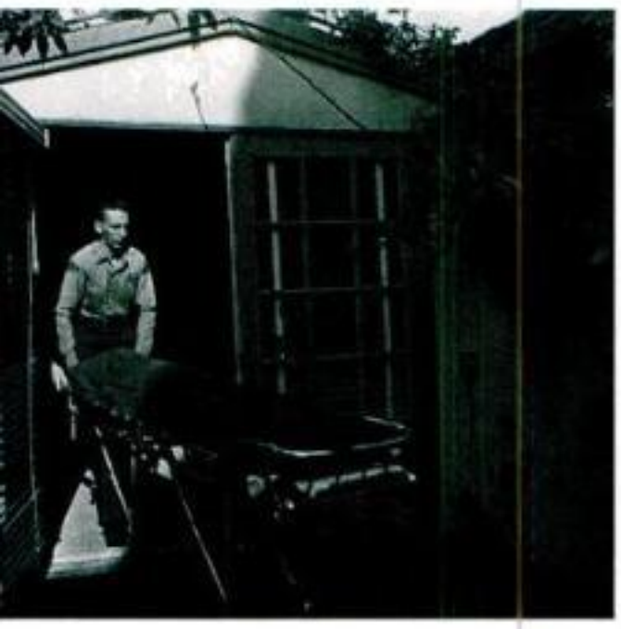
This man, said Judge, was Hinckley's backup. "He was in Evergreen [Colorado, where Hinckley's parents lived] when Hinckley was there, he went to the same psychiatrist, he went to New Haven, he stayed in the same hotel room, he wrote his own love letters to Jodie [Foster], then he said, 'I'm going to finish the job'—he was like team B. If they hadn't been able to get [Reagan] outside the Hilton, then there was a backup plan for the next week. This was like a Hinckley double that if they arrested him would say the same kind of stuff and link into Jodie and give the same press. It's the same as which door does Robert Kennedy go out—if he goes one way, Sirhan gets him; if he goes the other way, there's another team."

Hold on—there was another team waiting for Bobby Kennedy?

"I'm assuming. It's a military operation. When you're gonna do it, you don't leave it to chance. You do it right."

But in that case didn't they blow it by not killing Reagan?

"Well, you have to understand that Hinckley and many of these people, the patsies in the cases, are not the assassins. They're there to pull a trigger, to make some noise, to distract attention, to take the arrest. To hide the real nature of who's doing the shooting. I think they *wanted* Reagan to get the idea that Bush shot him. I think Bush effectively came in and ran the White House from that point."



Lincoln's body is relocated in 1901—*why??*; Marilyn's leaves her home—for the second time?; flowers for Martha Mitchell prove she was silenced; Memphis, 1977—sure, it looked vast on the gurney, but was it *really* Elvis?

Judge said that Reagan was in fact shot from *above*, from what he calls "the Bushy knoll." And he said that when the wounded president's limo pulled away, it headed in the wrong direction. By design.

"They're taking him to Bethesda," said Judge. "And it's at that point that the Reagan loyalists down in the situation room start the argument with the Bush boys about what's gonna happen. And I think the deal that's basically cut is, 'All right, we'll turn him around and let him live, we'll take him to an actual hospital'—because they would have finished him off at Bethesda, with the phony autopsy like they did on the Kennedy case—but they say, 'He's gotta get out of the way and let Bush run the show.'"

But maybe the most interesting thing Judge said came during his description of the Reagan shooting. Go over the ABC footage, he said, and you can actually see, right there on the pavement, a cop substituting another gun for Hinckley's—"*if you look at it for long enough.*"

"EGO AND ALTRUISM GET MIXED IN WITH EACH OTHER," says Paul Krassner. "Some of the researchers have a certain

heir tracks by

ordering Jack Ruby to kill Oswald.
editing four crucial frames out of the Zapruder film.
planting a bullet previously fired from Oswald's rifle on a stretcher in the Dallas hospital where Kennedy died.
removing Kennedy's body from his casket and surgically altering his wounds to make it appear as if he had been shot from behind instead of from the front.
murdering all witnesses, including Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper at Oswald's rooming house; William Whaley, the cabdriver who took Oswald home after the assassination; and Karen Carlin, a performer at Jack Ruby's nightclub.
suppressing the autopsy photos and X rays.

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vested interest in there being conspiracies. And others really are in search of truth. But if people aren't prepared for it, then they just become like the Ancient Mariner, waving their albatross in people's faces."

"It's very easy to get the feeling that you're some sort of a minor potentate," says Dave Emory. "You can very easily develop a retinue of sycophants, and they will tell you that you're the greatest thing since sliced bread, which, if you begin to believe it, can be dangerous."

Emory, appropriately, first began to formulate his theories during Watergate ("Had Watergate continued to unravel," he says now, "it would have gone directly to the Kennedy assassination"). He read somewhere that Richard Nixon had been in Dallas the day Kennedy was shot. In going through more material on Dallas, Emory also turned up some other Watergate names: Gerald Ford (present during the Warren Commission's interrogation of Jack Ruby), Leon Jaworski (ditto), Frank Sturgis (Watergate burglar who was a source for a newspaper article linking Oswald to Castro supporters), John Sirica, John Connally. And one more.

"Bush's name has cropped up in connection with the Kennedy assassination, interestingly enough," he says. "There was an article in *The Nation* talking about the involvement of a 'George W. Bush' or a 'George Bush' of the Central Intelligence Agency with one aspect, not of killing President Kennedy"—*whew!*—"but of looking into the response of the Miami anti-Castro Cuban community to it. And a man who was in all probability George Bush warned the FBI of the possible involvement of a Texas right-winger. Also, a member of the board of directors of Bush's oil company owned the building that Jack Ruby rented his business from.

"Obviously," Emory continues, "there are coincidences in life. Certainly to see everything as connected is not only to blunt your own understanding ultimately but also to play right into the hands of your worst critics, who want to portray people as doing exactly that kind of thing."

And does he *ever worry?*

"Oh, yeah—I take my precautions. I've paid some heavy dues. It's not the end of the world, but it could be if I didn't take precautions."

"YOU MAY HAVE JUST WALKED INTO THE COVER-UP OF the century!" says Tony Gonsalves, reached in Rhode Island. Nothing would be more refreshing to hear than an old-fashioned, straightforward cover-up, with no links to the World Bank, Henry Kissinger or the Bay of Pigs. Gonsalves sounds as if he might be the fellow to provide it.

He works in the office-machine business and trades baseball memorabilia, but he has spent an enormous amount of time and energy trying to persuade anyone who will listen that the Stealth B-2 bomber being tested in California is actually a double. The *real* B-2 our government is spending $61 billion on is a top secret B-2, which has been tested out of the Stewart International Airport (used in part by the Department of Agriculture) in New York's Hudson Valley. And if the public wants to believe that what it's seeing is a UFO, well, then, that's fine with the government.

A couple of years ago Gonsalves read a book called *Night Siege: The Hudson Valley UFO Sightings*. "That intrigued me," he says. "Then, when I started reading and hearing about the B-2, I said, 'Jesus, *all the descriptions from the people in the Hudson Valley match the B-2!*' I am 100 percent convinced that what these people are seeing is a secret version of the B-2."

Gonsalves's evidence tends toward the technical—"thrust vectoring" is discussed—but he also finds it significant that the only local people who work at the base (he says) work in menial positions. Furthermore, he claims a section of the base is restricted and there are shoot-to-kill orders. "You tell me what the hell the Department of Agriculture is doing that's top secret," says Gonsalves.

"I'm not a UFO nut, though I do believe there are visitors coming here," he says. "What I'm saying is this *particular* aircraft is not alien. It's ours." Unfortunately, he says he's got no cooperation from *Night Siege* coauthor Philip J. Imbrogno. "He has an ax to grind," says Gonsalves. "He's way out on a limb, because he's written that these people are aliens from space."

Gonsalves is out on his own limb, but he feels well qualified to be there. "I've served on three aircraft carriers," he says of his credentials. "I was a plane captain in the Navy. I'm familiar with jet aircraft." Uh-huh, uh-huh. And then: "*I was part of the crew that did the photography that led to the Cuban Missile Crisis.*"

Oh, *no*.

Coincidence is dead. And Billy Martin was killed by a person or persons unknown, possibly Communist, probably CIA-trained and Vatican-funded, with demonstrable links to the Mormons, the Masons, the Hinckleys and Bucky Dent. ◗



The Manchurian Candidate, Three Days of the Condor, The Parallax View, Missing. Nominees for Best Documentary?

Research assistance by Michael Gruber and Roy Harley

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MARCH TO A DIFFERENT MARGARITA.



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BROWN SUIT AT MORNING, MIDDLE MANAGER TAKE WARNING! The little lady wasn't doing Smiling Jack here any favors when she let him walk out the front door in this flamboyant **kelly-choco ensemble**. He's a standout, all right—and that spells trouble. *You can bet his next raise on it!*



PSST, KID—LET ME GIVE YOU A PIECE OF FRIENDLY ADVICE. IF YOU WANT TO STAY ON THE FAST TRACK, REMEMBER:

GREEN TIES MEAN PINK SLIPS!

True-life Button-down Tales of the Corporate Fashion Police State—from Goldman Sachs, Trump Plaza, Wachtell Lipton, Condé Nast, IBM, Kidder, Peabody and More

by Cate Plys

AMBITIOUS WHITE-COLLAR PROFESSIONALS TEND TO THINK OF themselves as individualists, proud self-starters whose talents and experience make them indispensable to whichever large, impersonal organization they happen to be serving at the moment. Perhaps that is why the highly skilled often feel such contempt for occupations that require literal uniforms, those humiliating symbols of blue-collar-employee interchangeability. And yet aren't a New York banker's requisite blue suit, white shirt and red rep tie simply the corporate equivalent of a teenage fry cook's Burger King outfit, albeit with a slightly less imaginative color scheme? (And come now—are bankers really less interchangeable?) The fry cook at least knows and resents that someone else is telling him how to dress. The average banker, like some well-heeled cult member, thinks he shops at Brooks Brothers because he *prefers* it.

These aren't just whimsical observations. Imagine what would happen if the same average banker *preferred* one day to come to work in, let's say, a safari suit: he would be out on the street just as quickly (well, almost as quickly) as would the fry cook if *he* were to insist on substituting a Savile Row three-piece for the traditional Burger King double knits. In other words, the banker's sartorial preferences are as much his own as George Bush's political convictions are *his*. And both serve the same purpose: holding on to one's office.

We slipped into the regimented world of New York's corporate dress codes and uncovered a city of urban professionals living in fear. In all, we interviewed 42 people at 22 different companies and three top-drawer business clothiers. In some instances, finding people willing to speak to us about how they are obliged to dress at work was like looking for pro-democracy activists in martial-law Beijing. "You want to talk about *what*?" a Morgan Stanley stockbroker whispered. "I could get strung up for that. You don't know my name, all right? You never heard my name." Or as a Kidder, Peabody

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executive noted *after* requesting anonymity, "I need this job. I'm a single parent." Our sources' fears seemed justified by a spokesperson for Goldman Sachs, the investment banking firm. When asked about alleged haircut requirements described by people inside the firm, the spokesman answered ominously, "I'd be interested in knowing those employees' names."

Official dress codes are perfectly legal in private companies. But like the governments of preliterate civilizations, many firms prefer to hand down their repressive decrees through an oral tradition. This practice cuts down on paperwork and, perhaps more important, assists in maintaining the fiction that the company has no dress code at all. What's more, oral traditions have the advantage of being subtle, insidious: eventually words become unnecessary and the company dress code becomes part of the employees' collective notion of who they are. The term *unspoken law* is common, as when one of our sources said, "Leaving the second button on your suit jacket unbuttoned was an unspoken law until I broke it." Indeed, given the enthusiasm of many employees for policing their co-workers, putting a dress code into writing may be counterproductive. So much easier to turn the company into a high school with paychecks, where the tattling, bullying, popular students shun and harass unfashionable—or too-fashionable—colleagues. A salesman for a large manufacturer put it this way: "My boss will never come out and say don't wear whatever, but your peers will come up and say, 'That shirt sucks.'" (One exception to the rule of unstated dress codes should come as no surprise—The Trump Organization, which has made obviousness a corporate virtue. Thus the Trump Castle employee handbook spends three pages listing grooming standards in the sort of dullard's detail we usually associate with the military. "Erotic/subculture jewelry," we learn, is simply "UNACCEPTABLE," while fingernails, in order to be Trump Castle–worthy, must be "neat, clean and well-manicured *at all times* [italics ours]".)

Half-conscious, self-policing dress codes can take peculiar, over-evolved forms. At *The Wall Street Journal*, for example, male reporters follow a rigid custom of wearing a jacket to work and then immediately taking it off. The same policy is observed by editors at *Time* magazine. Stranger still, one Goldman Sachs employee found his expensive British suits blackballed at the office. The reason? "They had three buttons on the jacket instead of the usual two," the employee told us with lingering incomprehension. (He then went on to tell the story of receiving a generous bonus one year along with these instructions from his boss: "I want you to take this money and buy four new suits and five new shirts. I want you to come in my office every morning and show me that you're wearing a new suit." The employee obliged. "I'd march in and show him what I looked like, and he'd go, 'Very nice, very nice,' or 'I'm not too crazy about that tie.'")

Some companies' dress codes seem to apply differently to different people. A former account representative at Westvaco, the behemoth paper manufacturer, remembered one particular Westvaco rule whose application varied enormously. "It was unwritten, but it was a strict rule that women couldn't wear skirts above the knee," said the employee, Dan Cooke, who worked at the company from September 1987 to January 1989. "The only woman who could wear short skirts was a woman with blond hair and very large breasts. She could do anything she wanted." Beth Healy, a disgruntled worker who agreed to talk only after we promised to use her real name, learned about such dress-code variations while interviewing for a word-processing job at the law firm Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy. "I'm overweight," Healy explained. "The woman who interviewed me told me that women of my weight should not wear pants. Now, this woman was a lot heavier than I am—and for Christ's sake, I was applying for the night shift."

To expand our investigation of the lockstep world of New York businesswear, we went to the source: men's clothing stores. "There are certain unwritten *codes*," said haberdasher Randall Iserman. Iserman was until recently a salesman at Louis, Boston on 57th Street. "For instance, all the accountants I've ever waited on have refused to buy patterned shirts. They're like, 'Oh, no, I can't possibly wear that.'" "Accountants? Oh, they're a piece of work," said Alfred Rovira of Brooks Brothers. "They still like wash-and-wear. I guess they're frugal."

"Lawyers and bankers dress practically the same," said William Slevin, a 48-year veteran of Brooks Brothers. "Really conservative, mostly white shirts, once in a while a blue. It's like a uniform," he said, making our point for us, unprompted. The salesmen agreed that when it comes to suits, stockbrokers are the comparative sartorial daredevils of business. "They'll get a small check, or a broad stripe on a colored background," said Slevin. "They love suspenders, especially since *Wall Street* came out," added Walter Nance of Paul Stuart. Though the salesmen claimed to be unable to attribute particular styles of dress to particular companies, IBM continually came up as the avatar of conservative businesswear. "I've heard that IBM sales and marketing training includes how you walk and how you dress," Iserman said darkly.

MEN DON'T BUY BONDS FROM THIGH-SHOWING **BLONDS!** Or redheads, for that matter. And you can be doubly sure Our Miss Looks won't be catching new clients with those **after-five fishnets**. Here's a "modest" proposal: Lady, *go home and change.*

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The salesmen also made repeated references to two apparently universal business-clothing taboos: green ties and brown suits. "Green is *out*," said Nance with Diana Vreeland–ish finality. "I love green ties, and I couldn't move even one today." *But why?* we wondered. *Why this widespread prejudice against a harmless, pleasant color?* "Well," said one Wall Street broker, "green would go with a brown suit, but nobody wears brown." To which Nance added, "Brown reminds businessmen of old age. You know, it's like, 'It's what my father used to wear.'"

Although he doesn't own a brown suit, former Westvaco employee Dan Cooke does have a green tie. And he wears it. A lot. The tie, he said, is "green like a Molson beer bottle, in a nice shiny silk." The first time he wore his tie to work at Westvaco, Cooke recalled, "one woman came up to me and said, 'That tie does not go with that suit, nor do I think it goes with any suit you own.'" Cooke's boss acknowledged the tie, too. "He'd just have stock comments like 'My, that certainly is a green tie.'" Cooke shook his head, disgusted. "I was openly mocked."

We were surprised to hear about the green-tie interdict, since we vividly recall the glowing emerald tie worn by Secretary of State James Baker for his *Time* magazine cover in February 1989. We asked the State Department whether Secretary Baker had intended some official policy statement concerning green ties. "We do not comment on private matters like that," said Irene Novak of the Bureau of Public Affairs. "You just won't get a comment on that." And about brown suits: *Didn't* The New York Times *write last year that brown-suit-wearing Ronald Reagan had legitimized them?* Mark Weinberg, Reagan's director of public affairs, responded to the *Times* quote with prolonged silence, so we asked him directly: *Is Mr. Reagan aware that he has legitimized the brown suit?* "That's someone else's description, not ours," Weinberg barked. We wondered whether Mr. Reagan wears brown suits a lot. "I don't know," Weinberg said. "He has some brown suits. I don't know the frequency of their being worn."

In 1990 women professionals have the right to sue colleagues for paying undue attention to their legs but not the right to trade their leg-exposing skirts and dresses for trousers. At least not at certain New York institutions such as the law firm Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz or the brokerage firm Kidder, Peabody.

Pants are to be avoided at Wachtell, even as part of a suit. A former research assistant there recalled how she found out about the dress code. "It was a rainy day. I'd only been there a week, and I had on a pair of dress pants. I took off my coat and everyone just looked me up and down. I thought, *Oh, these must really be ugly pants.* Finally one of the women came over and said, 'I guess no one told you that we don't wear pants at Wachtell.' They kept me hidden for the rest of the day. And I was told that if anyone had seen me, I would have been sent home."

Wachtell's customs in this regard are

Photographed by Carolyn Jones and (with our apologies) Wayne Miller/Magnum Photos

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strangely reminiscent of a Catholic grammar school's. "If you come in wearing pants, they'll send you home to change—and you'll get a note from the administration office," said an employee.

A spokesperson for Wachtell who asked to remain anonymous insisted that the firm has no formal dress code. Just to be thorough, however, we asked what the procedure is when someone comes to work dressed incorrectly. "What the process is, is, uh, that we do send them home and ask them to come back dressed in accordance with the [nonexistent] policy," said the flustered spokesperson. The spokesperson also claimed that the administrative office does not issue reprimanding notes. At least, we presume, not *formally*.

Women employees at Kidder, Peabody complain of a somewhat wider range of paternalistic interference. Here, as at most investment houses and law firms, pants are out of the question. As one female Kidder employee described it, "Kidder has this rep with the ladies. They [Kidder] wanna see some legs." Another Kidder employee reported that even temporary help must conform: "We've had temps come in in pants and they've been sent home. If they want to go across the street and buy a skirt [on their lousy temp wages], that's okay, but otherwise they have to leave."

But Kidder doesn't stop at pants. Short skirts, patterned stockings, headbands, too much makeup—all are fair game for the appearance police. One Kidder woman we spoke to was called into her boss's office for wearing black lace stockings under a long, below-the-knee skirt. "You know what?" she told us bravely. "I don't care. Lace stockings last longer than nylons."

The Kidder employees revealed that not all women are informed about the restrictions in the same way. Women hired for sales positions are told nothing, apparently on the assumption that they have the good taste to eschew trousers. Secretaries, traditionally more outré, said they were told of the ban in interviews, read it in an employee manual, or both. The best-informed employees of all are secretaries in the corporate-finance department, who receive periodic updates on the dress code's finicky fine points. "Memos will come out saying, for instance, no heavy makeup," said a corporate-finance source.

Kidder spokesperson Maureen Bailey admitted that the pants prohibition is indeed an official companywide policy, though she claimed it isn't written anywhere. As for short skirts, lace stockings and overenthusiastic makeup, she said there is nothing official but "it wouldn't surprise me at all. If my secretary came in wearing lace stockings and a short skirt, I'd talk to her, too."

Perhaps there is one compensation for having to comply with an oppressive dress code: helping to enforce it.

Hair is a very sensitive issue. Of all the haircut stories we heard, the most intriguing was told by a man we'll call Mike, a former employee of Goldman Sachs. "When I started working there [in 1986], my boss came to

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GROOMING FOR A BROOMING? Exotic facial hair—it's an executive no-no! Take old Thornwallop here. He thinks he's got a lock on the Technobilt account. But the scuttlebutt says, *The boardroom ain't big enough for the both of those* **sideburns**.

me and said, 'You need a haircut. Here's the barber to go to, and when you get there, ask for a Goldman Sachs,'" Mike explained. "And at that point, within a week, my identity had been so stripped down by the corporate mentality that I said okay and just went there immediately. I didn't even ask any questions. I could have gotten in there and they could've shaved *Goldman Sachs* right into my head, and I just would've accepted it."

A current Goldman Sachs employee confirmed Mike's story: "Our boss filed everybody out the door and showed them the barbershop. He would make it part of the indoctrination." The employee described the Goldman Sachs haircut in precise, barber-worthy detail. "It was kind of large whitewalls around the ear, yet still there was a slight sideburn that descended almost to the earlobe, but not quite that far down. The back was the sort of shaved back that tapers down. There was a mild part in the front where the hair was just long enough to lie to one side or the other."

We tried to verify these stories. Standing outside the New Street Haircutters, located underneath the lobby of a building on New Street, Mike pointed out the barber who had given him his Goldman Sachs. We went in and spoke with New Street's chief barber, Joe Provenzano.

Joe was wary of our questions at first, but he quickly relaxed and began to hold forth on the ins and outs of corporate hair. "Lawyers are the most conservative," Joe said. "They want a natural back. I have a lot of lawyers, and maybe one guy wears it a touch over the ears, but just a touch." Then we asked Joe directly, "What's a Goldman Sachs?" He said he didn't know. We asked Joe to call over Mike's barber, then repeated the question. "A Goldman Sachs? What's that?" the man answered. His show of innocence seemed a trifle labored; clearly someone had got to these people. "You know who I do?" said Joe, trying to seem cooperative, as we left. "I do the big shot [Goldman CEO John Weinberg], and he likes a Marine cut—short all around."

A former Drexel Burnham Lambert broker agreed to go undercover to aid in the second part of our investigation. The broker went to Joe's shop and claimed to be a new employee sent to receive a Goldman Sachs haircut. "He never used the term, but the guy [Joe] definitely knew what the Goldman Sachs was. He recognized the term. And he clipped my nasal hairs. I don't know if that was part of the haircut, though," the broker told us. "By the way, did you know he does Goldman's CEO? He gets his hair cut like a Marine."

We called Goldman Sachs to ask if New Street Haircutters was an officially sanctioned barbershop providing officially sanctioned haircuts. First we spoke with a woman in personnel who identified herself only as Christine. She denied everything and hung up when asked to provide her last name. Next we spoke with one of the firm's vice presidents. "We don't have any particular policy, just the standard good grooming," she insisted. "There isn't any policy on haircuts." When asked about the barbershop, she responded, "It sounds to me like somebody is putting you on. There's no such thing."

But it was the vice president's parting words that steered the investigation to its next phase: "This isn't a particularly regimented environment. We're not IBM. It's not that kind of place."

There it was again: *IBM*.

As soon as we penetrated IBM, we understood why our contacts kept alluding to it. IBM is the Professor Moriarty of the business world, the most malignant of all the well-organized enforcers of conformity. As a measure of the company's effectiveness, almost all the IBM employees we questioned told us exactly the same thing: until the last few years white shirts were actually mandated for men. "Yep, it was written down," said one source. "And it lingers on. If you go up to headquarters [Armonk, New York], everybody will definitely be wearing a button-down, 100 percent–cotton white shirt. In the city it tends to vary; maybe it's not button-down, maybe it's not 100 percent cotton, but it's usually white."

The white-shirt edict is said to have been inspired by IBM's founder, Tom Watson, who dressed that way himself. Now that the color ban has finally been lifted—34 years after Watson's death—one IBM employee reported that blue shirts are acceptable. "Pink is out. Yellow is out. Blue is about as far as you can go," he said. "Pinstripes you can get away with, as long as they're on a white shirt, not a blue shirt. A blue pin-striped shirt would not fly."

One IBM account administrator confessed that he does occasionally wear pin-striped shirts, but only if he's not going to be seeing a customer. "One day I canceled a meeting because I was wearing a pin-striped shirt," he admitted. "I would not meet the customer, because I didn't want to be told something when I got back like, 'Oh, you met with a customer—maybe you should've saved the striped shirt for tomorrow.'"

IBM men agree that at Big Blue, black wing tips are the shoes of choice, if not entirely *free* choice. "Wing tips are standard issue here," said one source. A co-worker said it would be unusual to see someone in even a plain oxford cap-toe. "Loafers are about as far as you can go, and preferably they'll be black," he said. "You won't see brown loafers.

Photographed by Carolyn Jones and (with our apologies) Dan Weiner/courtesy of Sandra Weiner

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Maybe burgundy loafers, but that's about as far as you're going to get before someone says, 'What are you *doing?*'" IBM men meticulously match their shoes, belts and wallets. "If you've got black shoes, a black belt. Burgundy shoes, burgundy belt, and preferably a burgundy wallet," said an IBM man. Do they really have different-colored wallets in order to switch? "Yes."

Suits are invariably blue or gray, said IBM employees. Naturally, IBM women show as much leg as their Wachtell and Kidder counterparts, a subject on which a female executive was blunt and sweeping: "Women who do wear pants don't get ahead as quickly as those who don't."

IBM spokesmen were polite but guarded. "There are no dress requirements," one told us. We asked more specifically whether white shirts had ever been mandated. "If they feel that is what is most appropriate, that is determined between them and their manager," he said. More by their manager, something tells us. "If polka-dot shirts are in in New York, that's entirely up to them," the spokesman finished, conjuring up the improbable image of legions of polka-dot-shirt-wearing IBM salesmen. In other words, IBM employees wear monotonous, identical outfits *because they prefer them*.

For people whose jobs effectively demand that they be stylish, the required look is intended, paradoxically, to simulate the lack of a required look. "If I walked around with a suit and tennis shoes on, someone would have to shoot me," declared the director of a Manhattan public-relations firm that specializes in fashion. A fact checker at *Glamour* magazine concurred: "The IBM way of dressing is the most hysterical thing.... The day that I would show up in a blue suit and bow tie... I mean, I would die before I'd walk in here like that."

Playing devil's advocate, we asked a salesman at Reminiscence, a relentlessly hip downtown clothing store where employees are allowed—even obliged—to dress creatively, what would happen if he went to work in, say, a Brooks Brothers suit. "The other day I did something similar," said the salesman. "I was wearing a normal navy-blue blazer, dark-gray wool pants just slightly high-waisted and a tie that matched everything I was wearing. They all said, 'Oh, you look like a prep-school boy.' They were all like, 'Oh, you look so uptown! Get out, get out!' They just totally couldn't take it."

A Barneys salesman assured us that stylish clothes aren't a prerequisite for employment but a result of it. "If someone starts working here and they don't dress stylishly, probably the first thing you'll notice about them is how quickly they assimilate," he said ominously. "They'll all of a sudden develop a great sense of style. It's just something we've always noticed."

In the haute couture world, women's fashion magazines are the equivalent of stuffy corporations, with *Vogue* occupying IBM's preeminent position. "At *Glamour* it's not quite as important as at *Vogue* to have a great image, because the top people all dress pretty schmucky, and I think the *Vogue* editors tend to set higher standards," reported our *Glamour* source. A helpful *Vogue* employee agreed with the theory of editor-driven dress codes. "The editor in chief of *Glamour*, Ruth Whitney—she's in her fifties, she's from the Midwest and she's kind of a good-ol'-gal person—she wears these hand-crocheted vests and things. And then there's Anna Wintour, the editor of *Vogue*, who's head-to-toe Chanel suits. Her hair looks like it's cut every day. The possibility of running into her is enough to make you want to look at least halfway decent."

Though *Glamour* is relatively laid-back, said our informant, the employees are not above some intramural sniping. "You'll hear, for instance, 'Did you see the girl with such and such on? It was really gross,'" our source said. "This one time I was walking into a room and another woman was coming in at the same time, and we both said at the same moment, 'Oh, my God, did you see So-and-so? She has on an A-line skirt.' And we were both just dying, because it was, you know, so queer."

A *Glamour* editor described the successive fashion waves that batter the magazine's offices. "Like Belgian shoes," she said, "those loafers with the piping around the front? Those were really big. They still are, but for a while you saw every real cool editor wearing Belgian shoes. And then last summer a lot of women were wearing these shirts by Equipment, beautiful silk shirts with polka dots on them. And everyone had to have one of those."

"The don't of all don'ts is flesh-tone hose," said a second *Glamour* editor. "No matter how well dressed you are, if you have flesh-tone hose on, it's considered death. One of our major discussions is the quest for the perfect opaque black tights." At *Vogue* they take black a step further, said an editor there. "No matter what you're wearing, you wear black tights, black shoes," she observed. "You can be as creative as you want on top as long as you've got the uniform on the bottom."

The dreary truth is that even those people permitted to dress in free-spirited fashions probably aren't expressing individuality through their wardrobe but are, rather, paying tribute to currently popular trends and designers. "A lot of people here are slaves to Chanel," said one of the *Glamour* insiders. "It's a weird kind of conforming."

When all the facts are in, it appears that New Yorkers—putatively uppity, even disobedient, by nature—typically accept dress codes of all kinds as the price of the do-it-all, have-it-all, otherwise freewheeling lives their jobs presumably make possible. When asked how they felt about such restrictions, women obliged to wear skirts seemed slightly confused—as if freely choosing one's own clothes in the first place were as whimsical a notion as then changing the color of the sky every morning to match one's shoes. A few men managed to work up a slight froth of resentment, not at their employers' tedious clothing requirements but at what the men perceived to be women's comparative freedom. "Ladies really get away with it," pouted one IBM male. "They can wear a lot of different things—the dresses with scarves and suits with bow ties. I only get to wear one thing."

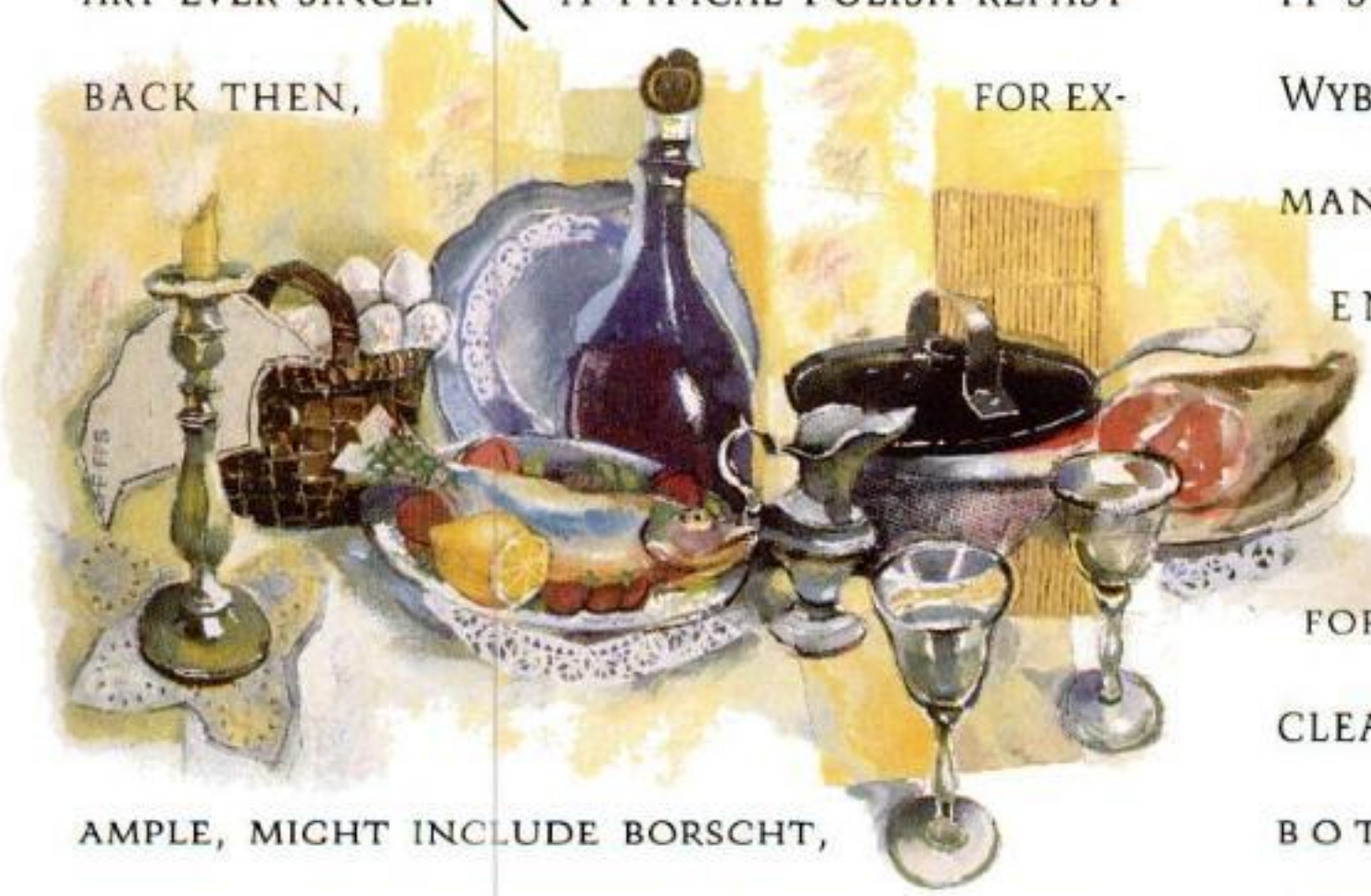
In the end, most professionals tend to react to the corseting of their freedom in much the same way as Dan Cooke, the former Westvaco employee. "It's like being in a relationship—you never notice how weird a dress code is until you're outside it."

Or until you've been dumped for breaking it. ◗

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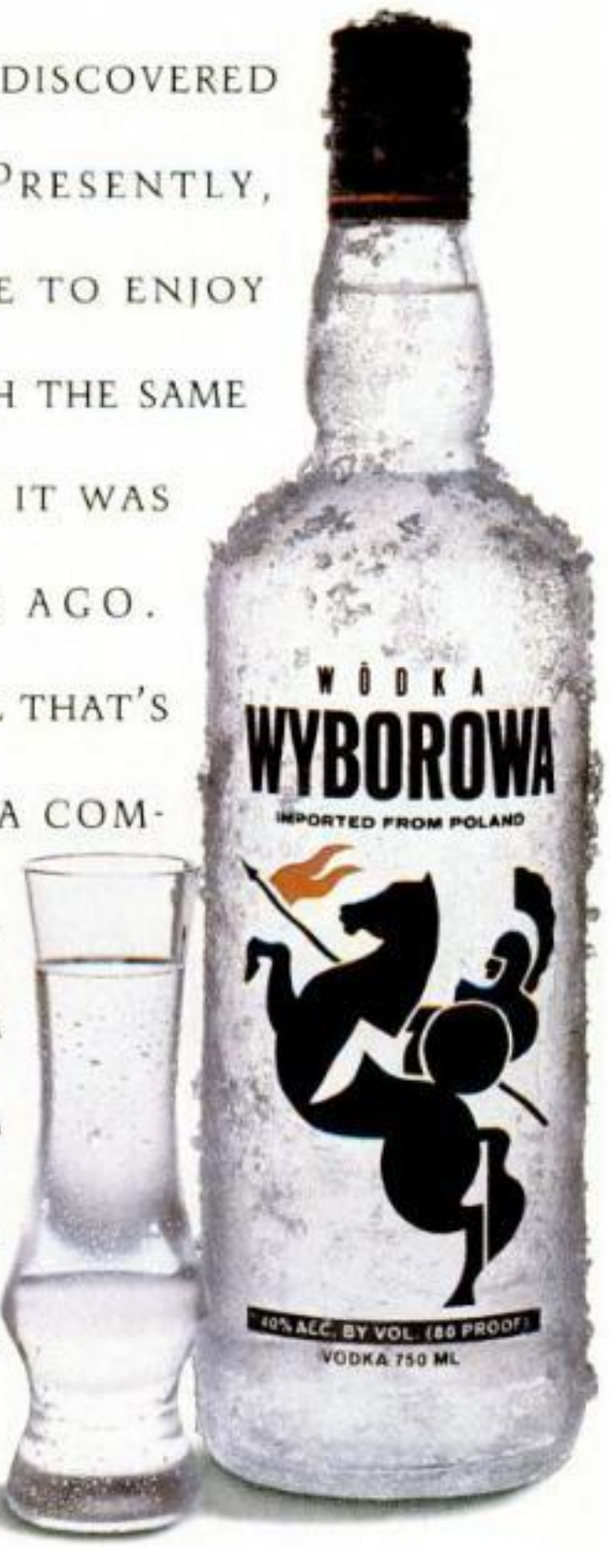
THE FLAT EARTH, OAT BRAN AND POLISH VODKA.

The time: centuries ago. The prevailing belief: the earth was flat. There were plagues. And oat bran was still a few hundred years away. On the plus side, oat bran was still a good few hundred years away. You could buy a pretty nifty castle for $132.00. And there was Polish vodka. Wyborowa. (Vee-ba-rova.) First distilled centuries ago. And legendary ever since. A typical Polish repast back then, for example, might include borscht, jellied carp, roast pork, Polish sausage, quail eggs. And dessert? Polish pastries.





All of which was topped off with, of course, Wyborowa. Why has it flourished since the earth was flat? Taste it. You will find it ineffably smooth. A result of a triple-distilling process used centuries ago. Before they discovered shortcuts. Presently, it's still possible to enjoy Wyborowa in much the same manner in which it was enjoyed ages ago. Straight. All that's required is a comfortable chair, a clean glass and a bottle of said vodka. The quail eggs are optional.



"Vee-ba-rova" vodka from Poland. Enjoyed for centuries straight.

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"If Machiavelli were to write his book today, he'd call it *The Lab Chief*"

—a former colleague of Dr. Robert Gallo's

In Tysons Corner, Virginia, in 1985, a woman was buying a car. When she mentioned to the salesman that she was a scientist, he told her a story about a neighbor of his, a scientist as well, who had recently complained at a cocktail party that he had been cheated out of a Nobel Prize in Medicine. A few years later the same woman was chatting with a man who did landscaping for her. He happened to say that one of his clients had said he'd been cheated out of *two* Nobel Prizes. The client had won lots of other prizes, though, and each time he won one and got the prize money, he called up the landscaper and had some yard work done. The unlucky scientist in both cases was Dr. Robert Gallo, ex-discoverer of the AIDS virus. As a lab chief at the National Cancer Institute, part of the National Institutes of Health (NIH), in Bethesda, Maryland, Gallo is probably the best-known AIDS researcher in the world. He is usually called, albeit erroneously, "codiscoverer of the AIDS virus." The *Who's Who* entry he wrote for himself modestly lists only 23 of the roughly 80 prizes he has won in his 25-year career, such as the American Cancer Society's Medal of Honor, the Griffuel prize of the Association for Cancer Research, the General Motors Charles S. Mott Medal, honorary citizenship from the Italian city of Ravello and, most impressive, two Lasker Awards, the most prestigious American award in biomedical research. No one else has received two Lasker Awards, a fact Gallo himself mentions rather more often than is absolutely necessary. *People*, in one of its lazier cover stories, named Gallo one of "The Thirty Hardest Working Celebs," along with Barbara Cartland, Cyndi Lauper and Menudo. "The search for a desperately needed AIDS vaccine keeps the top medical sleuth in his laboratory . . . 72 hours a week," the magazine said. Last October *Newsweek* called him one of America's 25 "leading innovators." That may have been the zenith of Gallo's career arc. A month after *Newsweek*'s salute, just after Gallo had a special audience with the pope, the *Chicago Tribune* published a book-length special supplement by Pulitzer-winning reporter John Crewdson called "The Great AIDS Quest," which detailed the discovery of the AIDS virus, focusing on Gallo's role. Crewdson exhaustively investigated what many in the scientific community and the gay press had been saying for years, and his piece made it clear that Gallo's main claim to fame—his "codiscovery" of the AIDS virus—was not valid, and probably fraudulent: the virus that Gallo put forth in 1984 as the cause of AIDS was not an independent discovery but merely a copy of a virus sample sent to him nine months earlier by cooperative French scientists at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. In the three-year battle for credit and patents that followed, the French were shown to be the rightful discoverers, despite the politically maneuvered "amicable" agreement to split the credit for the discovery between the two countries. Though the *Tribune* piece provoked investigations of Gallo by the NIH and by Congress (both of which are still going on), most of the nation's newspapers chose to ignore the story. Gallo told a journalist that last

LAB RAT

What AIDS Researcher Dr. Robert Gallo Did in Pursuit of the

by Seth Roberts

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Nobel Prize, and What He Didn't Do in Pursuit of a Cure for AIDS

Credit where credit isn't due: Gallo doing what he does best, this time at the 1986 international AIDS conference in Paris

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winter someone from *The New York Times*, in a perfect expression of journalistic distance, sent him a note with the reassuring message *Don't worry, we won't pick up the* Tribune *piece.* Meanwhile, Gallo will chair a seminar and give an invitational address at this summer's Sixth International Conference on AIDS in San Francisco.

What the *Chicago Tribune* report did not emphasize is that in the midst of the AIDS epidemic, Gallo's self-interested bid for glory has had a terrible human cost: by refusing to acknowledge the significance of the French scientists' earlier discoveries, he delayed the introduction of a widely available blood test for the AIDS virus by about a year. During that year thousands of hospital patients and hemophiliacs received tainted blood from blood banks and became infected, and many of the already infected unwittingly spread the virus. And Gallo slowed down AIDS research in other ways: he made it difficult for the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and fellow researchers to obtain necessary supplies and samples of virus, and most damaging of all, as the *Tribune* showed, he published a vast amount of incorrect data and misleading conclusions. Interviews with 40 of Gallo's colleagues and peers indicate that his egomaniacal performance did not surprise those who know him well. As a scientist who once worked in his lab puts it, Gallo was known for "this sort of unscrupulous behavior ten years before HIV [the AIDS virus] ever came along. When the stakes got higher, he was capable of doing anything. The stakes became too high."

MOST PUBLIC COMMENTS ABOUT ROBERT Gallo sound like excerpts from a particularly fulsome, over-the-top eulogy. According to Dani Bolognesi, an AIDS researcher at Duke University, he is "without doubt one of the great scientists of our time." Samuel Broder, a cancer researcher and Gallo's boss at NIH, told *The Washington Post* that Gallo has "influenced things in our lives to an incalculable degree. Einstein, Freud—I'd put him on a list like that, I really would." Flossie Wong-Staal, who recently left Gallo's lab for an endowed chair in AIDS research at the University of California at San Diego, bid up even that assessment. "First came God, then came Gallo," she told the *Los Angeles Times.*

The National Institutes of Health, where Gallo presides over a lab of some 50 scientists and a budget of $13 million, has been described by its current overseer, Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis Sullivan, as "the cutting edge of science." It has been described by past and present employees as a "den of thieves" and as being "full of mediocrities." In its quantity of intrigue and capricious purges, it resembles a "medieval Italian town," says one former employee. He adds, "I'm surprised somebody hasn't killed someone there."

Few of the NIH's thousands of scientists have anything like tenure. "You know if you don't leave in harmony with your former boss, your chances of succeeding outside are practically zero," says one scientist there, adding, "It's hard to be an honest person in this place." She knew three employees who committed suicide. But this culture of unremitting servitude is apparently not enough for Gallo, who once told a lab member that he likes to hire foreigners because if they don't do what he wants, he can deport them.

This is the world of Gallo's ascension. It is a world that encourages certain personality traits. Gallo is described as charming by many ("especially when he wanted something from you," adds one co-worker) and as crude by a few (in an elevator one day Gallo said, "Look at those knockers," and he has a penchant for making middle-of-the-night prank phone calls to his competitors). Nobody denies that he is relentlessly competitive. This part of his personality is evident "in virtually every aspect of everything he ever did," says David Gillespie, who worked in Gallo's lab for eight years—hardly an overstatement about a man who, at a lab party, was observed arguing strenuously with an eight-year-old girl over who had the better handwriting.

His shelves of awards notwithstanding, Gallo told the *Chicago Tribune*, "I'm not rewarded by my scientific peers," a state of affairs he attributes to "their own inadequacies." If the top rung of the ladder of American scientific success is the Nobel, the one just below it is membership in the National Academy of Sciences. It is a sign of the relative integrity of the National Academy that Gallo was not admitted until 1988 (six years after he won his first Lasker), and even then, only through a special nomination process. He had been rejected a half dozen times and had taken the rejections very hard. Each year, after being turned down again, he would be absent from his lab for a few days. When he returned sulkily to work, he would say, "Fifteen bastard votes short," or whatever the supposedly confidential result had been. He would attribute the result, as he attributes much of the bad news in his life, to his "enemies."

Gallo would bring the supposedly confidential Leukemia Society grant proposals back to his lab and say to his employees, *Here are their ideas—work on them*

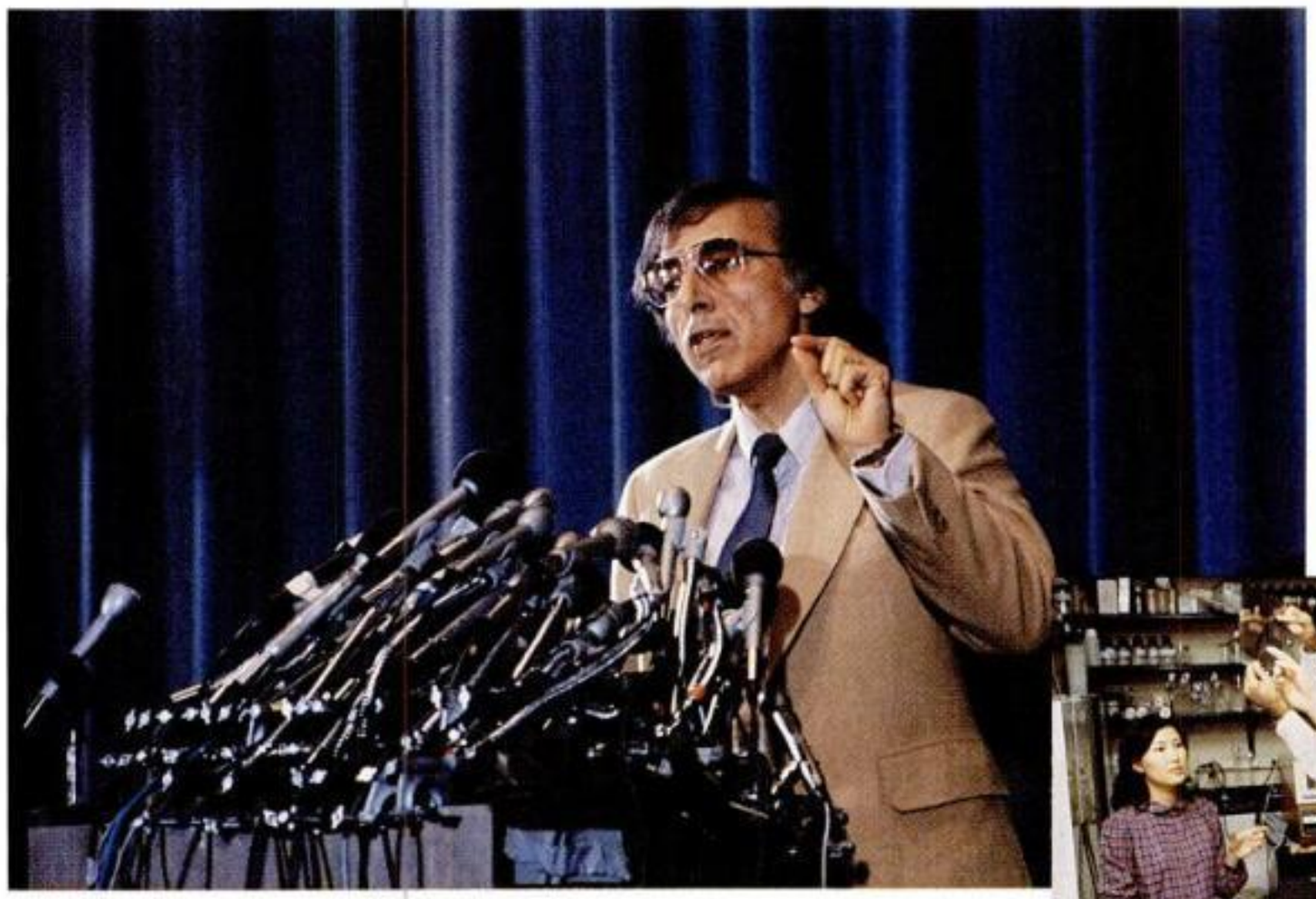
After he became a member of the National Academy and won his second Lasker in 1986, he made no secret of the fact that there was still room on his awards shelf. As cancer researcher Peter Duesberg puts it, "It is not hard to get Gallo to talk about a Nobel Prize." It isn't a recent obsession. In 1974 Gallo tried to recruit one scientist with the line "Don't you want to be able to say you were in a lab that won a Nobel Prize?" and in 1980 he asked one scientist joining his lab, "What are you going to do to win me a Nobel Prize?"

This fixation comes up so often in Gallo's conversation that it's practically a

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rhetorical device. When an NIH review committee decided against promoting Gallo's former mistress and lab employee Flossie Wong-Staal because Gallo was a coauthor on all of her papers, he called the head of the committee at home. After ranting for a while, he said, *Of course Flossie did all this molecular biology herself; if the committee really thought I did all this molecular biology, then I deserve* two *Nobel Prizes.* It was a foregone conclusion that he deserved one.

Gallo cuts few corners in his Nobel politicking. In the early 1980s his good friend George Klein, a virologist, was on the Nobel committee. At a conference that year, Gallo made sure to have dinner with Klein every night; then someone told Gallo that Klein had been replaced on the committee by the immunologist Hans Wigzell. Gallo dined with Wigzell the very next night. Last year, just before







Science fiction: at home among microphones, Gallo announcing his "discovery" of the AIDS virus in April 1984; chatting with lab associates (including, *left*, Flossie Wong-Staal); and enjoying his proximity to a momentarily slender Elizabeth Taylor, with C. Everett Koop and Luc Montagnier

the *Tribune* piece appeared, Gallo contacted two congressional investigators looking into financial misdeeds by one of his employees. He complained about recent news stories, saying that the damage to his image might cost him a Nobel Prize.

A RESEARCHER IN GALLO'S LAB ONCE TOLD THE BOSS THAT EINSTEIN WAS HIS favorite scientist; he especially admired Einstein's magnanimity. Gallo replied, "You're naive. Einstein could afford to be magnanimous because he was a genius." The other scientist asked, "You mean magnanimity is good only if you're a genius?" Gallo said, "Yeah, because then you don't have to worry about the competition." Over the years, Gallo's lack of magnanimity has indicated how far from a genius he believes himself to be.

Gallo became well known at the National Cancer Institute with his claim in a 1975 report that he and his lab had discovered a retrovirus—that is, a virus that merges with the cell it infects—which he called HL-23, in human leukemia cells. It was the first virus to be associated with human cancer, and a possible first step toward finding a cure. Gallo called a special Saturday meeting of NCI bigwigs to discuss how to proceed. One man at the meeting recalls, "Gallo and I ended up at the urinal together in the men's room. And he said something like, 'All the most important virus people are here.' He said he felt he had a good chance of getting the Nobel Prize." Major labs around the country were very interested in HL-23, but when they requested samples from Gallo (it is a specific NIH guideline that such materials must be made widely available), he at least once ordered subordinates to damage the infected cells before sending them out, to make them useless for research. He justified this behavior to co-workers on the grounds that he was more frank with his competitors than they were with him. It was about this time that Richard Nixon resigned, and David Gillespie, then second-in-command at Gallo's lab, was discussing the former president with his boss. "I was saying what a lousy president Nixon was, because he put the ends ahead of the means," says Gillespie. "I said it didn't matter to Nixon how he got where he was going; as long as he got there, he felt he was justified. Gallo looked at me, and he said basically that I didn't understand the real world. He said, 'Nixon did *exactly* the right thing. It's unfortunate that he got caught.'"

Alas, Gallo's exciting HL-23 results could not be repeated, either by his lab or by others, and the phrase *human tumor virus* was replaced among scientists by *human rumor virus.* A cure for cancer was not imminent after all.

And, of course, there was no Nobel for Gallo, who remained then, as always, obsessed with his competitors. He often discussed strategy with Gillespie, and how to effectively orchestrate scientific conferences was a pet concern. "If [Gallo] could get one guy from our lab to talk before [his main competitor, Sol] Spiegelman, and somebody else to talk after Spiegelman, and then, while Spiegelman's talking, we'd have somebody ask him a question he couldn't answer—then Gallo would look good. We used to spend a huge amount of time worrying about these positioning things," Gillespie says.

Gallo did not confine his competitiveness to other big, well-funded labs. For a few years he reviewed grant proposals for the Leukemia Society of America. But each year, Gallo would bring the proposals—which, of course, were supposed to be confidential—back to Bethesda and, at a Monday-morning meeting, pass them out to the people in his lab working in related areas. *Here are their ideas*, Gallo would say. *Work on them.* ("I've never known

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him to have an idea that didn't come from someone else," says a former co-worker.) Most scientists would be repelled by such underhandedness, but the people in Gallo's lab went through a process of adaptation and selection. Only the weak survived: Gallo was surrounded by yes-people.

NIH lab chiefs themselves go through a similar process of adaptation and selection, but with an emphasis on different traits. Gallo is fond of participant sports, and as someone in his lab delicately told *People*, "Gallo doesn't just like to win, he insists on winning." According to another lab member, "With something as friendly as a lab softball game, he'd be dirty—he'd kick you in the balls if he thought he was going to lose." Another employee says that when Gallo was losing at tennis, "he would start to deliberately call the lines wrong on *your* side of the net. He'd hit a ball six feet out, and he'd say, 'That isn't out, that's in.' He argues and rants and raves so long, you let him have it."

EVEN AS IT BECAME CLEARER AND CLEARER that Gallo had not discovered the AIDS virus but merely copied it from the French ("I think science always builds on the discoveries of other people, doesn't it?" Gallo told SPY), his detractors still did not completely write him off. "If he didn't discover the AIDS virus, he still discovered IL-2," they would say, or "He still discovered HTLV-1," the first known virus convincingly associated with human cancer. The AIDS virus mix-up might have been an accident, a case of laboratory contamination, wherein a virus somehow makes its way from one petri dish to another—"an honest mistake," says Beatrice Hahn, a former Gallo employee.

In the late 1970s the discovery of IL-2, a molecule important in the immune system, occurred despite Gallo's efforts to ignore it. Doris Morgan, a researcher in Gallo's lab, stumbled on a way to grow certain white blood cells. When she presented her results at a weekly lab meeting, Gallo was unimpressed. Others in the lab, however, encouraged her to keep working on it, and she continued without Gallo's knowledge. Eventually, with the help of Frank Ruscetti, a cell biologist, the growing cells were identified as T cells—key elements in the immune system. Gallo said that "growing T cells [wouldn't] lead anywhere," and he ordered Morgan and Ruscetti to stop working on that "worthless molecule." Not long after, Morgan was fired, and she remained unemployed for ten months.

After Morgan was canned, Gallo did little with her discovery. Meanwhile, Kendall Smith, a young professor at Dartmouth, started to follow up Morgan's finding. Over the next four years, the Dartmouth lab isolated IL-2, the molecule responsible for the growth that Morgan had observed, and began to determine its role in the immune system. By then Gallo had finally been forced to understand the importance of Morgan's discovery. Ever since, he has claimed credit not only for Morgan and Ruscetti's result (the long-term growth of T cells) but also for the Dartmouth discovery. In the early 1980s Gallo went to a meeting in France where he was asked, "Are you still working with Ruscetti on IL-2?" Gallo reportedly answered that Ruscetti worked for *him* and that *he*, not Ruscetti, was the brains behind the project. When he returned to Bethesda, Gallo was so angry over this imagined slight that he didn't speak to Ruscetti for months.

The official chronology of AIDS research, written in 1987 by Gallo and Luc Montagnier, his French rival at the Pasteur Institute, under firm pressure from the French and American governments, states that in 1976 Morgan, Ruscetti and Gallo "discover" IL-2. This is like saying that in 1876 Alexander Graham Bell *invents* the fax machine. When, in 1988, Kendall Smith published a paper in the prestigious journal *Science* that accurately described the discovery of IL-2, Gallo was infuriated and phoned Smith from an AIDS conference in Stockholm. "Kendall, I haven't read it, but people tell me you were not nice to me." (It is a peculiar habit of Gallo's to claim he hasn't read or seen or heard whatever he is vociferously criticizing.) Then Gallo phoned Ruscetti, to whom he had long since stopped speaking, and said, "Frank, we've got to do something about this goddamn Kendall Smith. He's screwing us." The *us* amused Ruscetti. When Gallo couldn't convince Ruscetti to write a letter of complaint to *Science*, he finally got a flunky at an affiliated lab to do it.

Doris Morgan's 1975 "accident" (her word) made it easier to determine what viruses infect T cells, and ultimately led to the discovery of HTLV-1. Gallo's lab had been looking for such viruses without success for years when Bernie Poiesz arrived in 1978 for a postdoctoral fellowship. Within months, with Ruscetti's help, Poiesz found a retrovirus in a patient with lymphoma, a kind of T-cell cancer. It was the first cancer retrovirus isolated from a human. Poiesz and Ruscetti co-wrote a paper reporting their results. When it was nearly finished, Gallo called Ruscetti and said he had a few revisions he wanted to make. Ruscetti said he would get Poiesz and be right over. Gallo said, "No, come alone." When Ruscetti arrived, Gallo said, "You know, Frank, the person in the lab who did the work doesn't always have to be first author." Ruscetti took the conventional view that the person who did most of the work, who had most of the creative input—in this case, Poiesz—should be first author (that is, his name should come first in the byline). Gallo said, "Frank, with an attitude like that you'll never get ahead in life." Ruscetti stood firm; Poiesz was first author.

HTLV-1 was, however, a solution without a problem; it was not at all obvious

When Frank Ruscetti, a key researcher, asked why he was being fired, Gallo replied, "Well, because you're getting too much credit"

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Nobel Savages



With the exception of Jean-Paul Sartre, maybe, everyone would love to win a Nobel Prize. But what does it take? By stipulating that awards should go only "to those who, during the preceding year, shall have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind," demolitions tycoon Alfred Nobel in 1901 staked out award-giving's moral high ground: recipients are rewarded not merely for brilliance but for character as well. Yet as any junior-high-science-fair veteran knows, the smartest, nicest kids with the worthiest, most ingenious projects don't always win; sometimes the guy whose father helps him build the cool-looking model or the one with the slickest oral presentation beats out the mumbly whiz kid. While self-nomination disqualifies you for a Nobel, the rules say nothing about a little self-promotion. For example:


BURGESS


GALE


HAMMER


NIXON


REAGAN


WIESEL

Anthony Burgess: A recent work of the hugely talented author of *A Clockwork Orange* concerned nuclear war and peace. Critic George Steiner has described him as one who has "written 'toward Stockholm.'"

Dr. Hector DeLuca: Despite the fact that his research on how vitamin D works in the human body was shown to be fraudulent, he is known for boasting to colleagues that the Nobel Prize for Medicine will one day be his.

Dr. Robert Gale: A man with abundant talents in both medicine and hustle, he made an ostentatious beeline for the Soviet Union after the Chernobyl accident. While he saved a number of lives, he also found time for a little unembarrassed self-promotion—such as jogging in front of news cameras every day—in an effort, it seemed, to make himself a Peace Prize contender.

Armand Hammer: The lifelong sycophant-to-the-Soviets and admitted felon maintains a file of nominating letters and is a perennial Peace Prize candidate. "If [a Nobel] can be bought," former National Security Council head Zbigniew Brzezinski has observed, "his chances of winning are quite high."

Rev. Jesse Jackson: Longs for Martin Luther King Jr.'s stature. His jack-in-the-box appearances at the crisis of the week may plausibly be interpreted as efforts, in part, to position himself as a 1990s Peace Prize winner.

Richard Nixon: In 1973, White House schemer H. R. Haldeman started a letter-writing campaign to support Nixon for the Peace Prize—the Vietnam peace accord was the pretext. Nixon played down his campaign when word leaked that Haldeman was behind it, and the president was further humiliated when the prize was split between Henry Kissinger and North Vietnamese Politburo member Le Duc Tho.

Ronald Reagan: It is widely believed that he expected to share the Peace Prize in 1988 with Mikhail Gorbachev for his work on the Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces (INF) Treaty. When he was passed over, a former Reagan aide said, "Nancy must be wearing black."

Elie Wiesel: Observers believe that simply in order to shut him up, the committee gave in to Wiesel's perpetual, unsubtle campaign (which involved friends' asking congressmen to write letters of nomination for him) and awarded him the Peace Prize in 1986.

—*Michael Hainey*

that the virus had caused the lymphoma. The question of what the virus did was solved by a group of Japanese scientists who were trying to find the cause of an outbreak of a rare form of leukemia in southern Japan. Working independently, they isolated the same virus as Poiesz and Ruscetti and determined that it was the cause of the leukemia. Learning that a retrovirus could cause a disease in humans made it much easier to recognize that AIDS was caused by a retrovirus.

The discovery of HTLV-1 by Gallo's lab is, so far, the most important *real* achievement of Gallo's career. He provided the goal—to find a virus that caused some sort of human cancer, at a time when such a theory was unpopular—and the means with which the virus was found. Poiesz compares the discovery of HTLV-1 to the Celtics' winning an NBA championship: Poiesz was like Larry Bird, actually taking the shots; Ruscetti was like the coach; and Gallo was like the general manager. Yet in the decade that followed, Gallo, who has not done any lab work for years, received almost all the credit. For instance, the Lasker prize committee, with the plantation mentality typical of scientific-award givers, gave Gallo alone a prize for the discovery. And although it was the Japanese, not Gallo, who first associated the virus with cancer, Gallo wrote to a colleague who had asked for an HTLV-1 reading list that "much of the additional work, most of it from Japan, is really not terribly relevant."

All the credit was not enough for Gallo. He also expended enormous energy to corner the market on all future related discoveries. After Poiesz's fellowship in Gallo's lab ended, Poiesz went on to a job at the State University of New York Medical Center in Syracuse. There he applied for a grant to do further research on HTLV-1. Gallo was one of the reviewers of the grant and, in his review, implied that Poiesz wasn't competent to do research on HTLV-1—*the retrovirus Poiesz himself had discovered*. Poiesz phoned Gallo and, in a brief conversation, threatened legal action; Gallo then wrote a new, positive review. Ruscetti fared much worse. Gallo fired him and then worked to prevent him from getting another job. When Ruscetti asked why he was being fired, Gallo replied, "Well, because you're getting too much credit." Last year Gallo told the *Chicago Tribune*, "I tend to be competi-

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tive. I hope to God I don't hurt anybody."

I hope to God I don't hurt anybody. Although someone pivotal in the discovery of IL-2 and HTLV-1 should have been very employable, Ruscetti was unable to get a job. Gallo would write Ruscetti positive letters of recommendation but then, apparently, bad-mouth him over the phone. Many job possibilities fell through. Six months after firing Ruscetti, and days after killing his most recent job offer, Gallo rehired him—because, he told Ruscetti, he felt sorry for him. He then gave Ruscetti nothing to do. "Gallo wanted to bury him, as far as I can see," says one recipient of Gallo's calls. "He didn't want him to surface ever again." (Asked by SPY simply to comment on Ruscetti's career, Gallo got defensive. "I never intervened to harm Frank Ruscetti. I've never, ever been asked about Frank Ruscetti. Maybe his first boss asked me—I'm not sure.") One former co-worker, asked about Gallo's scorched-earth policy, says, "His budget is enormous, and the number of people he has is enormous, and the number of people he collaborates with is enormous, so the fear of one person's leaving the lab and starting competition is ludicrous. Why he would waste such time worrying about it is beyond rational understanding. But he does."

THE APPEARANCE OF AIDS RELEASED Gallo upon the world. "There are few people more important to the immediate future of the public health," wrote David Remnick of Gallo in *The Washington Post* in 1987, and it may have been true. After a long, more or less dormant period during which he terrorized people only in his immediate vicinity, Gallo could now work his special mischief on a wide scale. He was influential for two simple reasons: (a) there were many sick people, and (b) it was automatically understood that a Nobel Prize was at stake, to be won by the person who found the cause of or developed a vaccine for or found a cure for AIDS. Winning the prize was not the same as helping the people.

It was in many ways a good thing that when the AIDS epidemic began, there was at least one experienced, hyperambitious, aggressive retrovirologist ready to search for the cause. Gallo was, from a competitive standpoint, in a terrific position: his lab knew better than any other American lab how to isolate retroviruses from humans, and it had far more money than any other lab in the field. "We were the best human retrovirology lab on earth," says Gallo. It is a testament to Gallo's managerial and scientific ability that with all these advantages he finished no better than third in the race to find the AIDS virus.

Although Gallo is known as the father of human retrovirology, it apparently took a suggestion in 1982 from another scientist, Arthur Levine, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, before he began to consider that AIDS might be caused by a retrovirus. He soon proposed that AIDS was caused by HTLV-1, the leukemia-causing virus to which he had affixed his name. It was an absurd, self-serving idea—a "puerile speculation," according to Joseph Sonnabend, a prominent AIDS researcher, and an idea even Gallo now calls "stupid"—not only because the cancer caused by HTLV-1 (too many T cells) is the opposite of AIDS (too few T cells) but also because there was no detectable AIDS in Japan, where the HTLV-1 virus infected at least a million people. Gallo's reaction to this objection was that, well, maybe the Japanese responded differently to the virus. Amazingly, the scientific community bought Gallo's line. Though Sonnabend found no HTLV-1 in AIDS patients, in 1983 he could not get a paper published reporting this result. Gallo, meanwhile, claimed that he *had* detected HTLV-1 in cells from an AIDS patient. Another AIDS researcher, who had been working with homosexual patients, had been trying to do the same thing without success, and he wondered whether the discrepancy between his results and Gallo's was due to a difference in the risk group studied. *Was your patient a Haitian?* he asked Gallo. *A hemophiliac?* "It was a fucking fag," said Gallo.

It was Francoise Barré, Jean-Claude Chermann and Luc Montagnier of the Pasteur Institute who actually first isolated the AIDS virus. When the group sent a paper to *Science* in April 1983 describing their early results—isolation of the virus from one patient with swollen lymph glands—Gallo, who reviewed the paper for *Science* before publication, added a sentence to the introduction. It stated that the French virus "appears to be a member of the human T-cell leukemia virus (HTLV) family." The main text of the paper said no such thing.

Because the French had isolated the virus from only one patient, it was still not clear that the virus caused the disease, and other scientists continued to search for other causes. Jim Mullins, a young biologist at Harvard, working with cells he had got from the CDC, had found considerable evidence for an AIDS-associated virus. When Mullins mentioned his results at a CDC meeting in July 1983, Gallo exploded at him, complaining nonsensically that Mullins had gone behind his back. *You ingrate! You only have your grant because of me*, screamed Gallo during a 45-minute public rant. Mullins says, "[Gallo] thought I might have found the virus." The CDC, fearing Gallo's wrath, stopped sending Mullins the cells he needed, thereby delaying his research for many months. Commenting on his tantrum, Gallo floats the explanation that somehow Mullins prevented *him* from getting supplies. "I was disturbed that we weren't getting any donor-matched blood samples," he says, adding, "This is the truth; that is true; that's the way it is; that is true."

In the 1980s Gallo's collaborations with not-very-distinguished AIDS researchers from Sweden—land of Nobel—became a joke among other scientists

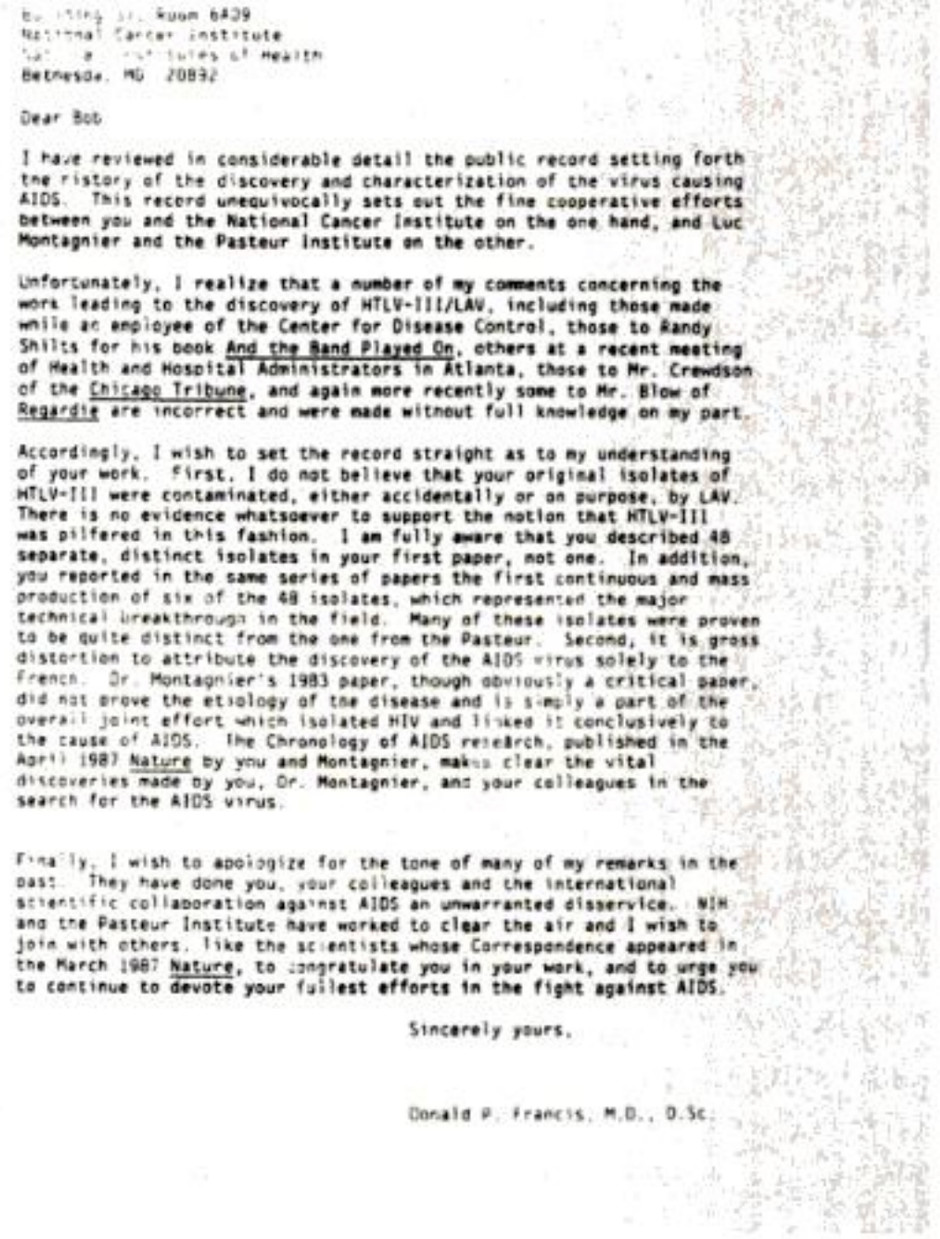
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The same summer Gallo raged at Mullins for his progress, Gallo's lab requested a sample of the virus the French had discovered. When it arrived, researchers tested it and established that it was not HTLV-1, Gallo's pet virus. The turning point in the search for the cause of AIDS came a couple of months later, at a scientific meeting at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory on Long Island. Montagnier presented more results: he showed conclusively that the French virus and HTLV-1 were not closely related, and he provided more evidence that the French virus did indeed cause AIDS. Though one eminent scientist told Montagnier, "You've probably got it," Gallo was bitterly critical of the French hypothesis during the question period after the talk, saying that there was "no way it could be true." Without Gallo's support most of the scientific community was not convinced by the French results.

In spite of his public skepticism, Gallo was in fact terribly worried that the French had beaten him. Moreover, the case for Gallo's HTLV was looking worse and worse. His lab requested another sample of the French virus. A friend of Francoise Barré's asked a scientist in Gallo's lab whether they should go ahead and send it. The scientist was not reassuring: "You're absolutely crazy. He'll steal you blind." But they sent it anyway. "[Montagnier] really thought Gallo was a great scientist and would help him," says a former Gallo employee. Once the French virus arrived, Gallo's lab got it to grow. With the knowledge thus gained, according to one source, the Gallo researchers were able to isolate other examples of the same type of virus from AIDS patients. But the French virus grew best—and it was the French virus that Gallo's lab used for their research. Gallo's lab notes, obtained by the *Chicago Tribune*, show that the French virus was renamed a couple of times, apparently to hide the fact that it was being used. Gallo later claimed that the French virus didn't grow. In February 1984, Jean-Claude Chermann asked Mikulas Popovic, Gallo's chief virologist, what had happened to the samples of virus that had been sent. "I cannot speak," Popovic replied. "Only the boss can speak."







Bu ilding 31, Room 6A09
National Cancer Institute
[illegible] Institutes of Health
Bethesda, MD 20892

Dear Bob

I have reviewed in considerable detail the public record setting forth the history of the discovery and characterization of the virus causing AIDS. This record unequivocally sets out the fine cooperative efforts between you and the National Cancer Institute on the one hand, and Luc Montagnier and the Pasteur Institute on the other.

Unfortunately, I realize that a number of my comments concerning the work leading to the discovery of HTLV-III/LAV, including those made while an employee of the Center for Disease Control, those to Randy Shilts for his book And the Band Played On, others at a recent meeting of Health and Hospital Administrators in Atlanta, those to Mr. Crewdson of the Chicago Tribune, and again more recently some to Mr. Blow of Regardie are incorrect and were made without full knowledge on my part.

Accordingly, I wish to set the record straight as to my understanding of your work. First, I do not believe that your original isolates of HTLV-III were contaminated, either accidentally or on purpose, by LAV. There is no evidence whatsoever to support the notion that HTLV-III was pilfered in this fashion. I am fully aware that you described 48 separate, distinct isolates in your first paper, not one. In addition, you reported in the same series of papers the first continuous and mass production of six of the 48 isolates, which represented the major technical breakthrough in the field. Many of these isolates were proven to be quite distinct from the one from the Pasteur. Second, it is gross distortion to attribute the discovery of the AIDS virus solely to the French. Dr. Montagnier's 1983 paper, though obviously a critical paper, did not prove the etiology of the disease and is simply a part of the overall joint effort which isolated HIV and linked it conclusively to the cause of AIDS. The Chronology of AIDS research, published in the April 1987 Nature by you and Montagnier, makes clear the vital discoveries made by you, Dr. Montagnier, and your colleagues in the search for the AIDS virus.

Finally, I wish to apologize for the tone of many of my remarks in the past. They have done you, your colleagues and the international scientific collaboration against AIDS an unwarranted disservice. NIH and the Pasteur Institute have worked to clear the air and I wish to join with others, like the scientists whose Correspondence appeared in the March 1987 Nature, to congratulate you in your work, and to urge you to continue to devote your fullest efforts in the fight against AIDS.

Sincerely yours,

Donald P. Francis, M.D., D.Sc.

Pen pal: *above*, the fake fan letter—written *by* Gallo *to* Gallo—that he tried to make AIDS researcher Don Francis sign; *left*, the doctor working out some excess hypercompetitiveness at volleyball

The following spring, *Science* published four papers from Gallo's lab, the four papers on which Gallo's celebrity as an AIDS hero mainly rests. "Getting one paper in *Science* is a lot," Gallo crowed. "Getting two is fantastic. Getting three is a record. We had four at one time." The first paper reported the isolation of a so-called new virus from AIDS patients. Deliberate or not, this was viral plagiarism: Gallo's lab had simply copied the French virus. The second paper declared that the new virus had been "isolated from a total of 48 subjects," a finding that would go far toward proving that the virus caused the disease. This was wishful thinking: examination of the lab notes by the *Chicago Tribune* found no trace of these 48 isolates. Not until the spring of 1985—a year later—did Gallo ship to other labs any viruses besides the one he had copied from the French. The main conclusion of the third paper was that the new virus was "a true member of the HTLV family" and thus connected with Gallo's previous work. A proud would-be father, Gallo named it HTLV-3B. But this too was wishful thinking: in 1986 a nomenclature committee, of which Gallo was a member, decided that the AIDS virus was no more closely related to members of the HTLV family than to any other retrovirus. Gallo refused to sign the committee's final report and for a full year, like a pouty child, refused to adopt the new name (HIV) it chose for the virus.

Gallo's final, triumphant 1984 *Science* paper described a blood test for the virus. Although the French team had come up with a clearly superior test four months earlier, the Gallo test was nevertheless patented in the U.S. and was eventually used to screen millions of pints of blood, earning Gallo personally hundreds of thousands of dollars. The similarities between the French test and the Gallo test led to a lengthy multimillion-dollar legal battle that helped delay the test's availability.

Just before the publication of the *Science* papers, then–secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler held a press conference starring Gallo. She proclaimed, "Today we add a new miracle to the long honor roll of American medicine and science"—a bit of puffery not quite consistent with Gallo's current claim that he and Heckler gave the French "full credit."

Lab notes obtained by the *Tribune* show that by the time of the press conference, Gallo's lab knew his virus and the French virus were not different viruses.

Soon after this Gallo began saying he had isolated the HIV virus as early as November 1982—six months before the French announced their results—"but couldn't analyze [it] in a way I would have wanted my name attached to." There is no data to support this claim. Though Gallo tried to prevent other researchers from comparing the two viruses (even telling one scientist he didn't "have the right" to compare them), the comparisons were eventually made anyway. The first was

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published in 1985. It showed that independent virus samples differed by roughly 10 percent but that the Gallo virus and the French virus differed by only 2 percent. Gallo said the similarity might be because "the individuals from whom these isolates were derived acquired the virus at a similar time and place," which made about as much sense as two students' saying that maybe their term papers were identical because they had studied together.

But Gallo had the press in his pocket. Even after Joseph Sonnabend pointed out the suspicious similarity between Gallo's virus and the French virus at a New York AIDS press conference in 1985, journalists continued to call Gallo codiscoverer of the AIDS virus. To this day, Gallo feels that "the high-level press has been very intelligent" about him.

Despite the "intelligence" of the press, the story that Gallo's virus was just a knockoff of the French virus began slowly to spread. And Gallo, naturally, tried to suppress it. His curious relationship with Michael Koch, a Swedish epidemiologist, shows just how wacky and manic his modus operandi had become. Gallo first met Koch, who was working on a book about AIDS, in 1983, and when Gallo learned that Koch was from Sweden—land of Nobel—he suddenly became very friendly (around this time, Gallo's curiously chummy collaborations with not-very-distinguished Swedish AIDS researchers became a joke among other scientists). However, when Gallo figured out that Koch had taken the side of the French and that his forthcoming book (*AIDS: From Molecule to Pandemic*) was not going to toe the Gallo line, he phoned a number of Koch's acquaintances all over Europe. What he told them can be summed up by his description of Koch to a German newspaper—"that fucking idiot." When Koch wrote Gallo, informing him that someone had taped one of his nasty phone calls, Gallo called all of Koch's acquaintances back in a frenzy—what a phone bill!—to tell them to disregard what he had said earlier. But his memory was faulty, and apparently he ended up calling some people whom he hadn't called before.

Koch's book appeared in Swedish in 1985. At a 1987 meeting in Geneva, after a long, strangely friendly conversation with Koch, Gallo suddenly changed tacks. In the manner of a James Bond villain, he took an envelope from his pocket and told Koch, "Here I have a five-step program to destroy you." Then he put the envelope away and added that neither of them would gain anything by fighting. Even after this odd bit of theater, the following year Gallo, worried about the English translation of Koch's book, convinced Robert Windom, assistant secretary for Health, and Ronald Robertson, general counsel for the Department of Health and Human Services, to write a threatening letter to Koch's publisher in West Germany.

The truth about his "discovery" of the AIDS virus reached a wider American audience with the publication in 1987 of Randy Shilts's book, *And the Band Played On*. Though this exposé of Gallo received little play, Gallo reacted by shifting into his familiar ballistic-telephoning mode. He blasted Shilts to anyone who would listen, with the curious charge that Shilts had not interviewed him. In truth, Shilts had not only interviewed him but had done so on tape. (Gallo, of course, said he hadn't read the book.) When a *Time* magazine fact checker working on a review of the Shilts book called the NIH, a press spokesman there said, "Yeah, everybody here believes [Gallo] stole the virus."

Gallo decided that a prominent AIDS researcher at the CDC named Don Francis was responsible for Shilts's unflattering portrait. In 1988 Francis received from Gallo a letter, written by and addressed to Gallo, affirming that Gallo was the discoverer of the AIDS virus. It was complete except for the signature—Don Francis's name was typed in at the bottom [see page 77]. Gallo gave Francis 48 hours to sign it. After 24 hours with no response, Gallo phoned Francis and, when he learned that the researcher wouldn't sign, "went bananas," says Francis.

A man who has been called a four-year-old by his peers, Gallo is a master of the ad hominem attack. When asked by *Spin* magazine about Peter Duesberg, a virologist who disagrees with him about whether HIV causes AIDS, Gallo said, "[Duesberg] comes to meetings with guys with leather jackets and the hair and so on in the middle. I mean that's a little bit odd. Doesn't it speak of something funny?" In private, Gallo said that Duesberg objected to his ideas only because Duesberg was gay and/or mentally disturbed—descriptions Gallo has applied to many people he fears or dislikes.

In the manner of a James Bond villain, Gallo took an envelope from his pocket and said to a dissenting scientist, "Here I have a five-step program to destroy you"

True to his school-yard-bully persona, Gallo does not just pick on people his own size. Last spring the great man gave a lecture at the University of California at Davis. After the usual Gallo presentation, an undergraduate asked a mildly critical question. Gallo's incisive reply: "You think you know more than I do?" Another student wanted to know how much AIDS virus was in the brains of AIDS patients. "A lot," said Gallo. The questioner wondered what *a lot* meant—what percentage of the cells were infected? Gallo's reply: "Do you know what lymphadenopathy is? Can you pronounce it?"

WITHOUT AIDS, GALLO WOULD HAVE BEEN SIMPLY ANOTHER GRASPING, OVERproductive, underscrupulous scientist. Dozens of awards, hundreds of papers,

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thousands of tantrums, a vast phone bill, a ringside seat at the discoveries of IL-2 and HTLV-1, and a handful of derailed careers—that would have been the Gallo legacy. AIDS, however, gave him the chance to really make a difference.

When Gallo heard Luc Montagnier tell the 1983 Cold Spring Harbor conference about his detection of the AIDS virus in a wide range of AIDS patients, he could easily have decided to work with the French rather than against them. It would have taken no special effort for him to return to Bethesda, confirm the French results, publish a quick confirmation in the esteemed British publication *Nature* and put his weight behind the French conclusions. Although he would have lost the race to find the virus, he could have won later races, such as that for the development of a vaccine. A reliable blood test for the virus could have been widely available by the summer of 1984.







Ask Dr. Science: Gallo undergoing some unaccustomed scrutiny at a 1986 AIDS conference; making like a politician with a WORLD AIDS DAY T-shirt; gripping and grinning with his archrival Luc Montagnier two years after their pseudo-friendly agreement to share scientific credit

But as one AIDS researcher says, "Gallo wants to lay first claim on every discovery in the field." When he heard Montagnier's Cold Spring Harbor talk, his lab was not even close to finding the correct virus—something the French had done seven months earlier—and any frank, remotely honest person would have conceded defeat. Not Gallo. As Gallo told SPY, the Cold Spring Harbor news sparked his "competitive instincts." During the squabble for credit that followed, the world was treated to what one researcher calls "an international pissing contest." Because of the delay in Gallo's announcement and the confusion it caused (were the French and American viruses the same or different?), the blood test—the inferior American version—didn't reach the blood banks until the summer of 1985. This is what British virologist Abraham Karpas refers to as "the lost year." During that year thousands of people who received transfusions became infected with HIV and many of them are now dying or dead.

THE NOVEMBER 1989 PUBLICATION OF JOHN CREWDSON'S REMARKABLE "THE Great AIDS Quest" in the *Chicago Tribune* was a milestone in Gallo studies, though the average reader probably had trouble picking out all the threads of Gallo's wrongdoing from among the 50,000 words of scientific detail. But biologists understood it, and they began to see what those in Gallo's lab already knew—that "he would do whatever it takes," as one of them put it. While Crewdson was reporting the article, Gallo complained to his editor a number of times about the writer, accusing Crewdson—who has won a Pulitzer prize and written two well-regarded books—of being a journalistic hit man hired by Gallo's enemies.

Demonstrating a Gallo-like willingness to acknowledge important disclosures, the *Times* mentioned the *Tribune* piece only in a media-beat article called "Do Special Sections Overwhelm Readers?," which noted in its first sentence that "it has become almost a fad" to publish special sections, later described as "boring," "distracting" and "heavily influenced by hopes of winning journalism awards." By then, the *Tribune* piece had prompted two investigations.

Although Gallo, true to form, told a reporter that he hadn't read Crewdson's piece and didn't intend to, he professed to be pleased by it. "I am glad to have the article," he told *Spin*. "It is very interesting, most amusing, and not very serious, although very detailed." In private, however, his response was not so blithe. He phoned Larry Kramer, a founder of ACT-UP, and told him that the *Tribune* article had rendered him emotionally incapable of conducting more research on AIDS.

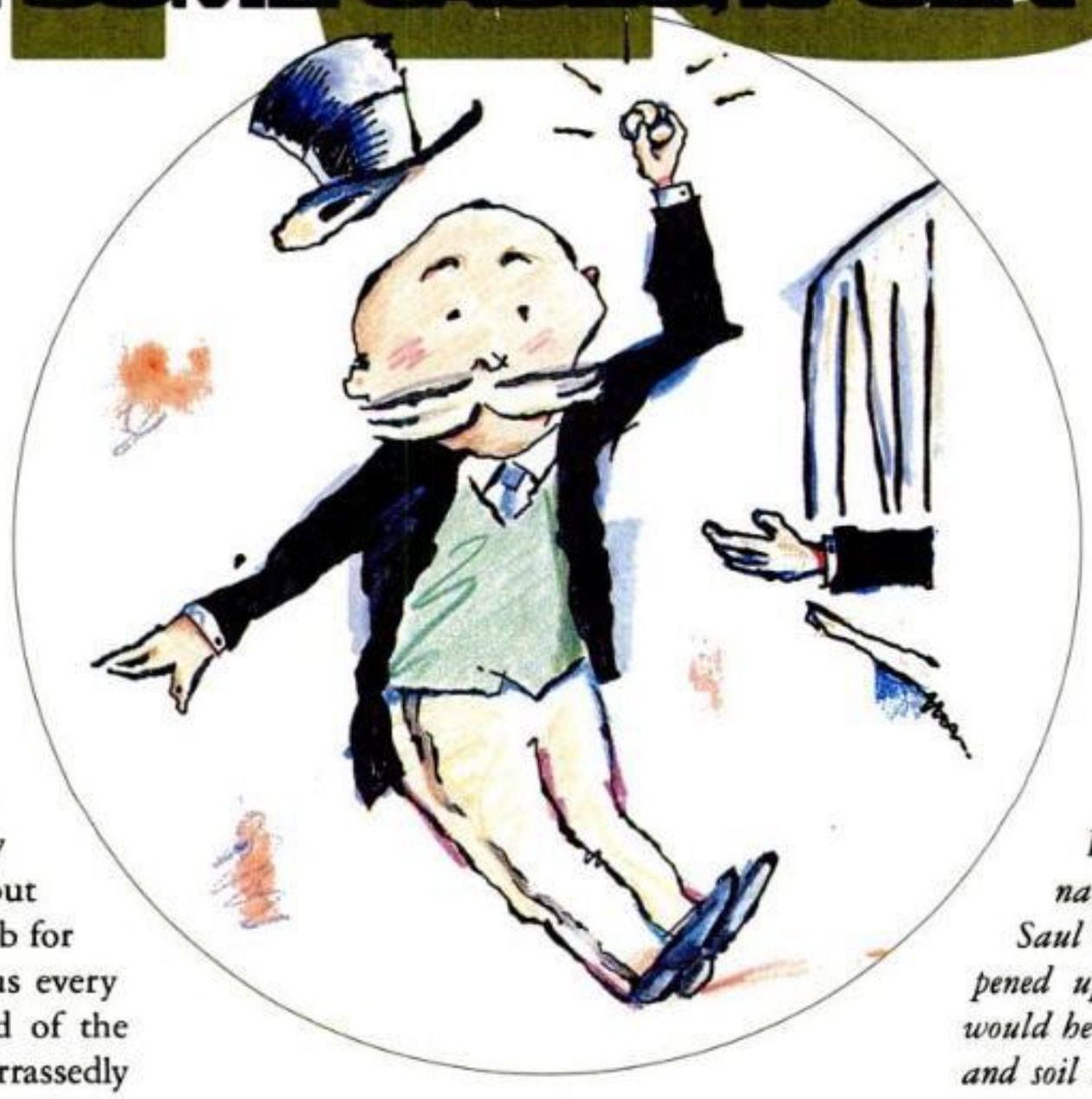
With the announcement in February that the NIH had asked the National Academy of Sciences to help assemble a group of scientists to investigate Gallo—an announcement that went unreported in the *Times*—the last act of Gallo's career has apparently begun. The size and eminence of the panel are unprecedented and show how seriously senior NIH officials take Crewdson's charges, charges that Gallo told SPY he considers "almost anti-American." After the probes were announced, Gallo issued the standard statement: "I have done nothing wrong, and I have no apprehension or anxiety about the review." As Thorstein Veblen was fond of saying, the reason for the denial was the need for it. ◗

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HOW CHEAP ARE THE RICH? AS CHEAP AS THE REST OF US? DO THEY SCOUR THE NETHER REGIONS OF THEIR BARCALOUNGERS FOR LOOSE CHANGE? DO THEY STOCK UP WHEN THEY SEE SLOAN'S HAS A SPECIAL ON CHARMIN? WOULD THEY SUFFER THE MODERATE INCONVENIENCE INVOLVED IN DEPOSITING A CHECK FOR AN ALL-BUT-WORTHLESS SUM OF MONEY? WELL, WE CAN'T ANSWER THE FIRST TWO QUESTIONS, BUT OUR ACCOUNTANCY CORRESPONDENT, **JULIUS LOWENTHAL**, EXAMINED THE THIRD.

every man has his PRICE

IN SOME CASES, 13 CENTS



A MORTIFYING **SPY** EXPERIMENT IN COMPARATIVE CHINTZINESS, FEATURING REAL CHECKS FOR TEENY SUMS ACTUALLY CASHED BY CANDICE BERGEN, BILL BLASS, CHER, MICHAEL DOUGLAS, HENRY KRAVIS, RUPERT MURDOCH, S. I. NEWHOUSE, DONALD TRUMP, MORT ZUCKERMAN AND DOZENS MORE

Yes, it is a mark of immaturity to disrespect the value of a dollar, and while money can't buy happiness, all the people we know tend to be happier when they have money than when they don't. Still, who can help but look askance at the manic grab for cash that we see all around us every day, despite the nominal end of the 1980s: Ronald Reagan unembarrassedly accepting $2 million to glad-hand Japanese businessmen; Ed Koch discrediting his own nascent reputation as a pundit by shilling for the *New York Post*'s Second Chance Lotto; Tip O'Neill debasing himself after years of worthwhile public service by turning huckster for anyone willing to pay at least $50,000. Everybody, it seems, has his price.

But just how money-loving are America's rich and famous? Sure, the megawealthy are forever doing unseemly things to make a buck: engineering hostile takeovers that leave companies hobbled with debt, for example, or erecting huge skyscrapers that crowd and darken already shadowy city streets, or denying their soon-to-be-ex-wives an equitable share of their assets. But do they do the stupid, simple things that we regular folk do? Does your average swell clip supermarket coupons? Does he check the coin slot when placing a call at a pay phone? Does she pick up loose change from the street? We wondered: *If Cher, Bill Cosby, Michael Douglas, Adnan Khashoggi, Shirley MacLaine, Saul Steinberg or Donald Trump happened upon a penny on Fifth Avenue, would he or she take the time to bend over and soil a finger lifting the coin from the street? Suppose it were a quarter? What if it were a buck?* As much as these questions haunted us, we couldn't figure out a way to reckon the answers. After all, we couldn't exactly drop a couple of pennies in front of the Four Seasons and wait to see which prominent skillionaires would stop and retrieve them.

We could, however, send them checks for minuscule sums of money—sums so small they couldn't fund as much as a minute of the recipients' existence—and see who would bother to bank these teensy amounts of money.

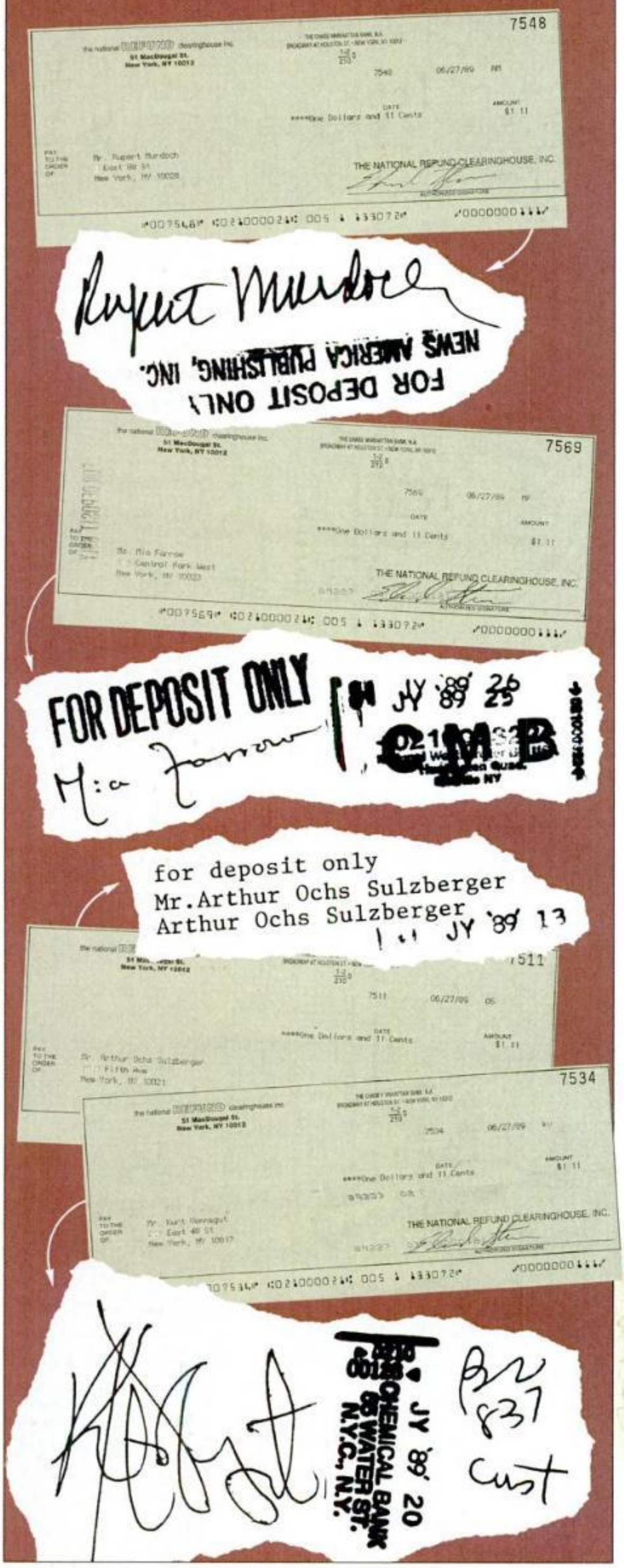
Of course, we'd need a mechanism for giving rich people money—they would get suspicious if we just sent them official SPY checks out of the apparent goodness of our hearts. No, some subterfuge was necessary. Therefore, to get the money into their hands, we created a

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB ECKSTEIN

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THE EVIDENCE

Some of the checks we sent, *below*, along with the signatures of the rich and famous (but evidently parsimonious) who endorsed them



company, the National Refund Clearinghouse, which we fully and legally incorporated in New York State. This enabled us to open a checking account. Thus armed with a mechanism, we needed a pretext. To that end, we drafted a cover letter.

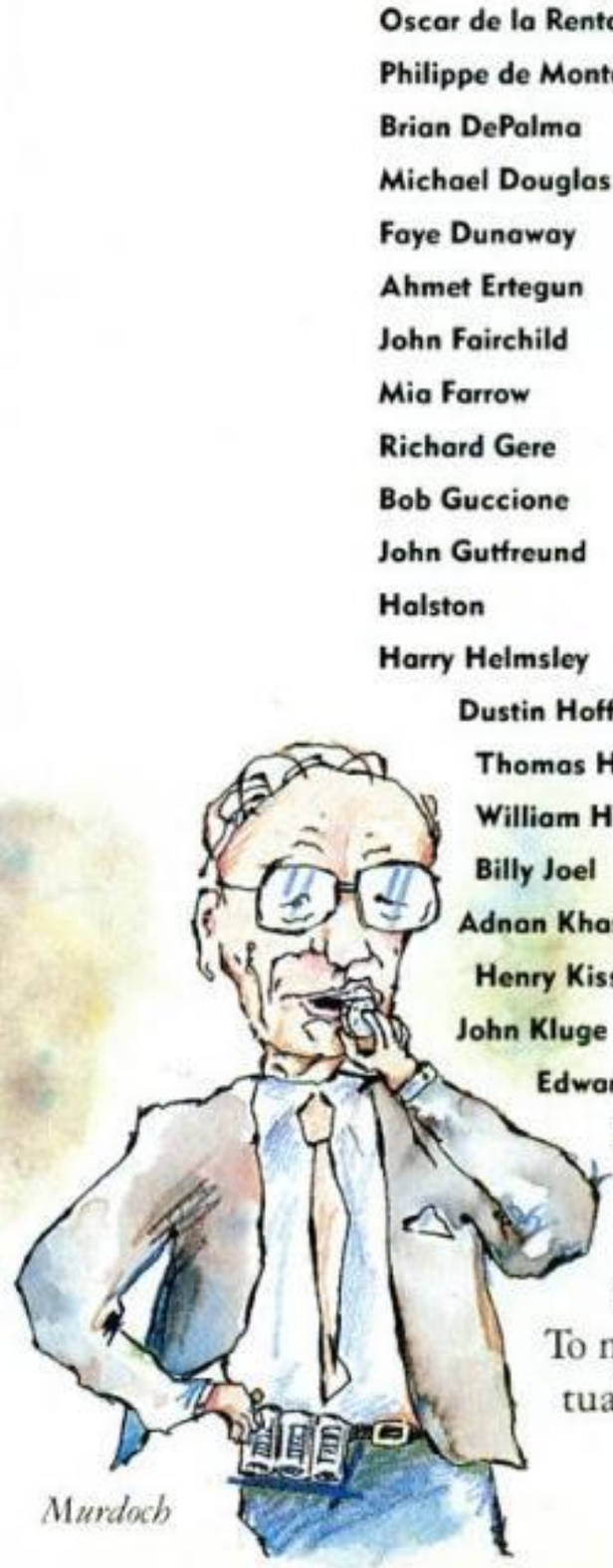
Dear [WEALTHY PERSON'S NAME HERE],

Our records show that you were overcharged $1.11 for services rendered in 1988 due to a computer error. Enclosed is a check to make up the difference. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you.

Sincerely,
Edward Topolansky
Account Manager

That accomplished, we ordered up some suitably cheap stationery, had some suitably unimpressive National Refund Clearinghouse letterhead and checks printed—several of the actual checks are reproduced on these pages—and began giving away money to 58 well-known, well-heeled Americans. We sent these people checks for $1.11:

Woody Allen
Richard Avedon
Candice Bergen
Leonard Bernstein
Bill Blass
Tom Brokaw
William F. Buckley
Cher
Oscar de la Renta
Philippe de Montebello
Brian DePalma
Michael Douglas
Faye Dunaway
Ahmet Ertegun
John Fairchild
Mia Farrow
Richard Gere
Bob Guccione
John Gutfreund
Halston
Harry Helmsley
Dustin Hoffman
Thomas Hoving
William Hurt
Billy Joel
Adnan Khashoggi
Henry Kissinger
John Kluge
Edward Koch
Michael Korda
Henry Kravis
William Kunstler
Ralph Lauren
Arthur Levitt
Arthur Liman
Shirley MacLaine
David Mamet
John McEnroe
Zubin Mehta
Rupert Murdoch
S. I. Newhouse
Mike Nichols
William Paley
Pete Peterson
Christopher Reeve
Steve Ross
Francesco Scavullo
Arthur Schlesinger
Martin Scorsese
Beverly Sills
Carly Simon
Liz Smith
Saul Steinberg
Arthur Ochs Sulzberger
Donald Trump
Kurt Vonnegut
Raquel Welch
Mortimer Zuckerman



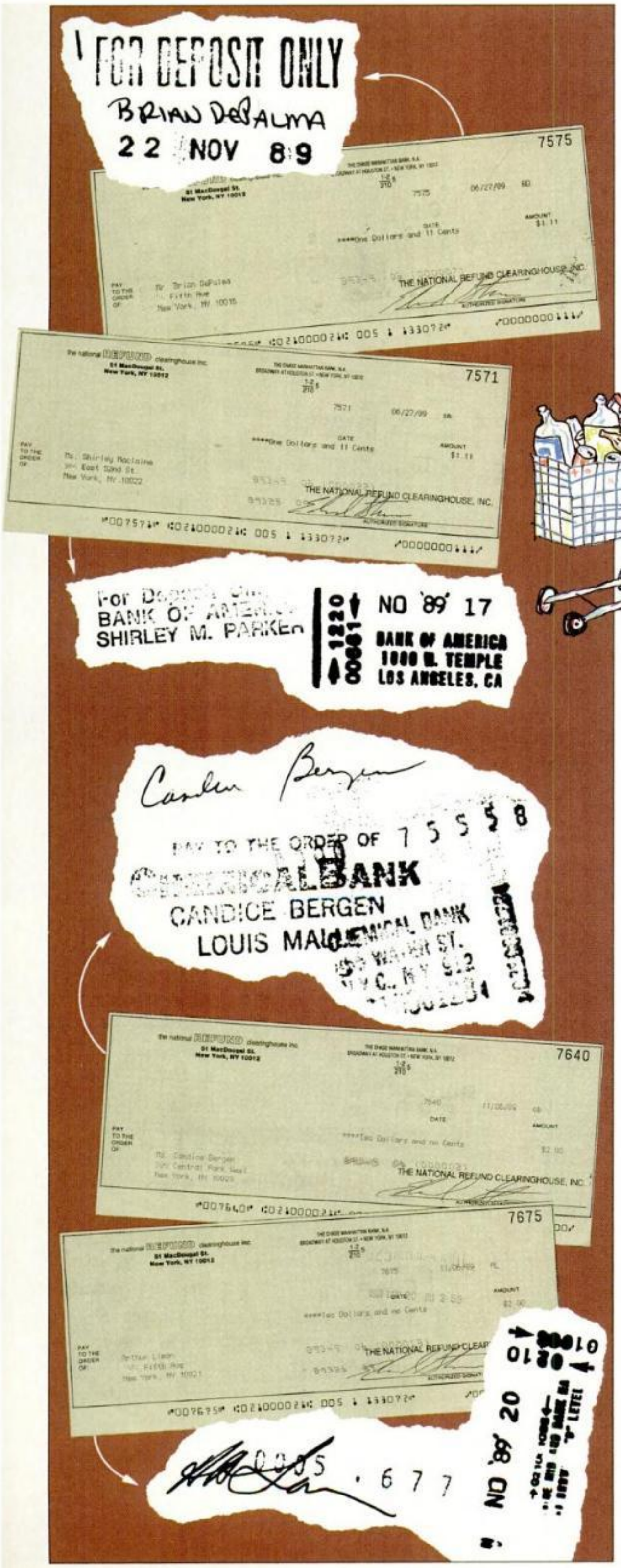
Murdoch

Let's see what happened.

I. SOME OF THEM DEPOSIT THE FIRST PIDDLING CHECK

To make sure that the checks actually reached these people and

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Cher

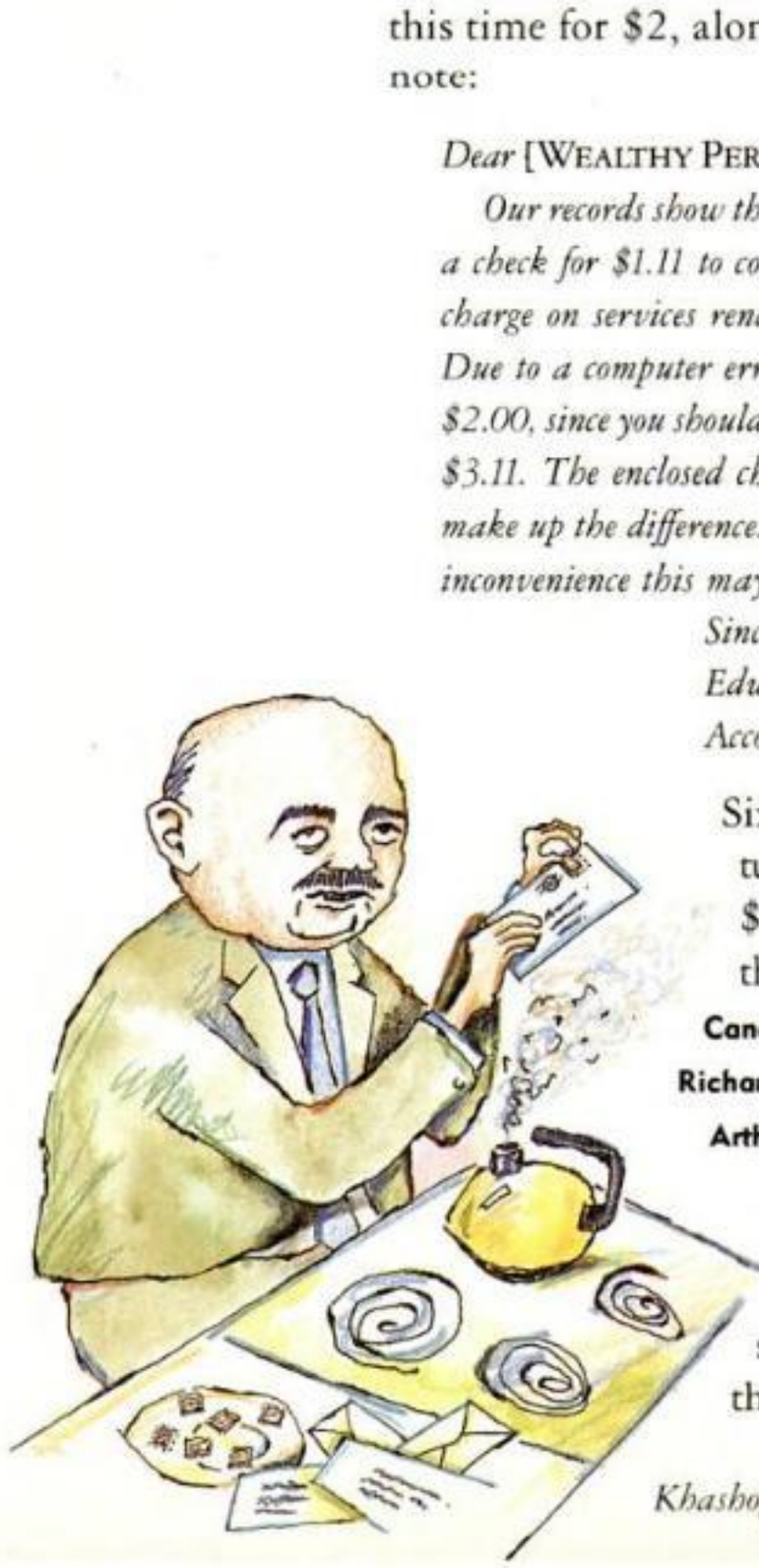
not just their accountants, we sent the letters to their home addresses. Over the next two months, 26 of them—nearly half—deposited the checks. In other words, 26 of America's best-off (and *busiest*) citizens valued at no more than $1.11 the time and labor it took to consider the message, detach the check, endorse it—in some cases personally, by hand—put it in a safe place and deposit it. Those 26 were

Bill Blass
Cher
Philippe de Montebello
Brian DePalma
Michael Douglas
Faye Dunaway
Ahmet Ertegun
Mia Farrow
Harry Helmsley
Thomas Hoving
Adnan Khashoggi
John Kluge
Henry Kravis
William Kunstler
Shirley MacLaine
Rupert Murdoch
S. I. Newhouse
Mike Nichols
Pete Peterson
Steve Ross
Francesco Scavullo
Arthur Schlesinger
Arthur Ochs Sulzberger
Donald Trump
Kurt Vonnegut
Mortimer Zuckerman

II. We raise the ante

As pleased as we were to find 26 prominent people who'd pocket a gift $1.11 with no questions asked, we still wondered about the 32 recipients whose checks hadn't come back. We sweetened the deal by sending these people second checks, this time for $2, along with the following note:

> *Dear* [Wealthy Person's Name Here],
>
> *Our records show that we recently sent you a check for $1.11 to compensate for an overcharge on services rendered to you in 1988. Due to a computer error, we underpaid you $2.00, since you should, in fact, have received $3.11. The enclosed check for $2.00 should make up the difference. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
> *Edward Topolansky*
> *Account Manager*



Khashoggi

Six of those who had turned up their noses at $1.11 jumped in when the offer reached $2:

Candice Bergen **Carly Simon**
Richard Gere **Liz Smith**
Arthur Liman **Saul Steinberg**

So pleased were we by these results that we raised the stakes again and sent the 26 remaining ce-

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lebrities checks for $3.47. Only two additional people capitulated at that amount:

Halston

Beverly Sills

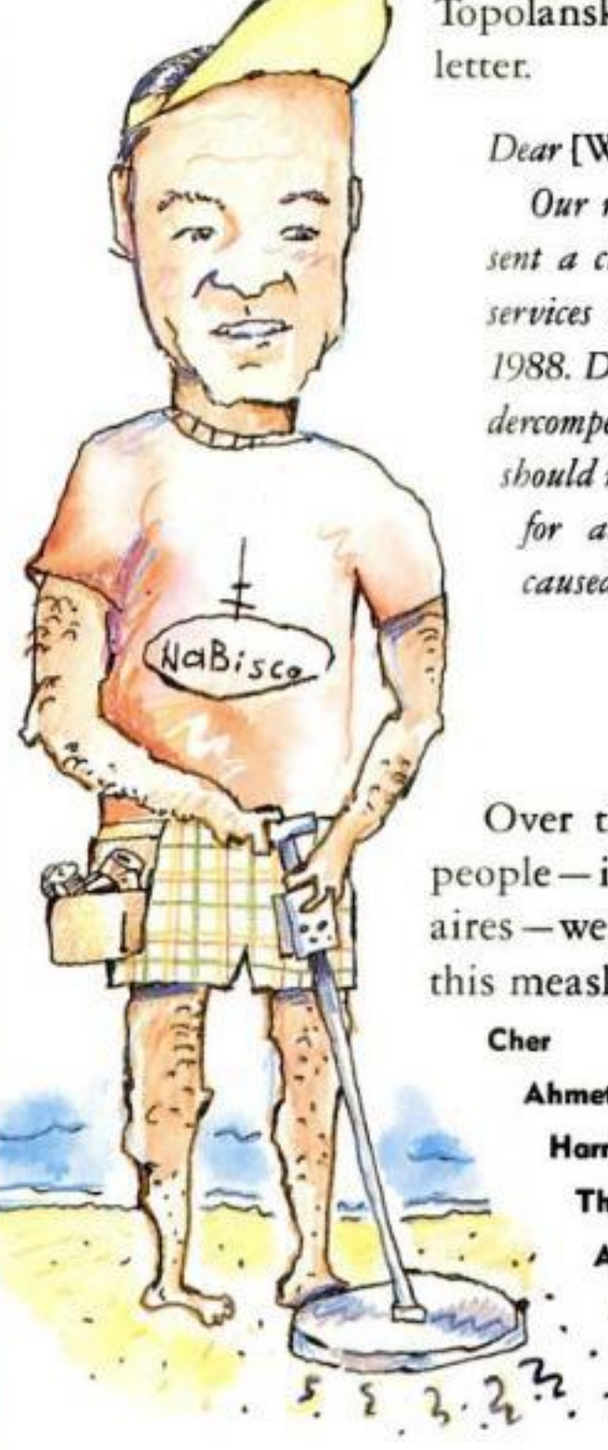
III. We return to our original respondents and *lower* the ante

Having discovered 26 nabobs who would take $1.11, we wondered, *Just how low would they go?* Accordingly, we had Mr. Topolansky's amanuensis draft another letter.

> *Dear* [Wealthy Person's Name Here],
>
> *Our records show that you were recently sent a check for $1.11 in compensation for services that you were overcharged for in 1988. Due to a computer error, you were undercompensated by $0.64. The enclosed check should make up the difference. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
> *Edward Topolansky*
> *Account Manager*

Over the next two months, 13 more people—including at least four billionaires—went to the trouble of depositing this measly 64-cent check:

Cher
Ahmet Ertegun
Harry Helmsley
Thomas Hoving
Adnan Khashoggi
John Kluge
Henry Kravis
William Kunstler
Rupert Murdoch
S. I. Newhouse
Mike Nichols
Francesco Scavullo
Donald Trump



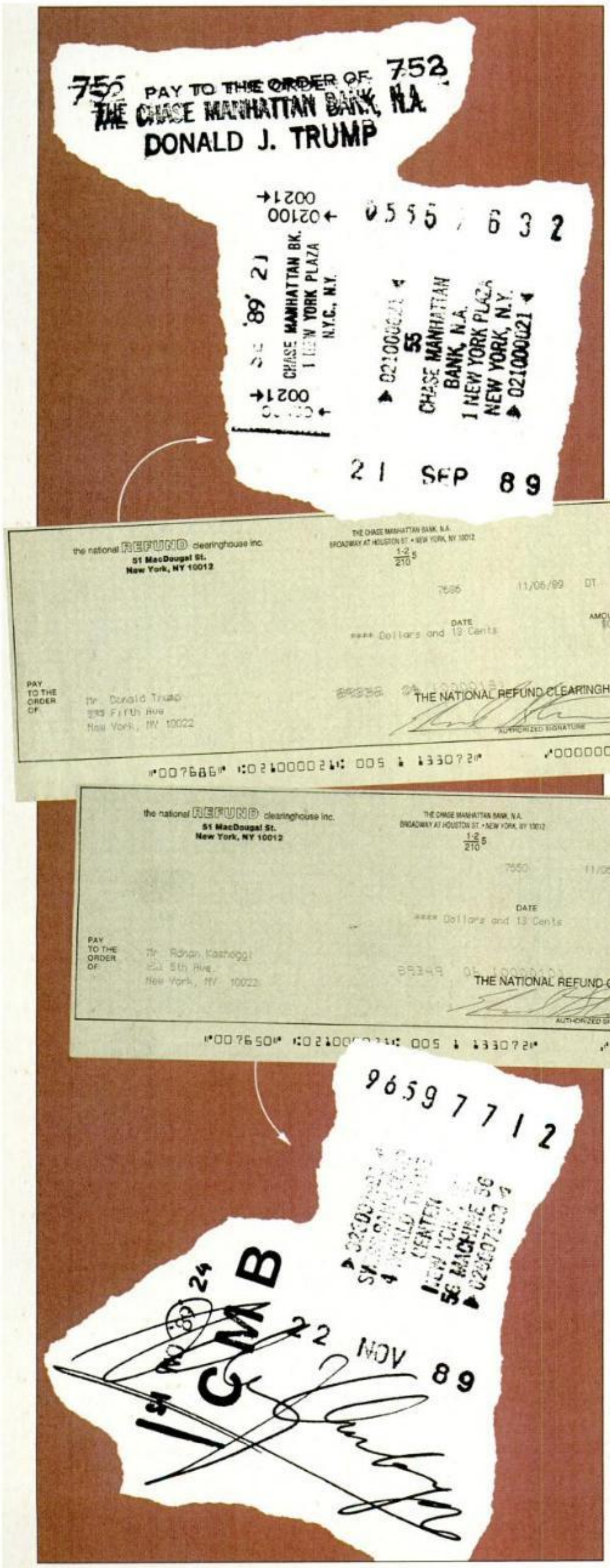
Kravis

IV. Going low, low, unbelievably low

Pleased to find that 13 of these people would bother to deposit a 64-cent check, we decided to go back to the well one more time. This time we sent an amount so small that most New Yorkers routinely waste its equivalent many times over in a single day—by not bothering to return some soda cans, or to turn the heat down, or to make a lunch out of the leftovers—simply because none of them think it's worth the energy or the bother. Well, almost none of them.

> *Dear* [Wealthy Person's Name Here],
>
> *Our records show that you were recently sent a check for $0.64 in compensation for services that you were overcharged for in 1988. In fact, you should have been sent $0.77. The enclosed check for $0.13 should make up the difference. We apologize*

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for any inconvenience this may have caused you.

Sincerely,
Edward Topolansky
Account Manager

In the end, just two people—but two indisputably rich people—bothered to cash a check for 13 cents:

Adnan Khashoggi, the arms dealer and Imelda Marcos codefendant whose wealth was once estimated at $5 billion and who, by his own reckoning, still has $50 million

Donald Trump, the demibillionaire casino operator and adulterer

But let us not jump hastily to conclusions. We suspect that we too would unthinkingly deposit almost any check, no matter how wee the amount, that arrived amid some bureaucratic fog. (No one *we* know would be as punctilious as Christopher Reeve—or his minions. Someone returned his $1.11 check, uncashed, with a rather skeptical circle drawn around the amount.) But arch-frugality is not necessarily a bad trait. If Adnan Khashoggi ends up in the slammer for his misadventures with Mrs. Marcos, or if the Taj Mahal ends up costing Donald Trump his overstated, overleveraged fortune, why, these habits of thriftiness will stand these men in good stead when they are behind bars or out on the street and find it necessary to assemble the funds to buy cigarettes or a cheese sandwich. And to Bob Guccione, Billy Joel, Henry Kissinger and the 21 other swells who passed up free money, we would recall for them the humble wisdom we were taught at our mother's knee: Waste not, want not. ◗



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Top casino owner!
Top deal-maker!
Top skinflint!

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THOSE TYKES CAN TYPE!

The boys over at Entertainment Weekly *seem to get younger all the time*

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

Here's a thought from *New York Observer* TV critic Diane Ouding: "You might not think that a miniseries based on the desegregation of the Boston public-school system could form the basis of hypnotic, passionate and compulsively watchable television. But if you thought that, you'd be wrong." But we didn't *think* we wouldn't think a miniseries... Never mind.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

It's been said that New York cannot support two, much less three, daily tabloids; it's been said that that's a pity. But do we really need more than *one*? This is from Leo Standora's bylined obituary of Greta Garbo in the *New York Post*:

> Rumors of her love affairs with rich and famous men were plentiful but she never married and in her later years allowed only a few long-time friends to penetrate the fortress of her solitude. Few would discuss the star, knowing they would lose her friendship if they did.

And this, the same day, is from Ingrid DeVita and Bob Kappstatter's bylined Garbo obituary in the rival *Daily News*:

> Rumors of love affairs were plentiful but she never married and in her later years allowed only a few long-time friends to penetrate her solitude. Few would discuss the star, knowing they would lose her friendship if they did.

That duplication spells trouble. (So does the funny but unfair THE HUNK FLUNKS cover *both* papers came up with, and *Newsday* approximated, when John F. Kennedy Jr. fumbled the bar exam a second time.) After all, mere days after both *New York* and *7 Days* began articles on Ed "Fuck You" Koch with the same anecdote, one of those competing weeklies folded.

There was nothing conditional about Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's rave review of Molly Haskell's book *Love and Other Infectious Diseases* in *The New York Times*—nothing but the tense in which he unaccountably wrote most of his piece. The first part gave, in the appropriate past tense, background on Haskell's marriage to fellow movie critic Andrew Sarris. Then Lehmann-Haupt shifted gears. "Suddenly [Haskell] found herself saying she was going to write a book about her husband's illness," he wrote, and from that point on the prose was all future conditional.

"The book would be more than just a progress report on her husband's descent into medical hell and painful emergence.... It would also be... It would be an occasion to... It would be an amusing though always affectionate portrait...."

An alarming notion began to take shape: had Haskell in fact *written* this book yet?

In the last paragraph Lehmann-Haupt finally broke the tension. "Andrew Sarris survived," he wrote. "Ms. Haskell survived; their marriage survived, and, not of least importance, her book survived."

Not of least importance. Here, then, are the presumed final standings in terms of importance, according to Christopher

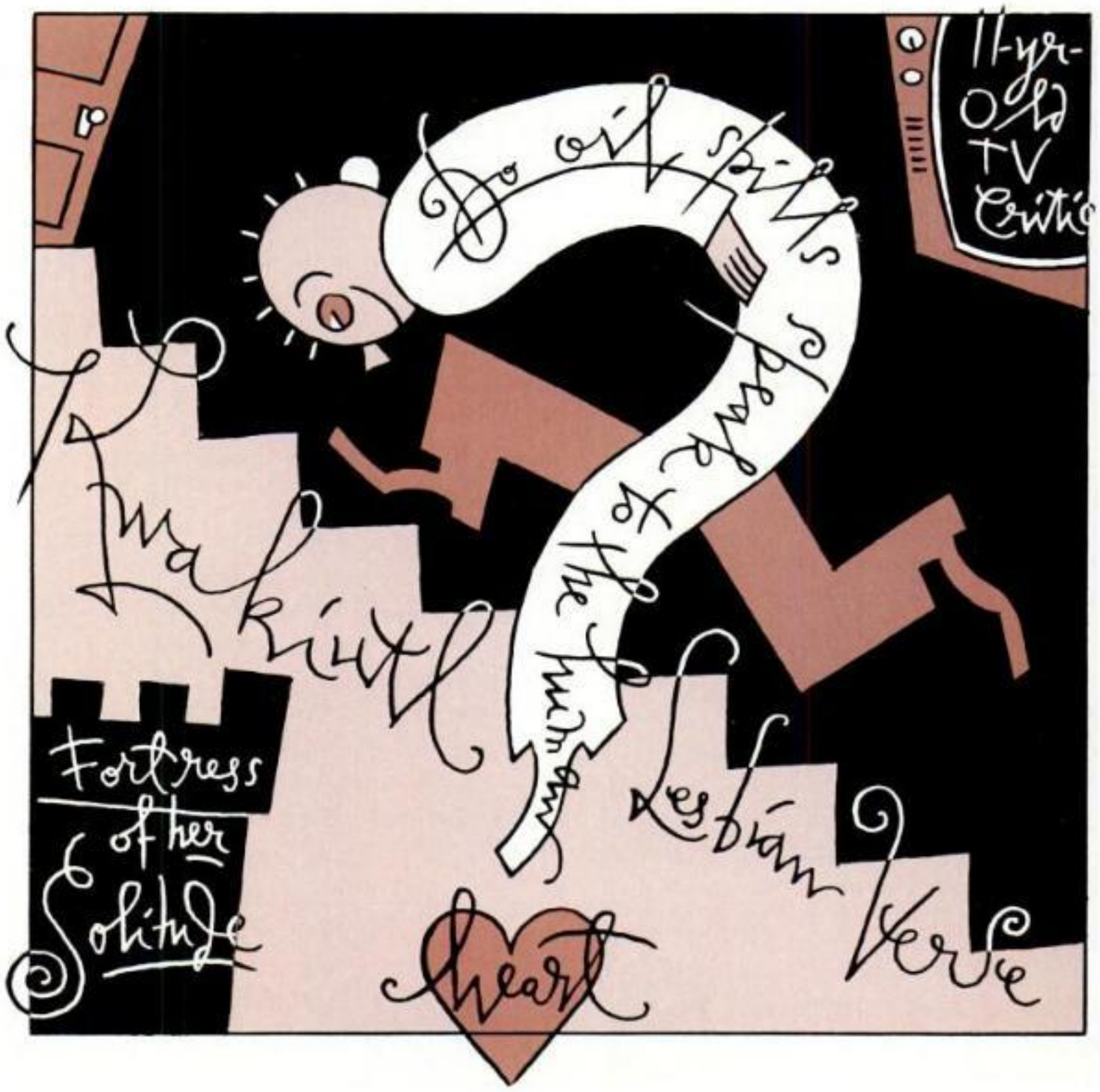


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Lehmann-Haupt:

1. Molly Haskell's book
2. (tie) Haskell's survival
 Andrew Sarris's survival
 Survival of the Haskell-Sarris marriage

As Lehmann-Haupt might say, it would be a happy ending.

In a *Wall Street Journal* review of Roger Kimball's *Tenured Radicals: How Politics Has Corrupted Our Higher Education*, the estimable Raymond Sokolov spun out a sentence longer even than the book's title: "Others, who leap stairs two at a time in their lust to hear a deconstructionist lecture on Kwakiutl lesbian verse, will abominate Mr. Kimball as a white male elitist entirely too pleased with his skill at writing clear prose and as a capitalist dupe who purports to be defending common sense and traditional values in order to attack the right of oppressed societies to have their cultures put at the heart of curricula in the Ivy League." Sounds to me like Sokolov was taking those stairs four or five at a time.

Sokolov's Kwakiutl bit recalls Vincent Canby's metaphorical flights of fancy recorded here last month. Canby is still at it, only now he's owning up as he goes along. "It can be an invigorating experience," he wrote in the *Times* of the New Directors/New Films Festival, "even when the film turns out to be a pretty awful imitation of (I'm making this one up) *Heidi*, directed by 13-year-old twin sisters raised by disadvantaged shepherds in Nepal."

Such desperately fabricated wackiness would be more at home in a certain other publication. *Entertainment Weekly* is the New Year's Eve of magazines—noisy, crowded with people working very hard at fun, surprising only when it actually *is* fun. In the very first issue, two of its writers seemed to capture best the magazine's dippy promotional slogan ("Kick back, chill out, hang loose, have fun").

"You want to know, does he really die? Well, I don't want to give too much away, but...oh, heck, yes, I do...." That's Ken Tucker on *The Death of the Incredible Hulk*, being coy. Passages like that one, combined with Tucker's thoughts on Lynn Redgrave ("What the heck is your point?") and Lloyd Dobyns ("Oh, cheez, Lloyd") in the same issue, served to feed rumors that Tucker is in fact the nation's most powerful eleven-year-old TV critic. And it took just a single sentence ("Stop it, stop it—you're blowin' my *mind*, you crazy Fox network!") to confirm that we were indeed dealing with a critic who wears short pants.

Since that first issue, Tucker has blazed his own dorky trail:

"OK! This is the worst TV movie in the history of this magazine!"

"Elvis actor Michael St. Gerard—is that perfect or what? *Saint* Gerard!"

"Oh dear. There are so many As and Bs in the column this week, I'm afraid you'll think I've been bribed by the networks. (Hah! Would that it were true!)"

"...(please note: second Eddie [Van Halen] reference in this week's column—heavy, huh?)...(please note: second *Laverne & Shirley* reference in this week's column—weird, huh?)...(please note: second Fonzie...oh, never mind)..."

"Whoa! Whoa! Wait a minute, just a durn minute, there! What kind of snake did he say that was?"

Give the man a Popsicle.

Judging from the number of questions he asks, *Entertainment Weekly*'s chief music reviewer, Greg Sandow, is Tucker's junior by several years. Like Tucker, he established his special voice in the first issue. Early in his feature on the Grammys, Sandow posed these questions: "How many of our tangled musical strands are [the Grammys] likely to reflect?...How many black people care to hear the Rolling Stones? How many white people swoon over...Luther Vandross?" The interrogation was continued a few pages later in his first three record reviews: "Why should [MC Hammer] hurt anyone?" "For that we should despise [Dave Edmunds]?" "Do pop music lives have second acts?" Sandow also had the lead review in the video section, and ended his first paragraph this way: "Wait a minute—isn't someone going to tell us that [Bill Wyman's] bride was all of 18? Or that he's been, um, loving her for six years?"

Since that auspicious start, Sandow has not disappointed. With his editors' approval, he has continued his determined search for Answers.

On Lisa Stansfield: "Can we listen to her soberly?" On Midnight Oil: "Is there anything in their new album that might match their past chart success?" On Carly Simon: "Did the high note strain her so much that she had to record the next phrase separately?" On Cowboy Junkies: "Could it be that [Margo Timmins is] just more wildly romantic than most of these newer songs allow?" On the Silos: "What does the pattern mean? Are the labels rewarding the bands for their artistic virtue, or are the bands making deals with the devil?" On Sinéad O'Connor: "Will she wander outside pop and fall into clichés in styles she doesn't know as well?" On Gregory Gray: "Could [his] hidden project be the destruction of all civilized life?" On Robert Plant: "What's he trying to say?" On Salt-N-Pepa: "So do these women want a world that's *all* black?" On The Sundays: "Did they learn [music] by breathing it in, like a new employee at a museum learning art by staring at paintings?" On Lou Reed: "Who ever thought we'd see bad boy Lou Reed being polite?" On Lori Carson: "How does this debuting singer-songwriter with a waiflike voice differ from the many others who have recently appeared...?"

Plenty to wonder about concerning 3 Mustaphas 3: "Are they a joke, these crazy Brits who pretend they're all named Mustapha?...Would any wholly serious group call an album *Heart of Uncle*?... Don't they cross the line into parody of those cultures themselves? And there's one more thing: Why can't they uncork their music just a little more wildly?"

In the seventh issue of *E.W.* his curiosity reached frenzy pitch: "Is [Johnny Clegg] one of those rare souls who...simply can't see another human being as inferior? Is he burning with a passion for justice? Or did he just fall in love with the taste and smell of Zulu culture?...What can you say about a John Lennon reissue on CD? That among its 19 tracks you'll find almost all of Lennon's solo hits?...That Petrol Emotion? Do these people mean to tell us oil spills speak directly to the human heart?"

Because Sandow's and Tucker's problems are more stylistic than substantive, it may simply be that they're trying to meet their zany, back-kicking, out-chilling, loose-hanging, fun-having bosses halfway. After all, even unembarrassing movie critic Owen Gleiberman has been known to try a lampshade on for size in the pages of *Entertainment Weekly*: *Cry-Baby*, he wrote, includes turns by "Patty Hearst, Iggy Pop, Traci Lords, Princess Di...*nah, just kiddin'!!*..."

You *jokers*! You *guys*! Have a *heck* of a happy New Year! *No kiddin'!!!* ◗

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KINGS IN QUEENS

Memo to E. Murphy and A. Buchwald: Three African kings from Ghana are living—and squabbling—in New York City

BY MICHAEL KAPLAN

King Dinizulu is displeased. He holds a steaming Styrofoam cup a few inches from his nose, inhales the scent and frowns.

RESIDENT ALIENS

"Where'd you get this from?," His Highness asks a lanky teenage subject. The boy shifts from foot to foot before responding. "The Puerto Rican place," he says, referring to the only late-night bodega in this drug-riddled stretch of Jamaica, Queens. The king hands the cup back. "You know I only like the tea from McDonald's. Now get this out of here."

Rejected tea in hand, the boy gracefully twists at his ankles, ends up on his knees and kisses—pecks, really—the king's outstretched wrist. As he turns to skulk away, the teenager reveals the name LYNTON carved into the hair on the back of his head. "Oh, and Lynton," King Dinizulu calls, sounding more agitated by the moment, "tomorrow I want to see that name shaved off of there."

Being an African king in New York isn't all genuflection and adulation. Nor is it unusual. Right now there are at least three African kings in New York—Dinizulu, Nana Opoku Asamoah and Shekhem ur Shekhem—all from Ghana, each heading up different groups that can number as many as 10,000 African and African-American subjects. But unlike the fabled palace of gold that the ruling king of Ghana, Nana Opoku Ware II, operates out of, the households of New York's lesser royalty are likely to be bare-boned recreation centers and cramped A-frames within shouting distance of Kennedy airport. "At home in Ghana I'm a big, big man," insists Dinizulu, who is dressed in a less-than-traditional bell-bottom pantsuit. "But here I'm a pauper." Portraying an African king, alas, is far more lucrative than actually being one, as both Eddie Murphy and Art Buchwald know all too well. Nevertheless, with responsibilities that include everything from organizing traditional celebrations to settling domestic squabbles (a formidable task among people for whom polygamy is the norm), Dinizulu and his fellow kings are very busy men.

Why they are in New York, however, is unclear. Nana Opoku Asamoah says he immigrated to the U.S. as a college student in 1972, but the other two kings are cryptic about their pasts. All three take discrediting swipes at one another. Each insists only he is a true king, or that he is the highest-ranking king, or that the other kings are but "spiritual" leaders.

"They [the other kings] weren't born in Africa," says Amo Adjepong, who is the spokesman for Nana Opoku Asamoah. "They basically started their own groups and found followers because they couldn't join our tribe, which is open only to full-blooded Ashanti."

"It's difficult to go from being king to being viewed as a regular man. Nana doesn't like when people shout at him and say, 'Hey!'"

Told that his title and place of birth have been called into question, Shekhem ur Shekhem peevishly replies, "Believe me, I've got my enstoolment in Ghana on videotape in case anybody wants to see it." *Enstoolment?* "It's the ceremony in which you're made a king," he continues, in a lilt that sounds convincingly African. "Personally, I wish that they'd call it en-*throne*ment, but it's a matter of semantics

that I have no control over."

A call to New York's Ghanaian consulate clears things up a bit: Nana Opoku Asamoah is the only king in America officially recognized by the king of Ghana. "It was done as a symbol," explains envoy Kofi Siriboe, to promote the Ashanti people (the envoy delicately adds that he "cannot speak on behalf of the other two"). In truth, the followings of all three kings appear to have more in common with voluntary ethnic associations like B'nai B'rith and the Ukrainian American League than with what most people would think of as traditional subject communities; on the other hand, nobody kneels before the president of B'nai B'rith.

Fine points aside, any kingship is a coveted position. "Oh, yes, there are quite a few people who would like to be king," Dinizulu says, explaining that he carries his title for life. I ask whether he has ever considered mounting the equivalent of a hostile takeover to try to consolidate one of the other groups with his own. Dinizulu begins formulating an answer when the PR woman sitting next to him leans into the conversation and puts a chill on the interview. "Look," she says, flexing her right biceps and making a ritual-scarification mark twitch, "I don't understand where you're trying to go with this line of questioning." I switch to a less provocative topic, asking about the origin of the conga drums in the corner of the room.

More friendly is the Asanteman Association of the United States, the group led by Nana Opoku Asamoah. At eleven on a Friday evening, on a tidy street in Queens, I'm ushered into a low-ceilinged, vaguely nautically themed basement while Amo Adjepong, Nana's testy PR man, and a couple of grammar school boys who came along for the ride remain upstairs. A few minutes later Amo and the others enter, suddenly dressed in traditional African costume—wildly patterned *kentes*.

Three kids—one of whom had been playing hobbyhorse on Nana's throne a few minutes before—brandish curved swords and lead the contingent in. Amo lugs the homemade-looking throne over to the king, who bears an uncanny resemblance to an out-of-shape Eddie Murphy. A ground rule is established: Amo will translate between my English questions and Nana's Ashanti in spite of the fact that Nana himself speaks perfect English. Amo says it's to show respect for the king. I believe it is to prevent Nana from making any of the unintentionally comic verbal blunders his predecessor—this group *elects* a new king every three years—let slip for a 1988 *New Yorker* profile.

Unlike his rivals, Nana is not financially supported by his people. Described by Amo as "an engineer who's in real estate," the king is actually the proprietor of a laundry near his home. Nana acknowledges that the locals are proud to have their clothes spin-drying under the supervision of royalty, and he adds that his kingly force of character prevents altercations between his two employees.

One thing Nana has in common with the other kings is absolute rule over his people. In performing a job he characterizes as "24 hours a day, 7 days a week," he is frequently awakened in the middle of the night to settle family problems or smooth over financial disputes. A call to Nana is often followed by a call *from* Nana to other Ashanti, who are dispatched into service—to offer advice, provide transportation to the scene of an imbroglio, organize a search party. But what if a roused Ashanti tries to convince Nana the problem will keep till daybreak? "You can't," insists Amo. "If Nana tells us to do something, we don't question it."

A sore point for all three New York–resident kings is that they are not treated as royalty by non-Ghanaian New Yorkers. Struggling to make ends meet, they don't get to chat with Gloria Von Thurn und Taxis at Red Zone. They don't get fawning write-ups in *Vanity Fair*. They don't even get to ignore alternate-side-of-the-street-parking rules. "It's difficult to constantly go from being viewed as a king to being viewed as a regular man," says Amo, speaking for Nana, and no doubt for Dinizulu and Shekhem ur Shekhem as well. "Sometimes it hurts, but Nana has to deal with it. He doesn't like when people shout at him and say, 'Hey!' He doesn't like it when he has to park the car a few blocks from where he's going—Nana fears that a stranger might break into the car. If they knew who he was, though, they wouldn't rob him." Maybe, maybe not. But Amo's answer is as fine an expression of true-believerhood as a king could hope for. ◗

GORBO TALKS

Between his linguistic gaffes and his dubious background, America's favorite foreigner has Russia's faces turning you-know-what

BY ANNE WILLIAMSON



Those of us who read a newspaper now and again are familiar with the fact that Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev, while generally beloved in the West, is regarded rather less positively back home. But what most Westerners don't know is that Gorbachev's poor command of the Russian language and his bullying, backwoods manner leave his countrymen—or at least his more snobbish, ethnic-Russian countrymen—rolling their eyes and smacking their foreheads in dismay.

REDS

"Jokes about him, you wouldn't believe," says one well-connected Russian—a translator—recounting the local reaction to Gorbachev's televised performance during last year's session of the Congress of People's Deputies. "He made such boo-boos. Foreign correspondents who don't speak Russian don't recognize them. During the Congress he said, '*Oni lozhat mne zapiski*' ['They're giving me notes here']. Of course, it should be *kladut*, not *lozhat*," the translator says, "so it's totally wrong and the mark of a fourth-class education." (The error in Russian is rather as if John Kennedy had declared, "Don't you never go askin' what the motherland's gonna do fer you all.") Gorbachev also gets high marks for boorishness, addressing Supreme Soviet deputies on national television with the personal pronoun reserved, outside the home, for children and small animals.

"You just have to wait for him to open

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. *Perhaps* is one of those words that signals the rearrangement of letters that either lead up to it (as in this case) or follow it (as in 6 Down). "Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder they grow as they go to the fore . . . when stout-hearted men stick together man to man," goes the old Sigmund Romberg song. In today's new, less-sexist Army, of course, that would be "person to person." I was in the Army once, though not in any fighting, and I must say I did sometimes get a sense of heartiness from striding along as part of a more or less highly coordinated body of men. Had there been women involved, however, I feel (maybe I am way out of line here, but this is what I *feel*) that the whole enterprise would have collapsed on its merits. Had I been either musically or sexually secure enough in high school to be among the young men and women of the marching band, I believe I would have enjoyed that esprit de corps more. In a better world swords would be beaten into tubas and troupes would take the place of troops. A friend of mine looks back on adolescent oompahing as a better preparation for life than either ROTC or sports. He makes a point of adding, however, "In *my* school the band could whip the football team."

9. *Ave* plus *rage.*

10. To dunk is to *dip*, followed by *this* rearranged ("crazy"). "Dweeb" is the definition.

12. *Celeb* plus *rates.*

15. *Tick* plus *led.*

17. *Scoot up* rearranged ("digested"). Remember that it is necessary, in solving this puzzle, to ignore the painstakingly wrought punctuation.

19. *All* plus *e.g.* plus *Ed.*

22. *A* plus *f* (the head of *flat*) plus *or* backward ("back").

26. Cassavas are actually edible roots, but I, like most people, think of them as melons. Reference to the late Mama Cass of the Mamas and the Papas, and to the late Ava Gardner. I'll bet Ava Gardner was wonderful company. I once knew a woman who, along with her husband who had lost a leg, got to know Ava Gardner at a poolside social gathering. She was a bit concerned about how comfortable her spouse would feel around this screen legend, "until," she recalled fondly, "I looked over and there were my one-legged husband and Ava Gardner, standing on their heads together."

27. Don't miss this wiggily rhythmic movie, which is all the more cautionary about drug abuse because it captures how much (doomed) fun it can entail. You could say the same thing about *Glory* and warfare, except that *Drugstore Cowboy* has the grace to render death as utterly ignoble. Remember when the presidential press secretary, in his wisdom, dismissively called Gorbachev a drugstore cowboy? According to *Time*, Gorbachev's strictures against vodka may derive from his own inability to drink on account of suspected mild diabetes, which he controls with pills. But I don't suppose that is what Fitzwater had in mind. Bush impressionist Dana Carvey, incidentally, has described our current president as a "combination of Mister Rogers and John Wayne." A kiddie-show cowboy, then.

DOWN

4. *Rest* after *Eve.*

14. *Plans* is a synonym for *charts.*

16. Next month this puzzle will take up the whole matter of animal rights. Meat is a critical concept.

23. *O* is a ring. To change is to *vary.*

24. When Goldwater said this, along with "Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue," at the 1964 GOP convention, it scared people. Wasn't kinder-and-gentler enough. Remember when government was seen as a means of *doing things for folks*, and right-wingers were widely regarded as extremists? Ultraconservatives, they were called. Now nothing on the national political spectrum is ultra-anything, though occasionally some poor Democrat puts in a tentative good word for the First Amendment, say, and is branded as an ultraliberal. Someone ought to compare and contrast Goldwaterism with Reaganism and Bushism, to trace the embosomment of the American right. If contemporary reactionaries had the grace to be crusty and cantankerous, like Goldwater, instead of smugly mellow-repressive, they would be more manly, in my view.

S	T	O	U	T	H	E	A	R	T	E	D	M	E	N
M	■	N	■	E	■	V	■	E	■	M	■	Y	■	O
A	V	E	R	A	G	E	■	D	I	P	S	H	I	T
R	■	B	■	R	■	R	■	M	■	I	■	A	■	A
T	O	R	T	■	C	E	L	E	B	R	A	T	E	S
■	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	A	■	I	■	■	■	I
S	T	A	Y	P	U	T	■	T	I	C	K	L	E	D
H	■	S	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	I
O	C	T	O	P	U	S	■	A	L	L	E	G	E	D
R	■	■	■	C	■	C	■	R	■	■	■	O	■	■
T	R	A	S	H	M	O	U	T	H	■	A	F	R	O
H	■	T	■	A	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	L	■	V
A	N	Y	C	R	A	P	■	C	A	S	S	A	V	A
N	■	O	■	T	■	I	■	L	■	N	■	M	■	R
D	R	U	G	S	T	O	R	E	C	O	W	B	O	Y

his mouth," says Vladimir Kozlovsky, an émigré journalist who reports from New York for the BBC's Russian Service. "Russians know at once that he's a rube, horrendously provincial. His nickname in the elite was *Kombainyor* ['combine driver'], spoken disdainfully, of course." In fact, Gorbachev *was* a combine driver during his childhood in rural southern Russia. Thus, in Moscow he is considered an embarrassing bumpkin, a leader who embodies the Soviet equivalents of Jimmy Carter's breeding and George Bush's elocution—with a dash of a fuming Ralph Kramden thrown in for good measure.

The well-connected translator raves on. "And then he has a problem with the word *Azerbaijan*. He cannot pronounce the word correctly. Khrushchev's grandson [a figure of some standing in the USSR] went to one of Gorbachev's aides and said, 'Can't you teach the dummy to speak correctly?' And the aide said, 'You can't believe it—he rehearses saying *Azerbaijan* every day and he gets it right. The minute he gets to the podium it's the wrong way!'" Among those Muscovites now addicted to broadcasts of the Supreme Soviet's proceedings, it is all the rage to maintain an up-to-date record of Gorbachev's verbal gaffes. A favorite national howler occurred during a discussion of time limits for deputies' rebuttals; Gorbachev emphatically told the Congress, "*Tri minuty—konchil, ne konchil—do svidaniya!*," an inadvertent vulgarism that in the vernacular means "Three minutes—whether you've come or not—you're done!"

A Kremlin insider, an apologist who has almost daily contact with Gorbachev, allows, "When I hear something like *lozhat* in place of *kladut*, I absolutely cringe. And yes, he does make errors in pronunciation. He's aware of it, and he tries to correct himself, but in the heat of debate, well . . ."

A Russian woman who married into the Soviet power elite is quick to offer her own theory as to how "such an oaf" could be the product of the nation's most prestigious university, Moscow State. "First of all, Gorbachev entered the weakest school of the university at that time, Stalin's time—the school of law. The idea of studying law under Stalin—well, it's a contradiction in terms. Secondly, he was a leader of the Komsomol [the Communist Youth League], which means he didn't have to do a thing. He was there only be-

cause of party status. And did you notice that Gorbachev has a second degree, from some provincial institute [the Stavropol Agricultural Institute, by correspondence course] at the same level as the degree from Moscow? Now, that is like taking a B.A. from Harvard and then going to the smallest community college in Oregon or Arkansas and earning another B.A." From this she concludes, "He never graduated from Moscow State."

This is not a common — or verifiable — charge. But still, Soviet citizens gleefully report examples of their president's ignorance. One mild anecdote — Gorbachev's asking to be taken to see the Bastille while on a trip to Paris — was reported to an American visitor no less than three times by different individuals (the Bastille prison was, of course, torn down in 1789). Says a Soviet scholar, "Gorbachev is most definitely not *educated* in the sense you take the word."

In May 1988 the Soviet leader agreed to an interview for the Communist Party publication *News of the Central Committee* that was immediately reprinted in the more widely circulated and popular publication *Argumenty I Facty*. Only then did the bare bones of his biography (a largely tedious though nevertheless remarkable rise through the bureaucracy; a college courtship of Raisa, his social better) emerge for the Soviet public. Reading the interview, Soviets could not help but raise an eyebrow over one particular detail: Gorbachev's statement that his grandfather, who had owned his own land under the czar, willingly threw in with the state's collective farm after the Bolshevik seizure of power and went on to persevere as his collective's president.

Keep in mind that collectivization remains the great crime of early Bolshevik rule, one whose effects are still evident in the bare cupboards of Soviet families. Says Kozlovsky, the émigré journalist, "In those years, believe me, you'd have to have been the most rabid Communist to willingly give up your land to collectivization. More typically, since the successful kulaks were slaughtered for their land, only the white trash — the drunks and the losers — joined the collective." Nevertheless, with both a grandfather and a father who were party members in a society in which only 10 percent of the population belonged, Gorbachev was one rare, bright-eyed (if thick-tongued) village boy. ◗

REVENGE OF THE CHUNKY

The costly repercussions of the five-finger discount

BY ELLIS WEINER



HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

Have I mentioned the time I tried to shoplift a Chunky from a tiny neighborhood grocery store in Atlantic City?

The year was — oh, who remembers. Let's say 1962. I would have been 12 as I slouched into the shop, accompanied by my 10-year-old sister. I don't remember whether I'd planned the caper for days or was seized by impulse. I do remember the dull, heavy heat of the Atlantic City summer, the glaring sun, the silent streets, the dopey somnolence of the resort-town afternoon. Once inside the shop I bought something (sincere errand? Canny ploy? We'll never know) and, as the weary man at the register rang it up, began to sneak the confection into the pocket of my Bermuda shorts. Note, at this point, the criminal's incompetence. The Chunky was, as Chunkies still are, wrapped in winking, shiny silver foil. I had selected the most conspicuous candy on the rack. No wonder he saw, raised his tired shopkeeper eyes until they met mine and asked, "Are you going to pay for that?"

I stammered yes, fumbled in my pockets for a nickel and all but shoved my sister out the door. An obliviously cheery, innocent accessory-unaware-of-the-fact, she asked what was the matter, and I explained, "Just shut up."

A tawdry tale, yes. But the grown-up, already raising his eyebrows in doubt and pursing her lips in gentle disapproval, is advised to withhold judgment — to, as it

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were, just shut up—until the end.

Not to brag, but I was listening to Jorge Ben, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, Gal Costa, et al., *ten years* before David Byrne was finally able to "get it" (his term, his quotes) and issued his first flawed but decent anthology of Brazilian music. I learned early on that the recordings of those performers can be drastically unpredictable. One never knows when a given record (*record*: an archaic sound-reproduction medium, usually a disc of black vinyl, played on a *turntable*) will feature the throbbing, lilting samba pulse and acoustic instrumentation one craves or the clunky arrangements, heyman fuzz guitar and empty bang-bang clangor of Brazil's typically overproduced, half-baked rock 'n' pop.

This past winter, having been awarded 50 bucks for playing bongos at my next-door neighbor's college poetry reading (yes, bongos; yes, next-door neighbor's college poetry reading), I resolved to blow the wad on four cassettes: Maria Bethania (superb), Beth Carvalho (nice), Milton Nascimento (a disappointment) and Gal Costa's *Profana*. For all I know, Gal, as half her albums call her, may be Brazil's Eydie Gorme, but to me she's the vocal equivalent of Sonia Braga—dreamsville. So I fetishized the unwrapping and

I stuck a Swiss Army knife blade into one of the holes and turned, and my treachery was complete

first, virginal playing of that tape more than any of the others.

Well, it was awful: nonstop MOR bombast full of "big beat" drums and vast echo-chamber orchestrations, as though the singer had listened to nothing but "MacArthur Park" for the past ten years. I knew by the middle of the first side I would never play it again. And then I found myself wondering whether the store would let me exchange it for something else. *Why should they?*, I found myself wondering. *Well*, I found myself wondering, *maybe they would if it were damaged....*

I stuck a Swiss Army knife blade into one of the holes and turned, the tape tore off one of the little reels, and my treachery was complete. A week later I headed back to the store, and as I struggled with a dawning sense of...well, something...I reassured myself that 15 minutes later I would be back outside, with a new, surely better, version of Gal. And so I made up my mind, gave in to the whisperings of what a friend calls "the bad Goofy on your shoulder" and approached the door.

But that dawning sense of whatever-it-was continued to dawn, and broke the horizon, and brought me to a halt. *Petty* was the word I kept reviling myself with, as in "Am I really going to act sneaky and dishonest over something this petty?" The reader, grown-up or not, will note the implication—bring on something *not* petty, some prize *worth* being sneaky and dishonest about, and watch my dust. In any case, I couldn't do it. "The hell with it," I said to myself and went away.

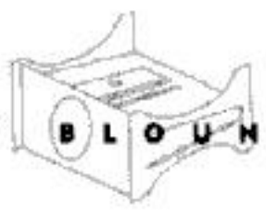
"And," the grown-up now murmurs with the hint of an edge, "I suppose now you feel rather proud of yourself." On the contrary. I feel both puny for having conceived the fraud and cowardly for not having gone through with it. *Petty* is an airy abstraction, like the scorecard held up by clean, detached judges after the sweat and strain of a gymnastics routine. That dawning sense wasn't of my own pettiness but of fear, a simple churning anxiety over being caught. Intellectually I was talking petty, but emotionally I was remembering...yes, I was remembering that Chunky.

I don't know which is more grown-up, not having illicit desires or refusing to give in to them when you do. Or refusing to give in to most of them, or to the worst of them, or to those that would do others *real harm*—a loaded and potentially despicable term, like *the truly needy*. If the grown-up is no saint, then he or she will sin. Perhaps, then, what makes him or her grown-up is the quality of the sinning: whom it hurts, what appetites it feeds, where it lies on the spectrum that runs from necessity to luxury. Viewed thus, my *affaire de la cassette* was neither triumph nor travesty. I did the right thing for the wrong reason. So sue me. Just don't tell that grocer in Atlantic City. He may still be mad. ◗

MOVIE

MANHOOD

It's bloody well contrived



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Belatedly I have seen *Glory*, which I can only describe as a three-handkerchief motherfucker. It transcends the traditional butch tearjerker (such as *Brian's Song*, in which a football player dies of cancer) by almost making warfare (a combination of football and cancer) seem *stupid stupid stupid*.

In *Glory* guys stand ten yards apart in ranks, staring at one another and shooting holes in one another, reloading and doing it again. Ex-slaves and secessionists prove their manhood by killing and being killed. And people complained about the violence in *Do the Right Thing*.

I have also, belatedly, seen *Driving Miss Daisy*, and what I would like to ask is, why can't we have a movie in which Morgan Freeman proves his manhood by hiring Matthew Broderick to drive his cranky old mother around?

Wouldn't be commercial. Wouldn't be realistic. But I did want to ask that question, and now that I have asked it, I am stuck with writing an essay on the theme of manhood. Great.

Just what I need. It's not as if I have anything to prove, myself. Granted, I voted for Michael Dukakis, who was stomped into the dust by a man who had been called a lapdog by George Will, so where does that leave me?

Driving Miss Daisy made me feel guilty for not having catered enough to my own, late, cranky southern mother. After an Atlanta friend of mine's mother saw that movie, she called him up and complained.

"Don't I look after you?" he asked.

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"You ain't no Boolie," she said, Boolie being the Dan Aykroyd character, who engaged the Morgan Freeman character to chauffeur the Jessica Tandy character around.

I didn't even know who Freeman was when my mother was alive, and I couldn't have afforded to hire him anyway, even back then before he was famous. And if you want to know the truth, I don't think there's ever been a person in real life both as manly and as somebody-else's-mama-ridden as Freeman is in *Driving Miss Daisy*. One of the fallacies of movies is that...Oh, never mind.



No, I take it back. It is unmanly of me to verge upon a challenging aperçu and then slouch away, muttering. Once more into the breach, my friends. (Did you see that new *Henry V*? Not bad. So why can't we have a movie in which Morgan Freeman proves his manhood by strangling Desdemona? Wouldn't be commercial. Too disturbing. But why more disturbing than seeing Morgan Freeman walking into a hail of bullets?)

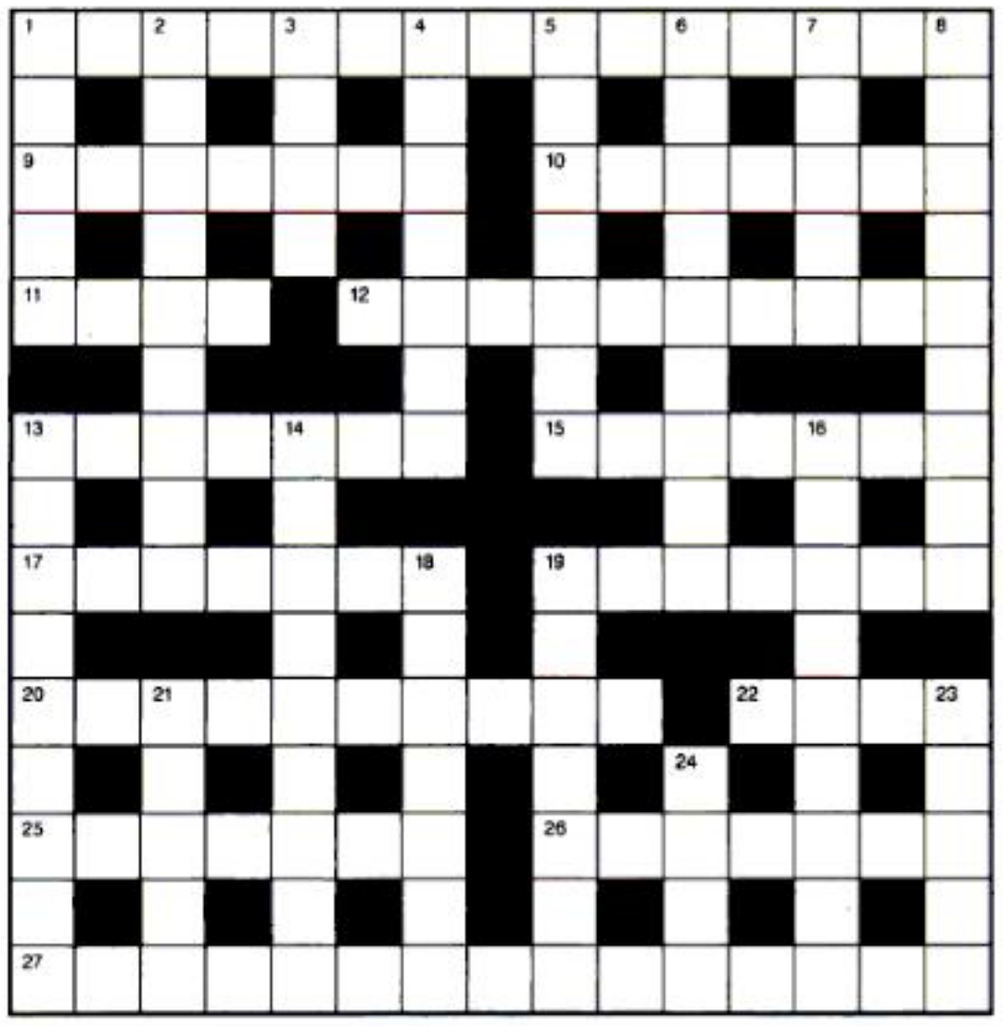
As I was saying, one of the fallacies of movies is that some neurotic writer provides the words, some neurotic director (aided by countless conceivably well-adjusted technicians) provides the images, some neurotic producer fiddles the money, some neurotic actor (Morgan Freeman aside) provides the body-as-instrument and, consequently, cranky old mothers and carnage touch the heart. Whereas in life everybody is neurotic, except, again, conceivably, technicians. Who toil for neurotic people.

But cranky old mothers don't want to recognize that. And maybe each of us is a cranky old mother at heart. So we fidget and gripe, and wonder why we aren't more moving ourselves.

Fortunately, the fallacies of movies are not the fallacies of puzzles. Puzzles are intrinsically cranky and fidgety. Fussbudget. Low-budget.

Which leads us to another distortion intrinsic to the movies. Stakes. I mean, you could be making a movie called *Petal Power*, about violets and their tendency to move of their own ineffably natural will toward the nurturing beams of the sun, and you would still be a hard-charging, high-rolling major player, because of the boxcarloads of serious money you would be throwing after the ways of these tender blossoms. People would be saying, "Will you get a load of the balls on this son of a bitch, making a movie about *violets*, for Chrissake!"

Breathes there a man or a woman bold enough to bankroll a movie about manhood as it manifests itself in a cryptic crossword? If you are such a person, then I could be—I'm not *saying* I am, I'm just saying I *could* be—your Sly Stallone. But you should know up front that I am a man who voted for a man who was stomped into the dust by a man who was called a lapdog by a man who wears a bow tie. Also, to be honest with you, I no longer get any pleasure out of seeing people shot.



ACROSS

1. *Ms.* out-threatened, perhaps, by guys who are cardiovascularly staunch. (12,3)

9. Hail! Anger is normal. (7)

10. Dunk this, crazy dweeb. (7)

11. To right a wrong. (4)

12. Famous person with values whoops it up. (10)

13. Weird Patsy at University of Texas to remain right there. (4,3)

15. Amused bloodsucker showed the way. (7)

17. Mollusk digested? Scoot up! (7)

19. Everyone (for example, Ed) charged. (7)

20. Dirty talker is a shmo, in truth. (5,5)

22. A flat head or back to bushy black hair? (4)

25. Weep hysterically in the middle of a nap? Real man won't take this! (3,4)

26. "Melon" for big Mama and Ms. Gardner. (7)

27. Gorbachev, according to Marlin Fitzwater, in Matt Dillon role. (9,6)

DOWN

1. Hurt men's magazine. (5)

2. What Madonna revealed in *Vanity Fair* recently, and quite often during the Renaissance. (3,6)

3. Pull apart, with just a little bit of crying. (4)

4. What's left after first lady was scaled by Sir Edmund Hillary. (7)

5. Egghead dreamt shakily of what a real man eats. (3,4)

6. Perhaps Mailer pic is experimental. (9)

7. If this is a myth, I'll eat it. (2,3)

8. Quoth the abashed dad to his kid:/"Do as I said, _____." (3,2,1,3)

13. Diminutive worker has stenographic skill. (9)

14. Father plans hit list. (3,6)

16. Chunk of 5 is just part of what was after Mary. (3,2,4)

18. Sign of fall is sort of...*oo*, crisp! (7)

19. Item: little man in the boat confused in upcoming era. (7)

21. "Here's looking _____, kid"—Bogie to Bergie. (2,3)

23. Ring to change where one side of all of us begins. (5)

24. "Extremism in the defense of liberty ____ vice" —Barry Goldwater. (2,2)

Answers appear on page 90.

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BEEHIVE YOURSELF▸ The editors of *Vogue* have received much of the credit for recent cover girl Ivana Trump's new East-bloc-Bardot look, but SPY knows differently. The real fashion inspiration for the freshly busty former top model is chronically busty former fatgirl Dianne Brill.







HEARING AID As jilted pseudoexecutive Ivana Trump absorbs fashion wisdom from best-dressed-list chief jurist Eleanor Lambert, fashion-show-front-row fixtures Anne Bass and Nan Kempner stock up on ungenerous rumors to pass along to their fellow nail-salon habitués.

The most unforgettable women in the world wear their husbands' noses in their eyes. Revlon proprietor Ron Perelman with his wife, professional gossip Claudia Cohen.

BAD Entering the American Museum of the Moving Image's tribute to her husband, Mike Nichols, in the company of her rented lunk, poetess-newswoman Diane Sawyer makes a stab at updating her slightly schoolmarmish image by borrowing a popular move from a Michael Jackson video.



At the same event, man of the hour Mike Nichols tells ham-faced Kurt Russell a hilarious joke that Goldie Hawn doesn't understand.





HUBBA-HUBBA Bigger breasts have been back in style for a few years, but now there's a brand-new way to display them. Instead of simply revealing deep, deep cleavage, today's innovative fashions discreetly emphasize the bust line's pendulous shape and fullness with tightly stretched gauzy fabric that highlights the breasts as if with unseen spotlights. Three stylish ladies whose chests quietly shout, *Look at me!*: *Vanity Fair* editrix Tina Brown, serious author and screenwriter Carrie Fisher, and Jon Peters's former wife and current girlfriend. Also, note how actress-dancer Debbie Allen gets an even more unequivocally luminous effect by using black lacquered soup bowls.

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At *Esquire*'s party for writers at '21,' 47-inch-high editor Lee Eisenberg apparently tries unsuccessfully to pry his guests from the open bar and lead them in a "Man at His Best" chant.



Will gap-toothed Harley-Davidson enthusiast and Fox bullyboy Barry Diller give gap-toothed Eastern-philosophy buff and nascent studio chairman Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz some of what's in his Revlon goody bag at a Los Angeles fundraiser? Tune in next month for *The Wackiest Power Brokers in Hollywood*.



FATHER KNOWS BEST? At actress Brooke Adams's 41st-birthday party, is moody actor Tim Robbins using his and Susan Sarandon's leather-jacketed, curiously car-seated love child as a miniature body block to fend off enthusiastic paparazzi, or is he just rehearsing one of those hilarious drop-the-baby gags in hopes of appearing on *America's Funniest Home Videos*?

PARTY POOP



LA VIE BOHÈME (1) What could be more glamorous than dancing to the strains of big-band music in the soft shadows under the arch of Binky Urban's armpit? Ah, the literary life! (**2**) Apparently fully sated, the agent of the eighties drags her quarry off the dance floor at the PEN American benefit at Roseland, leaving that much more room for (**3,4**) the maverick ballet stylings of Hearst Books' Howard Kaminsky—here slipping gracefully from second position into a perfect plié in third. Meanwhile, (**5**) ubiquitous designer Diane Von Furstenberg shares a romantic clinch with her date, Simon & Schuster dictator Dick Snyder, a man who declared recently that he hasn't had sex with his wife for seven years, (**6,7**) a fact that clearly makes him no less scintillating a conversationalist.

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THE SPY INDEX

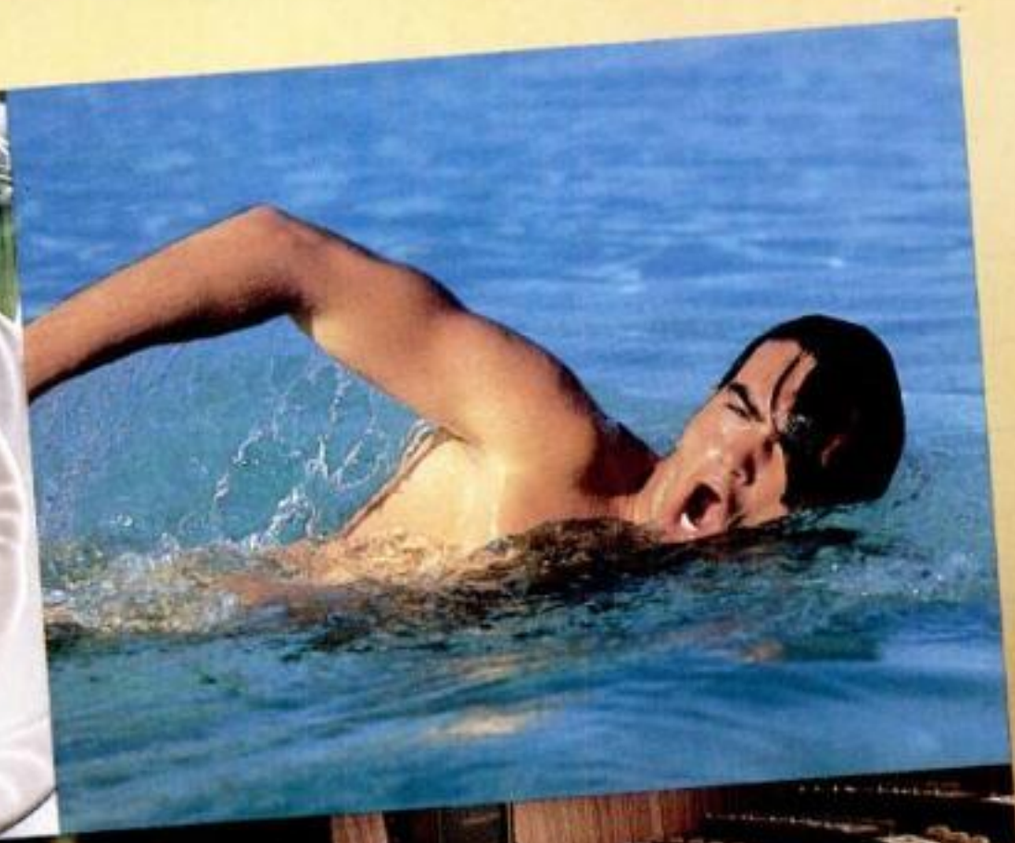
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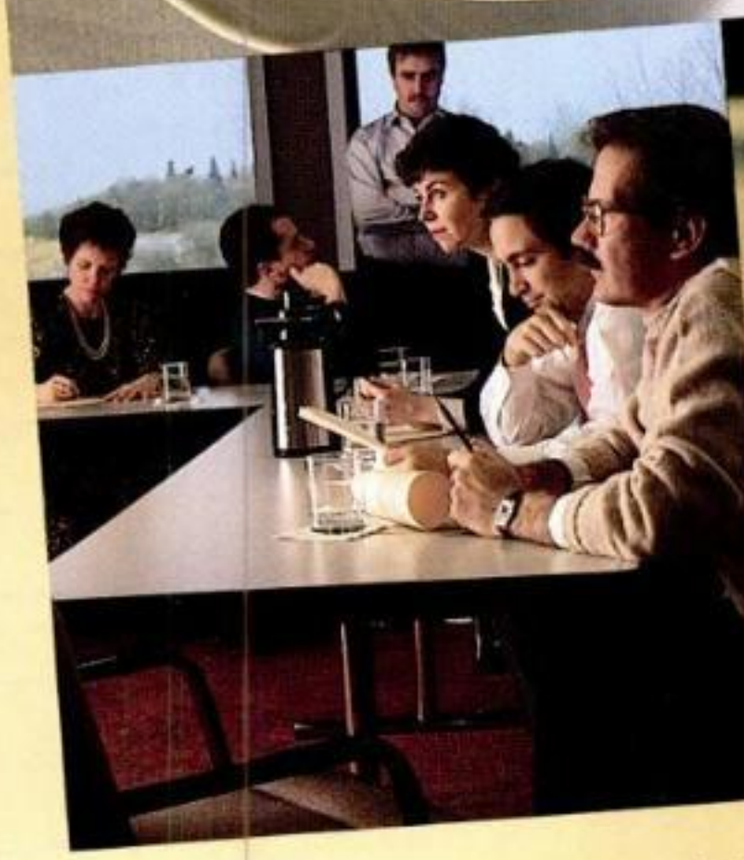
ABC, 53
ACT-UP, 79
Adams, Brooke, 95
Adjani, Isabelle, 53
AIDS, 53, 70–79
Albania, 40
Allen, Debbie, 94
Allen, Woody, 16, 81
 relatively low pay of as director, 44
America's Funniest Home Videos, 44
Annenberg, Walter, 10
Arledge, Roone, 28
Avedon, Richard, 81
Baker, James, 10, 65
Baker, Russell, 46
Bakker, Jim and Tammy Faye, 53
Bank America, 53
Barbie, Klaus, 58
Barnes, Fred, 46
Basinger, Kim, 32
Bass, Anne, 94
BBC, 90
Bergen, Candice, 32, 80–82
Bernhard, Sandra, 42
Bernstein, Carl
 as well-paid foreign-policy genius, 47
Bernstein, Leonard, 81
Bloss, Bill, 80, 81–82
B'nai B'rith, 89
Boesky, Ivan, 10
Brill, Dianne, 94
Broderick, Matthew, 92
Brokaw, Tom, 81
Brooks Brothers, 63–64
Brown, Tina, 32
 having a body that shouts, *Look at me!*, 94
Brzezinski, Zbigniew, 75
Buckley, William F. Jr, 16–17, 56, 81
Burger King, 63
Burgess, Anthony,
 writing "toward Stockholm," 75
Burton, Richard, 37
Bush, Barbara, 10, 34, 59
Bush, George, 9–10, 16, 30, 54–55, 57–59
Canby, Vincent, 87
Capote, Truman, 16, 55
Caro, Robert, 46
Carter, Jimmy, 16, 58
Castro, Fidel, 58
CBS, 53
CCNY
 dueling racist professors of, 10
Centers for Disease Control (CDC), 50, 53, 72, 76
Chapin, Harry, 52
Chapman, Mark David, 50
Cher, 80–83
Chicago Tribune, 70, 72, 75–76, 79
Christ, Jesus, 34
CIA, 50, 53–55, 60
Clapton, Eric, 38
Cohen, Claudia, 94
Cohn, Roy, 16, 34
Columbia Pictures, 44
Comedy Channel, 47
Condé Nast, 15, 32, 63
Cooper, FBI Agent Dale, 52
Cosby, Bill, 80
Costner, Kevin, 29
Cream, 38
Cuomo, Mario, 16
Daily News, 86
D'Amato, Alfonse, 54
Dorman, Dick
 as *Uber*yuppie, 9
Davidson, John, 29
de la Renta, Oscar, 81
DeLillo, Don, 54
de Montebello, Philippe, 81–82
Deneuve, Catherine, 32
De Niro, Robert, 44
DePalma, Brian, 81–82
Dern, Bruce, 38
Diana, Princess of Wales, 32
Diller, Barry, 95
Dion, 38
Donovan, Ray, 47
Douglas, Michael, 81–82
Dowd, Maureen, 49
Drexel Burnham Lambert, 28, 36, 67
Dukakis, Michael, 30, 92
Dunaway, Faye, 81–82
Duraflame logs, 34
Eco, Umberto, 54
Edmunds, Dave, 87
Eisenberg, Lee, 95
Eisner, Michael, 44
Entertainment Weekly, 87
Environmental Protection Agency, 30
Ertegun, Ahmet, 81–83
Esquire, 95
Estefan, Gloria, 32
Fairchild, John, 81
Farrow, Mia, 81–82
Faulkner, William
 as early nubbins spokesman, 24
FBI, 50, 53–55
Field, Sally, 44
Finley, Karen, 36
Fisher, Carrie, 94
Fitzgerald, Jennifer, 10
Ford, Harrison, 29
Fortune, 47
Foster, Jodie, 59
Frankel, Max, 49
Freeman, Morgan, 92–93
Freemasons, 54
Friedman, Thomas,
 as prima donna, 48
Gale, Dr. Robert, 75
Gallo, Dr. Robert, 52, 70–79
 insisting to a little girl that his handwriting is superior, 72
Garbo, Greta, 86
Goultier, Jean Paul, 32
Gere, Richard, 81–82
Glamour
 "pretty schmucky" dressing of top editors of, 68
Goldman Sachs, 63–64
 corporate haircut, 67
Gorbachev, Mikhail, 9, 36, 38, 75, 89
 nicknamed "combine driver," 90
 receiving a correspondence-school degree, 91
Gotbaum, Betsy, 28
Goulet, Robert, 29
Grapes of Wrath, The, 34
Grey, Jennifer, 32
Griffith, Melanie, 32
Guber, Peter, 16, 32, 34
Guccione, Bob, 81, 84
Gutfreund, John, 81
HA!, 47
Haldeman, H. R., 75
Hammer, Armond, 75
Hammer, MC, 87
Hart, Gary, 51
Havel, Vaclav, 34
HAWK missiles, 29, 34, 36
Hawn, Goldie, 32, 94
Hays, Charlotte, 47
Hearst, Patty, 87
Heckler, Margaret, 76
Helmsley, Harry, 81–83
Helmsley, Leona, 15–16
 not wanting SPY subscription, 15
Hertsgaard, Mark, 46
Hewitt, Don, 28
Hinckley, John Jr., 59
Hitler, Adolf, 51
Hoagland, Edward, 46
Hoffman, Abbie, 51, 58
Hoffman, Dustin, 81
 mime-shoving of, 15
Hoover, J. Edgar, 53
Hoving, Thomas, 81–83
Hunt, Howard, 51
Hurt, William, 81
IBM, 63–64, 68
 discouraging pink and yellow, 67
International Cat Show, 14, 43
Jackson, Rev. Jesse, 75
Jenklow, Mort, 17
Japanese, the
 Liz Smith's anxiety about, 34
Jefferies, Boyd, 10
Joel, Billy, 81, 84
Johnson, Lyndon B., 57–58
Jones, Baird, 21
Kahn, Roger, 46
Kaminsky, Howard, 95
Kaplan, Rick, 28
Katzenberg, Jeff "Sparky," 44
Kempner, Nan, 94
Kennedy, John F., 51, 54–60, 89
Kennedy, John F. Jr., 16, 86
KGB, 54
Khashoggi, Adnan, 80–83
 as penny-wise, 84
Kidder, Peabody, 63, 65–66
Kissinger, Henry, 75, 84
Kitchen, The, 36
Kluge, John, 81–83
Koch, Ed, 80–81
 as unwilling to wait in line, 28
Koop, C. Everett, 73
Kostabi, Mark, 32
Kravis, Henry, 80–83
Ku Klux Klan, 53
Kunstler, William, 81–83
Lambert, Eleanor, 94
Lange, Jessica, 44
Lauder, Ronald, 53
Lauren, Ralph, 34, 81
Laverne & Shirley, 87
Lawrence, Vicki, 29
Leary, Timothy, 53
Lehmann-Haupt, Christopher, 86–87
Lennon, John, 52, 54
Levitt, Arthur, 81
Liman, Arthur, 81–82
Lincoln, Abe, 32, 53
Little, Brown, 47
Loeb, Marshall, 47
Lords, Traci, 87
Los Angeles Times, 72
Louganis, Greg, 29
Lowe, Rob, 24
Lumet, Sidney, 44
Lynch, David, 9
Maas, Peter, 46
MacLaine, Shirley, 34, 80–82
Maddox, Alton
 suggesting Central Park jogger doesn't exist, 54
Madonna, 32, 34
Mafia, 54, 57
Mamet, David, 81
Marcos, Ferdinand
 suggestion of possible keggers attended by, 26
Marcos, Imelda, 37
Marley, Bob, 52
Marshall, Peter, 29
Martin, Billy, 50, 60
McEnroe, John, 81
McFarlane, Robert, 30
McInerney, Jay, 16, 18, 24
McInerney, Merry, 18, 24
McManus, Jason, 47
Meese, Ed, 32
Mehta, Zubin, 81
MGM/UA, 47
Midler, Bette, 44
Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy
 policy of toward overweight women, 64
Milken, Mike, 10, 28
Monroe, Marilyn, 54
Moore, Michael, 42
Morgan Stanley, 63
Mother Jones, 56
Murdoch, Rupert, 80–83
Murphy, Eddie, 88
Myerson, Bess, 15
 blaming "vindictive homosexuals," 53
Nation, The, 60
National Review, 17
National Security Council, 28, 30, 75
New Republic, The, 21
New York, 47, 86
New York Observer, 86
New York Post, 14, 86
New York Times, The, 36, 49, 57, 65, 72, 79, 86
New York Times Magazine, The, 48
New Yorker, The, 40, 89
Newhouse, S. I., 80–83
Newsweek, 70
Nichols, Mike, 81–83, 94
Nixon, Richard, 9, 28, 50, 60, 73, 75
Nobel Prize, 70, 72, 75
Noriega, Manuel, 16
North, Oliver, 50
Norville, Deborah, 32
Nuclear Waste Negotiator, Office of the, 30
O'Connor, John Cardinal, 42
 gall bladder of, 34
O'Connor, Sinéad, 87
Okrent, Daniel, 46
O'Neill, Tip, 80
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 57
Ovitz, Mike, 16, 95
 as future head of MCA/Universal, 44
Paley, William, 81
Palme, Olof, 53
Parretti, Giancarlo, 47
Pauley, Jane, 34
People, 24, 70, 74
Perelman, Ron, 94
Peters, Jon, 16, 34
Peterson, Pete, 81–82
Pfeiffer, Michelle, 32, 44
Plant, Robert, 87
Playboy, 58
Poindexter, Admiral John, 28–30, 34
Pop, Iggy, 87
Price, Frank, 44
Price, Judy and Peter, 14
PrimeTime Live, 28
Professor Griff, 53
Pynchon, Thomas, 54
Quayle, Dan, 16, 32
Rachins, Alan, 29
Raines, Howell
 creating Washington roboreporters, 49
Raitt, Bonnie, 10
Ray, James Earl, 50
Reagan, Nancy, 16
Reagan, Ronald, 28, 34, 36–37, 56–57, 59, 65, 75, 80
Realist, The, 52
Redgrave, Lynn, 87
Reed, Lou
 being polite, 87
Reeve, Christopher, 81, 84
Regan, Don, 30
Rehnquist, William, 10
Reitman, Ivan, 29
Ritter, Father Bruce, 29
Robbins, Tim, 95
Robbins, Tom, 10
Roberts, Julia, 38
Rohatyn, Felix, 34
Roker, Al, 52
Rolling Stones, 32, 87
Rooney, Andy, 32
Rosenthal, Andrew, 49
Ross, Steve, 81–82
Ruby, Jack, 56, 59
Russell, Kurt, 94
Ryan, Meg, 32
Sammartino, Bruno, 32
Sarandon, Susan, 95
Savitch, Jessica, 58
Sawyer, Diane, 28, 34, 94
Scanlon, John, 14
Scavullo, Francesco, 81–83
Schlesinger, Arthur, 81–82
Scorsese, Martin, 81
Scowcroft, Brent
 as Mormon mole, 53
7 Days, 86
Shannon, Del, 32
Sheen, Charlie, 29, 38
Sheinberg, Sid, 44
Shultz, George, 32, 37
Sills, Beverly, 81, 83
Simon, Carly, 81–82
Sinatra, Frank, 16, 34
Skull and Bones, 55
Smith, Liz, 16, 34, 81–82
Snoopy, 14
Snyder, Dick, 95
Spin, 77–78
Sprinkle, Annie, 36
Stallone, Sylvester, 16
Steinberg, Saul, 80–82
Steinbrenner, George, 50
Stern, Henry, 28
Sting, 29
Stone, Oliver
 getting four times what Woody Allen gets to direct a movie, 44
Strauss, Peter, 29
Streisand, Barbra, 16
Sulzberger, Arthur Ochs, 49, 81–82
Sulzberger, Iphigene, 49
Sulzberger, Pinch, 49
Tandy, Jessica, 93
Taylor, Elizabeth, 73
Time, 53, 65, 78
Time Warner, 47
Times Square, 38, 52
Tisch, Laurence, 28
Tri-Star, 44
Trump, Donald, 16, 53, 80–84
Trump, Ivana, 34, 94
Trump Castle
 unacceptability of "erotic/subculture jewelry" at, 64
Trump Organization, The, 37, 64
Trump Plaza, 63
Tuchman, Barbara, 46
Tucker, Ken, 87
Turner, Kathleen, 32
Twin Peaks, 52
Universal Pictures, 44
Urban, Binky, 95
Vandross, Luther, 87
Vanity Fair, 89
 as house organ for blonds, 32
Village Voice, The, 24
Vogue, 68, 94
Vonnegut, Kurt, 81–82
Von Thurn und Taxis, Gloria, 89
Von Furstenberg, Diane, 95
Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, 63, 65–66
Walesa, Lech, 53
Wall Street Journal, The, 53, 64, 87
Walters, Barbara, 16
Washington, Harold, 53
Washington Post, The, 30, 72, 76
Washington Times, The, 47
Wasserman, Lew, 44
Watergate, 50, 55
Watson, Tom, 67
Weaver, Sigourney, 32
Weinberger, Caspar, 32
Weisberg, Jacob, 21
Welch, Raquel, 81
Westvaco, 64–65, 68
Will, George, 92
Williams, Mary Alice, 32
Wintour, Anna, 68
Woods, James, 29
X, Malcolm, 58
Yardbirds, 38
Zuckerman, Mort, 80–82

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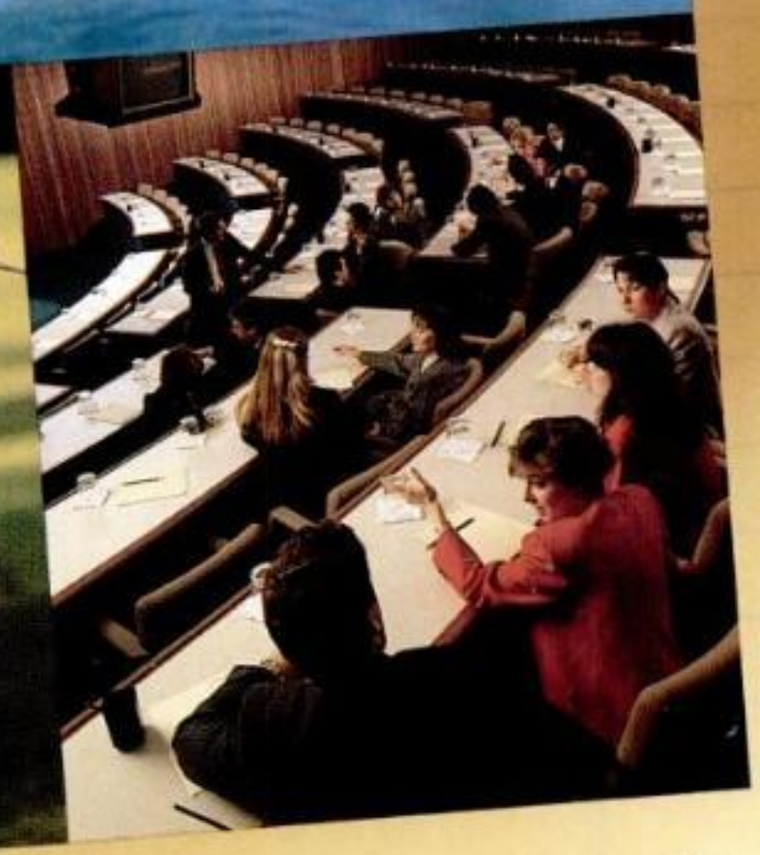
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